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SPEED SAUNDERS AND THE JADE BUDDHA

BY FRED GUARDINEER

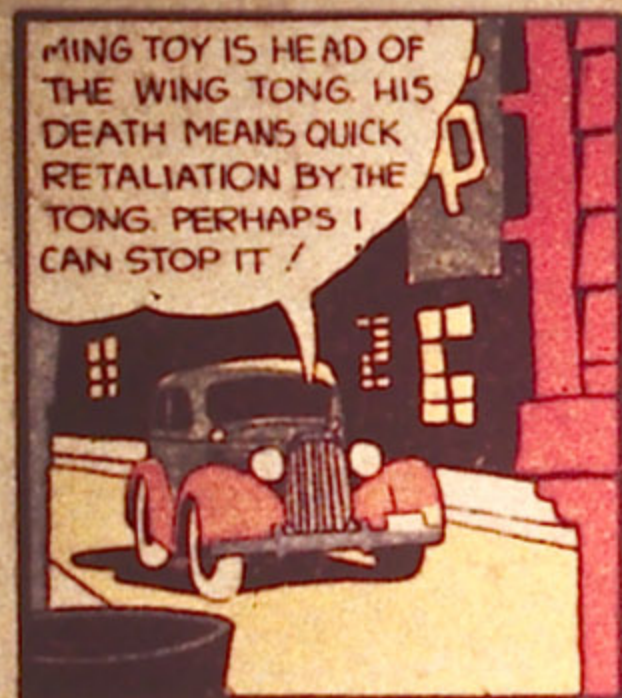
A TONG WAR IN FAMOUS
CHINATOWN HAS BEEN
KEEPING SPEED BUSY
ABOUT MOTT AND PELL STREETS.
ONE NIGHT...



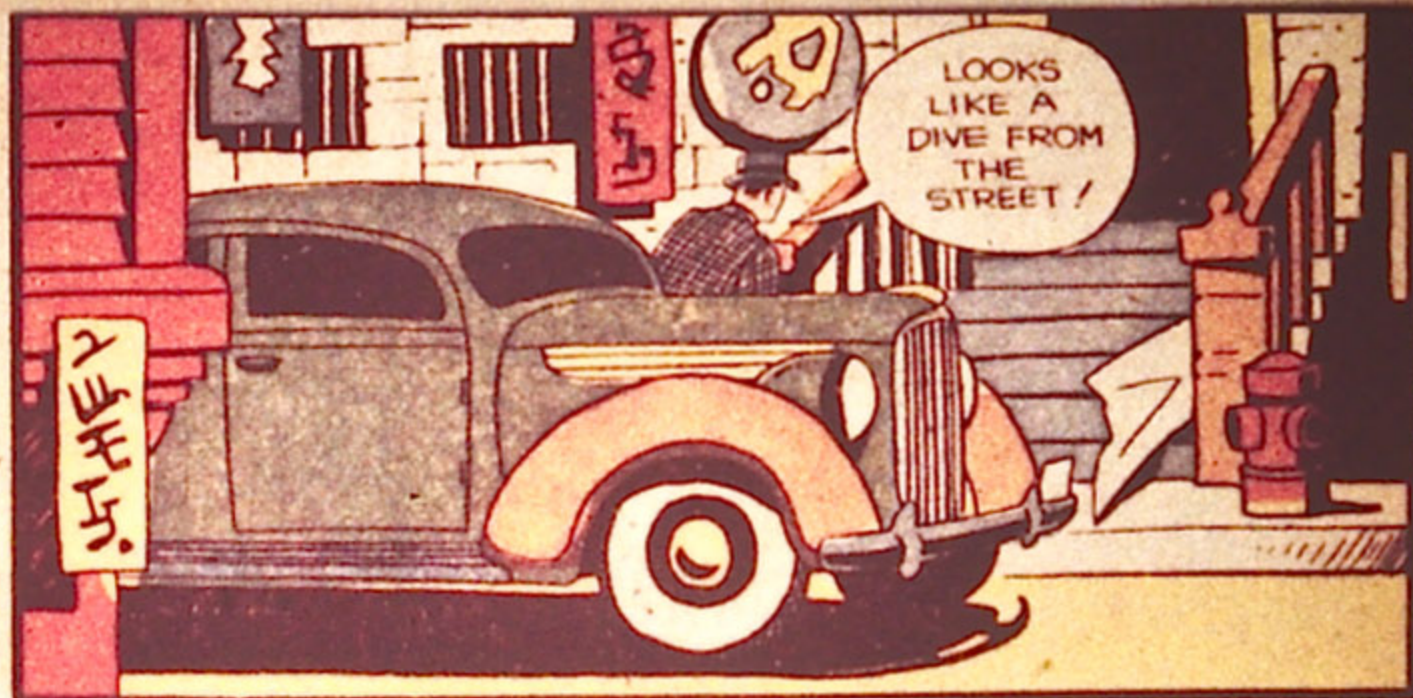
THERE IS AN URGENT
CALL ON THE
PHONE -



YES,
THIS IS
SAUNDERS.
WHAT? MING
TOY? RIGHT
AWAY -
YES.



MING TOY IS HEAD OF
THE WING TONG. HIS
DEATH MEANS QUICK
RETALIATION BY THE
TONG. PERHAPS I
CAN STOP IT!



LOOKS
LIKE A
DIVE FROM
THE
STREET!



ENTER,
HONORED
SIR!

WHAT A LAYOUT!
YOU'D NEVER THINK
IT FROM THE
OUTSIDE!



HELLO,
WHAT'S THIS
BUDDHA?

HONORABLE SIR, JADE BUDDHA BROUGHT FROM CHINA BY MING TOY TWO MONTHS AGO. HE ALLTIME KEPT IT HIDDEN. HE SEEM 'FRAID OF IT !



SHOT IN THE HEAD FROM IN FRONT. THOSE WINDOWS. MAYBE THEY SHOW ANOTHER HOUSE !



TOO FAR FOR A REVOLVER, AND NO PLACE FOR A RIFLEMAN TO HIDE. LOOKS LIKE AN INSIDE JOB !



I THINK YOU'RE GOING TO HELP ME A LOT, LITTLE FELLA !



SPEED SEEKS THE AID OF THE METROPOLITAN LIBRARY...

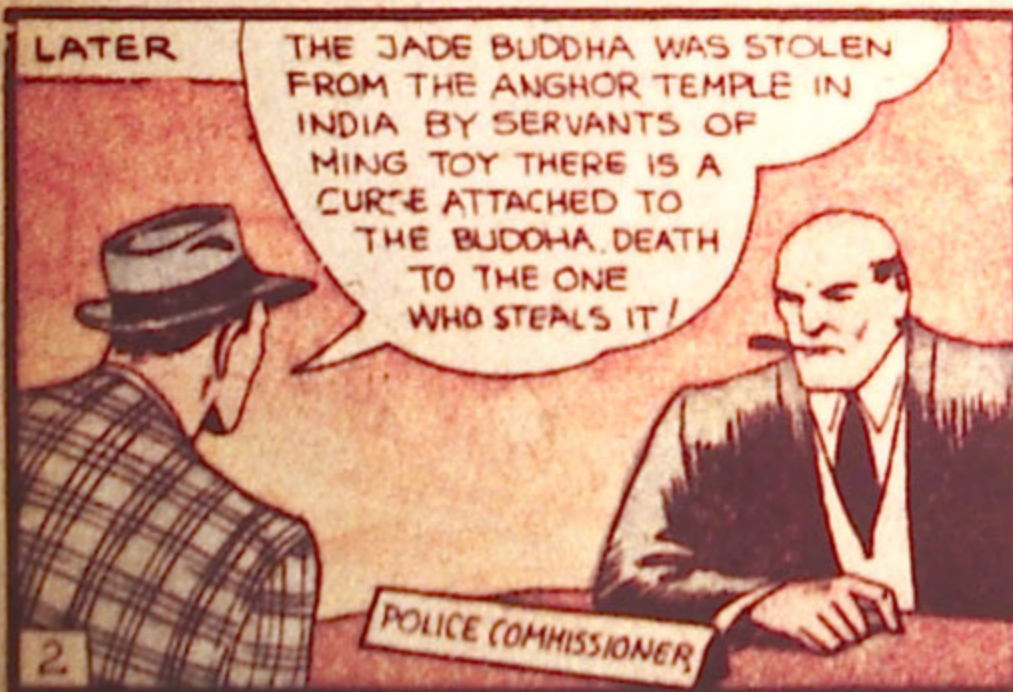


...AND FINDS A VOLUME OF ANCIENT CHINESE LORE

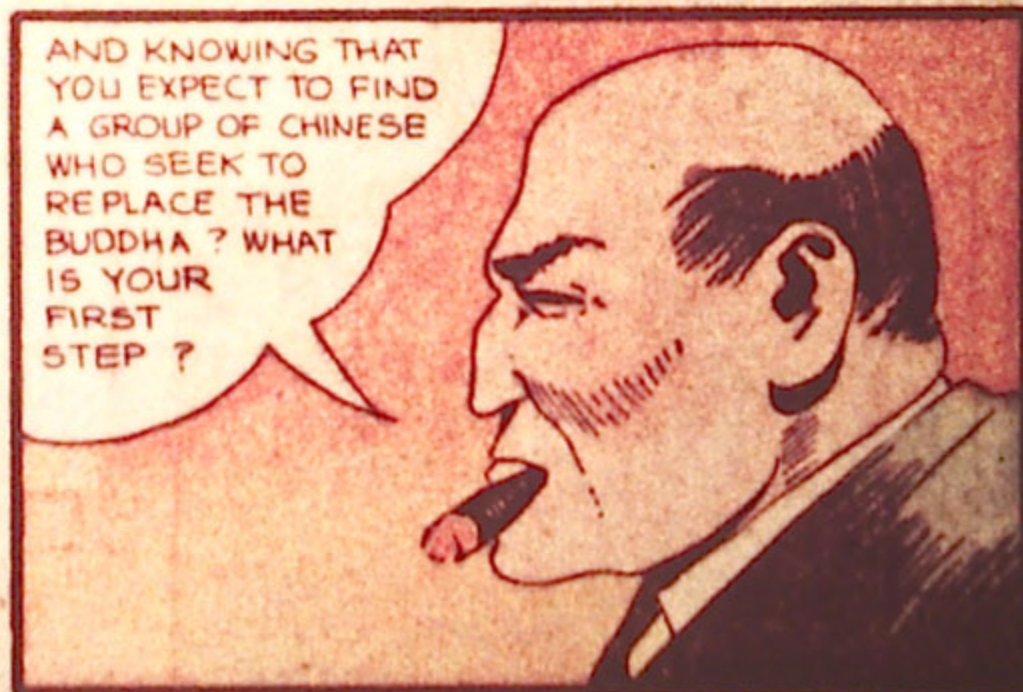


LATER

THE JADE BUDDHA WAS STOLEN FROM THE ANGHOR TEMPLE IN INDIA BY SERVANTS OF MING TOY THERE IS A CURSE ATTACHED TO THE BUDDHA. DEATH TO THE ONE WHO STEALS IT !



AND KNOWING THAT YOU EXPECT TO FIND A GROUP OF CHINESE WHO SEEK TO REPLACE THE BUDDHA ? WHAT IS YOUR FIRST STEP ?



SPEED GOES FIRST TO AN AUTHORITY
ON CHINESE CUSTOM -



I DON'T SEE HOW I CAN BE OF SERVICE
I SHOULD ADVISE YOU TO ADVERTISE
FOR THE TRUE OWNER -



MAYBE I
CAN GET HELP
DOWN HERE FROM
HOP SAM. HE -



你
是
誰
呀

我
是
你
的
朋
友



I AM THE
MANDARIN HAPSU.
YOU HAVE TAKEN THE
JADE BUDDHA FROM
MING TOY. I REGRET -
BUT I MUST
HAVE IT -

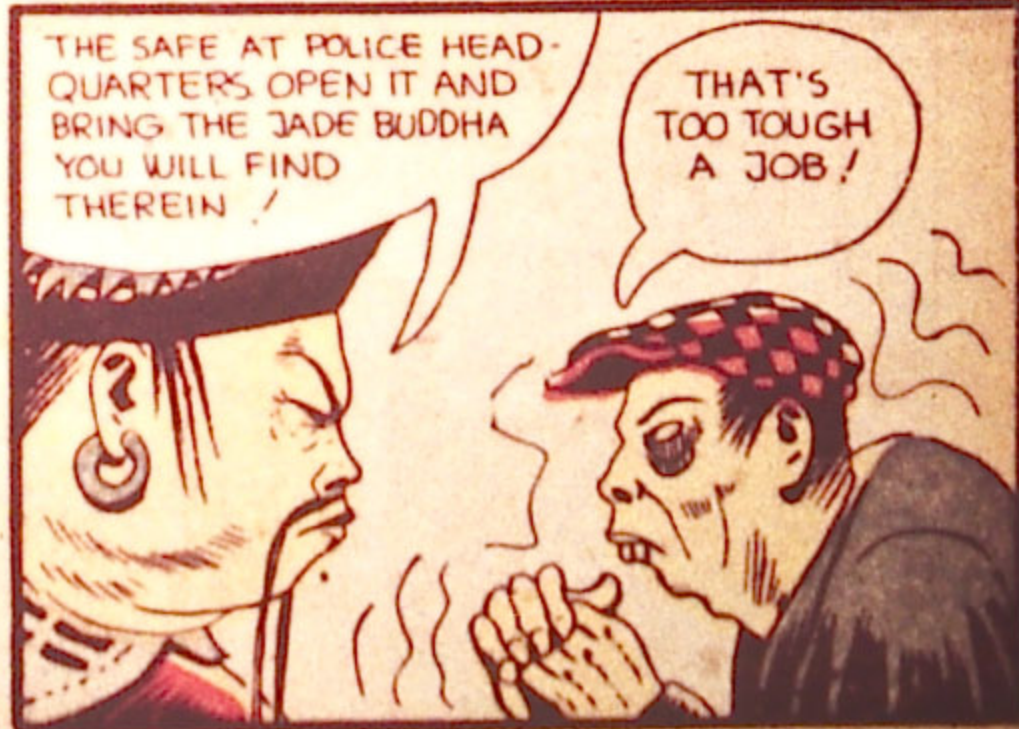


YOU'LL HAVE
TO GO TO HEAD-
QUARTERS, THEN.
I HAVEN'T
GOT IT!



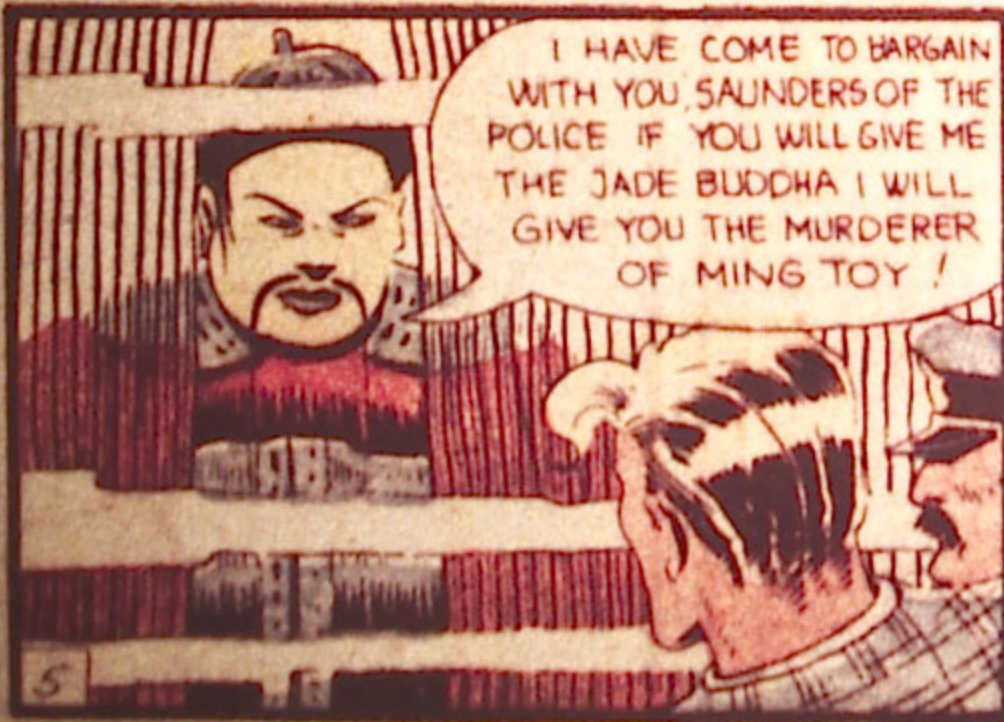
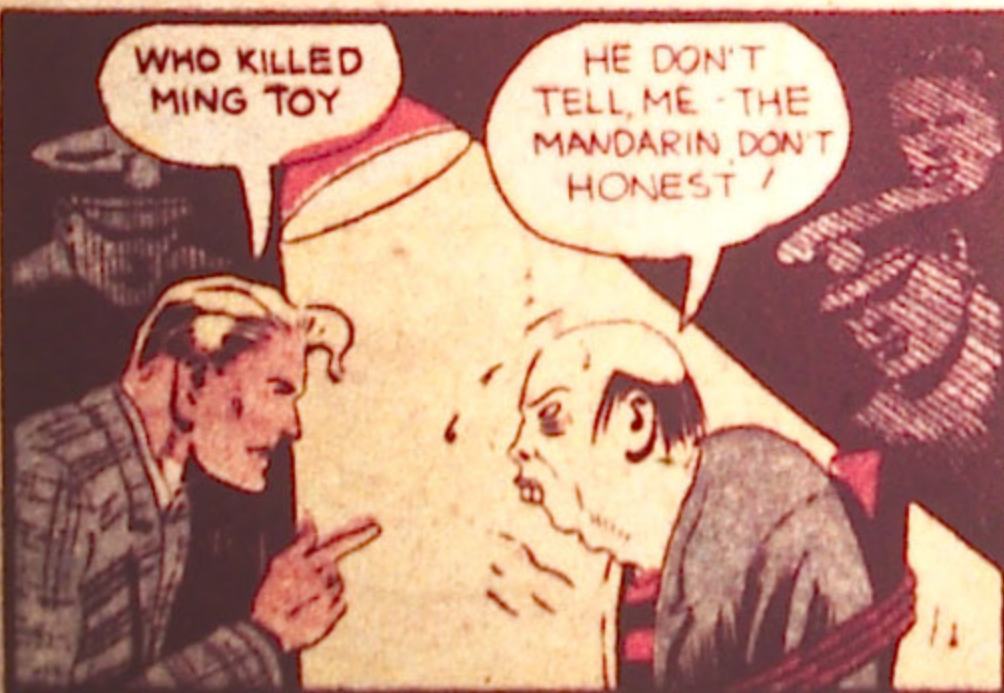
THE SAFE AT POLICE HEAD-
QUARTERS OPEN IT AND
BRING THE JADE BUDDHA
YOU WILL FIND
THEREIN!

THAT'S
TOO TOUGH
A JOB!





SPEED FINDS THE SAFECRACKER AT THE COMMISSIONER'S SAFE





LARRY STEELE

PRIVATE DETECTIVE

by Will Ely

LARRY AND DELORES ARE IN THE BOSS' HUT PLANNING THEIR ESCAPE WHEN SUDDENLY WITHOUT WARNING THE BOSS APPEARS AT THE DOOR AND FINDS THE TWO TOGETHER — BLIND WITH RAGE HE SPRINGS AT LARRY'S THROAT

TRY TO STEAL MY DELORES !!
SON OF A PIG !! I'LL KILL YOU !!!

OH, LARRY !!
LOOK OUT !

LARRY GOES DOWN UNDER THE TERRIFIC WEIGHT OF THE BOSS — —

AS THEY STRUGGLE ACROSS THE FLOOR, DELORES PICKS UP A CLUB FROM NEARBY AND WATCHES FOR AN OPENING —

LARRY'S HEAD HITS A TABLE LEG, AND HE IS TEMPORARILY STUNNED — — —

SEEING HIS CHANCE, THE BOSS STARTS A DEATH DEALING BLOW TO LARRY'S HEAD — —

NO YOU DON'T !!



LET THAT BE
YOUR PUNISHMENT
FOR KILLING MY
FATHER AND FRIENDS !!



HE'S DEAD—
YOU SAVED
MY LIFE—
YOU'RE A
GAME GIRL—

COME, HURRY; THE
OTHERS MAY HAVE
HEARD THE NOISE!



THIS WAY !
WE MUST
MAKE FOR
THE PLANE !

QUIET ! HERE
COMES SOMEONE



THEY'RE GOING
INTO THE BOSS-
ES HUT !

HURRY ! WE MUST
GET AWAY FROM
HERE !



THE BOSS / HE'S
DEAD ! DIRTY WORK !



SCOUR THE ISLAND
FOR THE STRANGER
AND THE GIRL !
THEY'VE KILLED
THE BOSS !



THEY'LL MAKE FOR
THE PLANE !

WELL HURRY - WE MUST
CUT THEM OFF !

IF HE GETS AWAY
WE'RE DOOMED HERE
FOR LIFE !

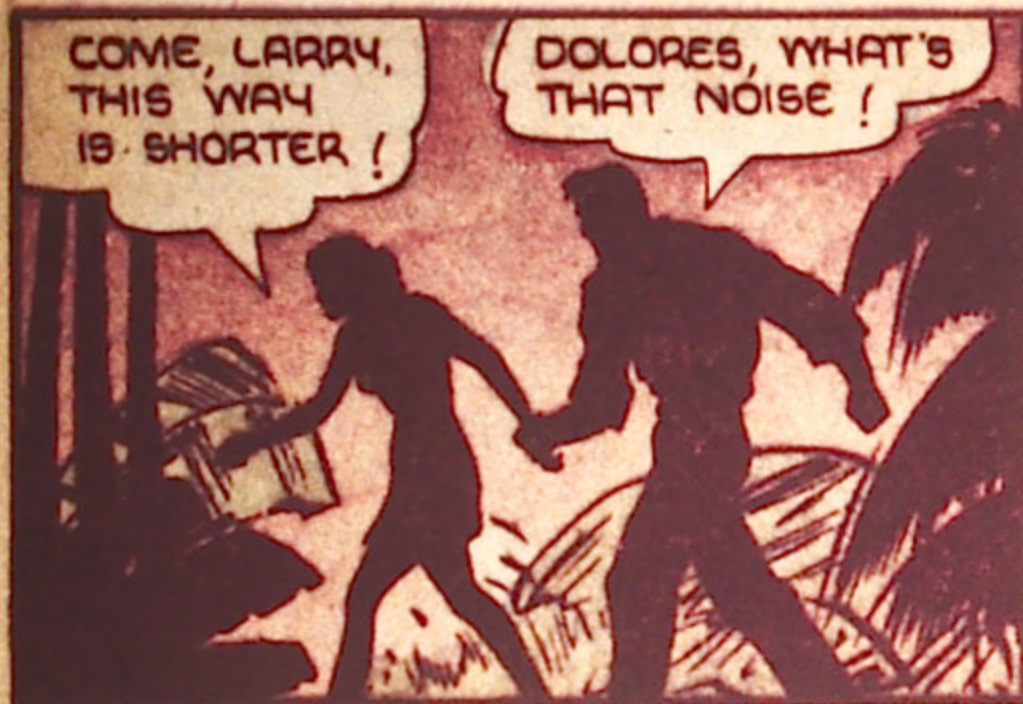


THE ISLAND OF
WANATOBA IS A
VOLCANIC ONE -
AT THAT MO-
MENT A DISTANT
RUMBLING IS
HEARD FROM
THE HILLS



COME, LARRY,
THIS WAY
IS SHORTER !

DOLORES, WHAT'S
THAT NOISE !



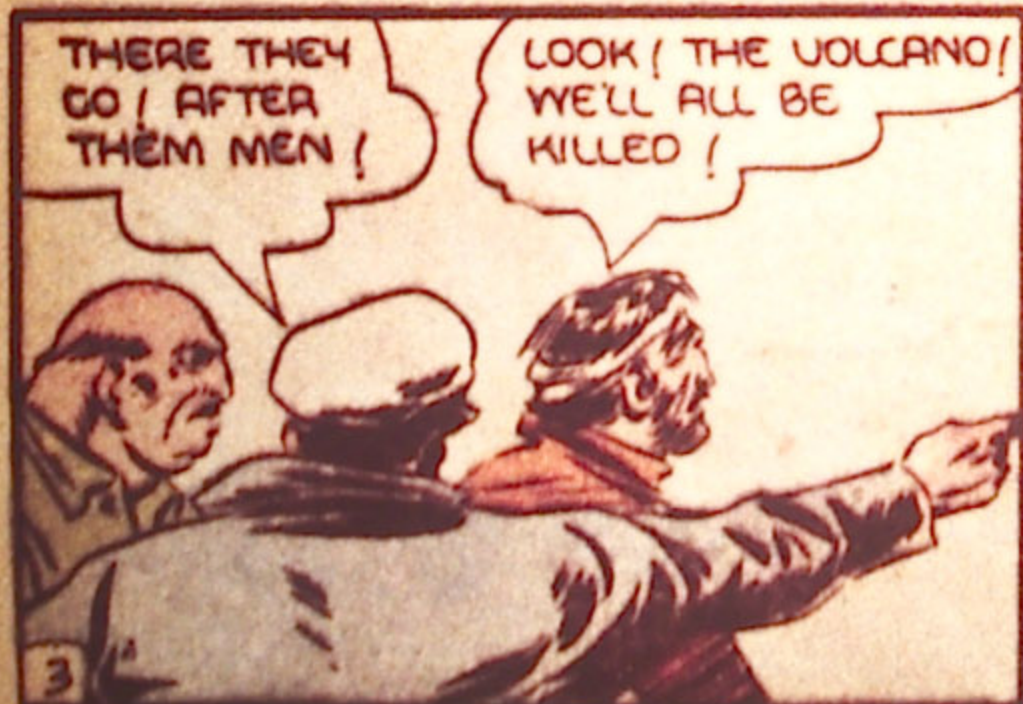
IT'S THE VOLCANO !
IT'S BEGINNING TO
ACT UP !

YOU'RE
RIGHT !



THERE THEY
GO ! AFTER
THEM MEN !

LOOK ! THE VOLCANO !
WE'LL ALL BE
KILLED !



CAREFUL ! THIS IS
TREACHEROUS !



MADE IT ! NOW
DOWN TO THE
BEACH !

THE EARTH IS BEGIN-
NING TO TREMBLE !
THIS IS BAD !!



LOOK, DOLORES !

OH, LARRY !



AS SOME OF THE
RENEGADES TRY TO
CROSS THE PRECIPICE
WHERE DOLORES AND
LARRY HAVE JUST
CROSSED, SUDDENLY
THERE IS A CRASH
AND THE EARTH
SEEMS TO OPEN AND
SWALLOW THEM UP—



LAVA BEGINS TO POUR DOWN THE
MOUNTAIN SIDE AND IT'S A RACE
AGAINST TIME FOR EVERYONE — —



RUN, DOLORES, ONLY
A DASH ACROSS
THE BEACH !

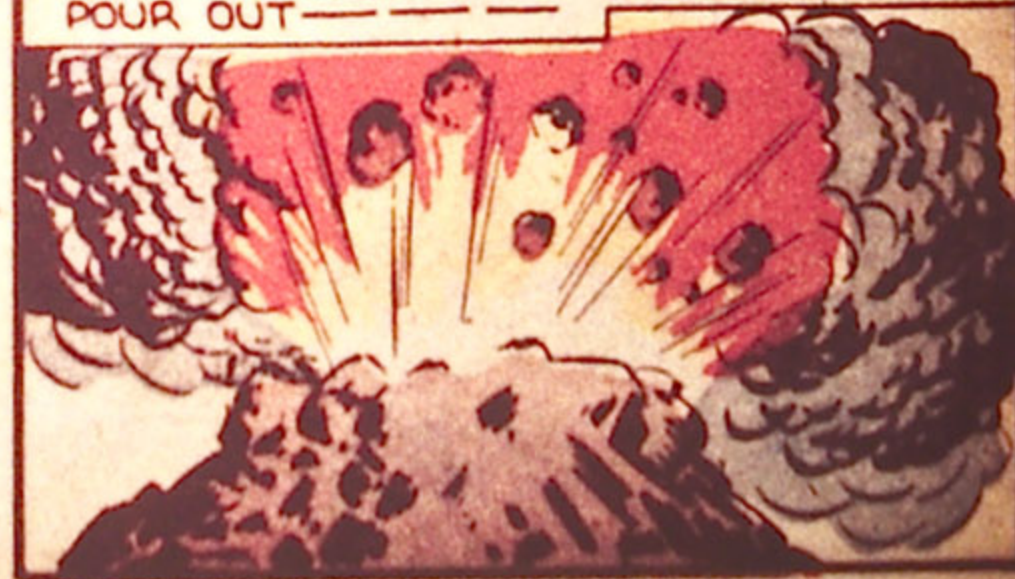
I'M COMING !



AS THEY RUN, THE VOLCANO'S ACTION
BEGINS WITH NEW FURY —

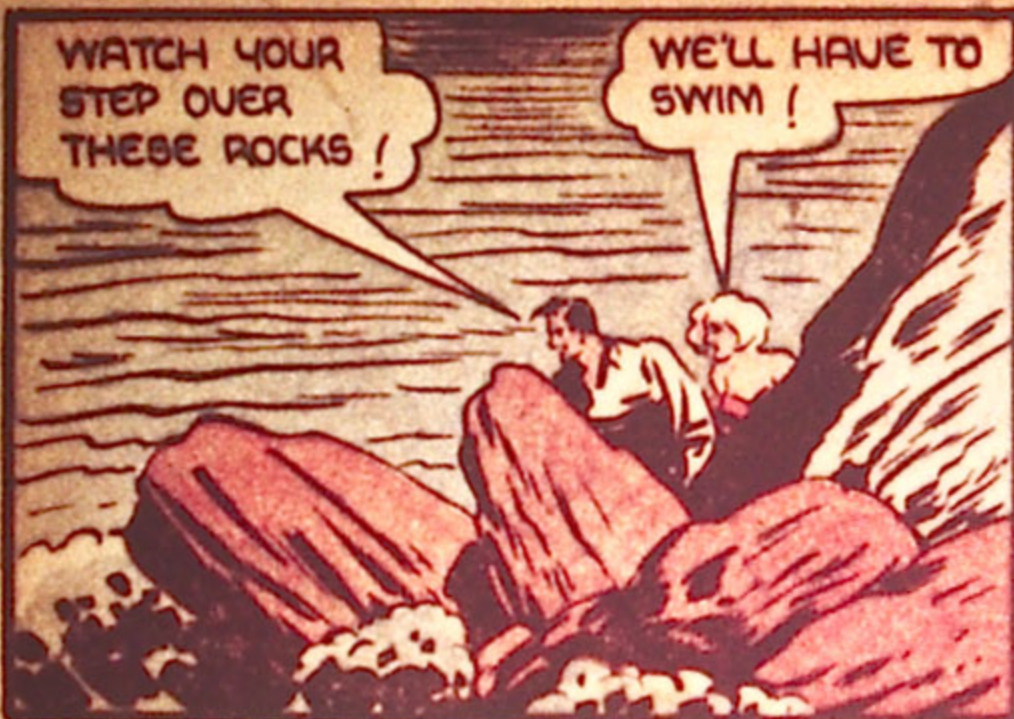


THE VERY TOP SEEMS TO BLOW OFF
THE MOUNTAIN — FIRE AND SMOKE
POUR OUT — — —



WATCH YOUR
STEP OVER
THESE ROCKS !

WE'LL HAVE TO
SWIM !



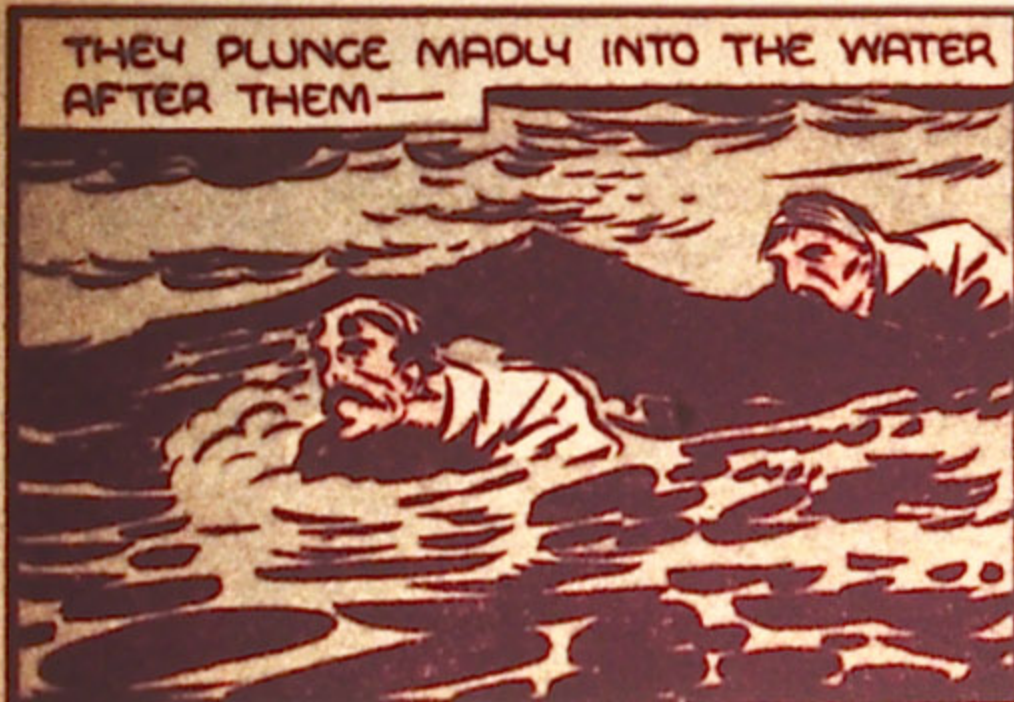
HERE WE GO !



THE RENEGADES
REACH THE
BEACH AS
DOLORES AND
LARRY ARE
SPLASHING THRU
THE BREAKERS TO
THE SEAPLANE—



THEY PLUNGE MADLY INTO THE WATER
AFTER THEM—



HERE WE ARE—
UP YOU COME !



OH HURRY, LARRY !
THEY'RE ALMOST
HERE !!

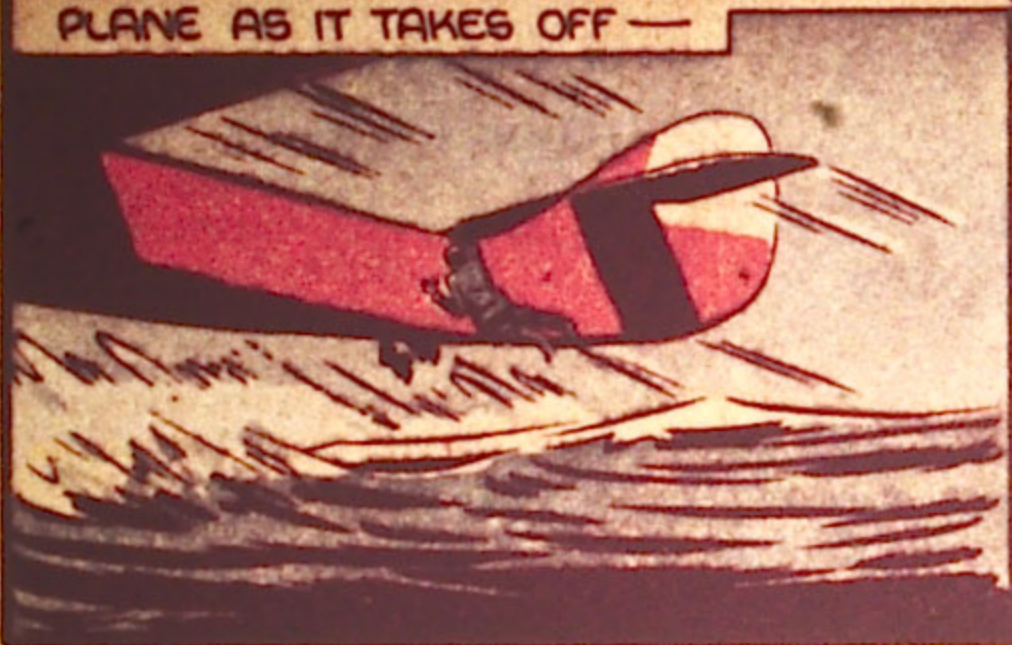
SHE'S O.K.
THANK GOOD-
NESS !



HERE WE GO !



TWO OF THE EXCONVICTS GRASP THE PLANE AS IT TAKES OFF —



BUT ARE SHAKEN OFF AS IT GAINS ALTITUDE — — —



OH, LARRY, WE'RE SAFE!

NOT YET-LOOK-BACK THERE —



OH !! I CAN'T BEAR TO LOOK!



AT THE MOMENT THE ENTIRE ISLAND SEEMS TO EXPLODE AS THE VOLCANO BURSTS FORTH IN ALL ITS PENT UP FURY!



ALL THAT IS LEFT ARE THE PIECES FLOATING ON THE TROUBLED, MUDDY WATERS — — —



THEY'VE PAID FOR THEIR SINS, LARRY — —

YES, DOLORES, AND NOW-YOU'RE GOING BACK WHERE YOU BELONG — — —



THE END.

Buck Marshall

RANGE DETECTIVE

BY
H. FLEMING



THE DOOR OF DEATH

HOT DAWN IS GILDING THE SKY AS BUCK MARSHALL LOPEs DOWN THE NARROW TRAIL, LEADING THROUGH THE HEAVILY TIMBERED FOOT-HILLS TO THE SOUTH OF SAGE CITY.

IN ANOTHER HOUR HE WILL BE RIDING UP THE DUSTY MAIN STREET OF THE LITTLE COW-TOWN AFTER AN ABSENCE OF SEVERAL WEEKS ...

BUCK, FINALLY STOPS IN A CLOUD OF DUST OUTSIDE THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE AND SLIDES TO THE GROUND. SUDDENLY, HIS ATTENTION IS DIRECTED TO TWO MEN SOME DISTANCE UP THE SIDEWALK

THAT BIG HONORE IS SAW-TOOTH JACKSON - WONDER WHAT HE'S UP TO.



GIT OUTA THE WAY DANG YA!

YOU OVERSIZE HUNK O'BUZZARD BAIT! - IF I HAD MY CUTTER HERE, I'D



WHILE BUCK WATCHES, THE BIG GUNMAN COLLIDES WITH THE OLDER MAN, SENDING HIM STAGGERING FROM THE SIDEWALK --



BUTTON YORE LIP, DANG YA, OR I'LL KNOCK THE HIDE OFFA YER DERNED CARCASS!



LOOKS KIND OF UNEVEN - I THINK I'LL TAKE A HAND HERE!

AS THE BULLY STANDS OVER THE OLD MAN, READY TO SMASH HIM AGAIN AS HE RISES ON ONE KNEE, BUCK VAULTS OVER THE HITCH-RAIL.

JUST AS THE BULLY IS ABOUT TO GIVE HIS VICTIM A VICIOUS KICK, BUCK RUSHES IN, LANDING A SMASHING RIGHT TO THE BULLY'S JAW -



CRACK ☆ ☆



THIS AIN'T
NO CONSARN
O' YOURN -

A BULLY
IS ALWAYS
MY CONCERN
HOMBRE -
NOW YOU GET
MOVING, PRONTO!



MUCH OBLIGED STRANGER FER LENDIN'
ME A HAND WITH THIS RAFTER-A GUNSLICK.
MY NAME'S ODELL - I RUN THE BAR-O
THEY'RE TRYIN' TO
MAKE ME QUIT!

AFTER BUCK
HAS SENT
THE GUNMAN
ON HIS WAY
AND WATCHES
ODELL
LEAVE,
HE GOES
TO THE
SHERIFF'S
OFFICE

BUCK, THERE'S BEEN TROUBLE FOR
OVER A YEAR. BOGDAN, RAFTER-A
OWNER, WANTS ODELL'S LITTLE
SPREAD - ODELL WON'T SELL, SO
BOGDAN'S TRYING TO FORCE
HIM OUT - HERE'S
BOGDAN
NOW!



LOOK HERE, SHERIFF,
I DEMAND ODELL'S
ARREST - HE'S GOT TO
BE MADE TO KEEP
THE PEACE - HE JUST
HAD ANOTHER RUN-IN
WITH ONE OF
MY RIDERS!



HE THREATENED ME
OVER AT THE HOTEL -
SAID HE'D BLAST DAYLIGHT
THROUGH ME WITH HIS
SHOTGUN - I'M SWEARING
OUT A WARRANT FOR THE
LOOSEB, GALOOT!

AFTER
DEMANDING
IMMEDIATE
SERVICE
OF THE
WARRANT,
BOGDAN
STALKS
OUT OF
THE
SHERIFF'S
OFFICE -
SUDDENLY
BUCK
SPRINGS UP
FROM
HIS CHAIR



LET ME SERVE THAT SHERIFF, I'VE GOT A
HUNCH - I WANT TO LOOK
OVER THE
BAR-O



IT'S A GOOD
IDEA FOR YOU
TO SERVE THAT
WARRANT, BUCK.
I'LL KEEP MY
EYE ON WHAT'S
GOIN' ON AROUND
HERE. SAVVY?



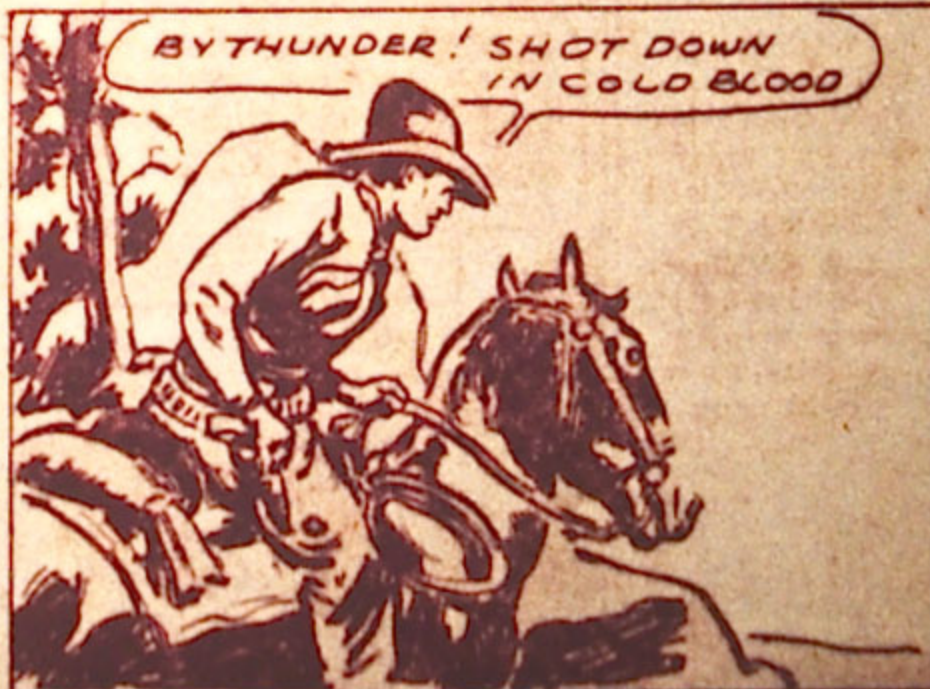
IT'S A GOOD
TEN MILES TO
ODELL'S PLACE
HE HAS AN
HALF HOUR
START ON
ME

A GREAT PART OF THE WAY IS OVER A ROUGH MOUNTAIN TRAIL - FINALLY, FROM THE TOP OF A CLIFF, BUCK SIGHTS THE RANCH CABIN -



BUCK SEES ODELL DISMOUNT AND WALK TO THE CABIN DOOR, CARRYING BUNDLES -

AS ODELL OPENS THE DOOR, SUDDENLY THERE IS A GUN-BLAST FROM WITHIN - ODELL STAGGERS BACK AND LANDS IN A CRUMPLED HEAP -



LEAPING FROM THE SADDLE, BUCK CRAWLS AS NEAR AS POSSIBLE TO THE CLIFF'S EDGE TO WATCH FOR THE KILLER TO COME OUT -

BUCK WAITS A FEW MINUTES PUZZLED BECAUSE THE KILLER DOES NOT COME OUT - FINALLY HE STARTS TO MAKE HIS WAY DOWN THE TRAIL TO THE REAR OF THE CABIN





GRIPPING AN OVER HANGING BOUGH, BUCK SWINGS DOWN TO THE DOOR.

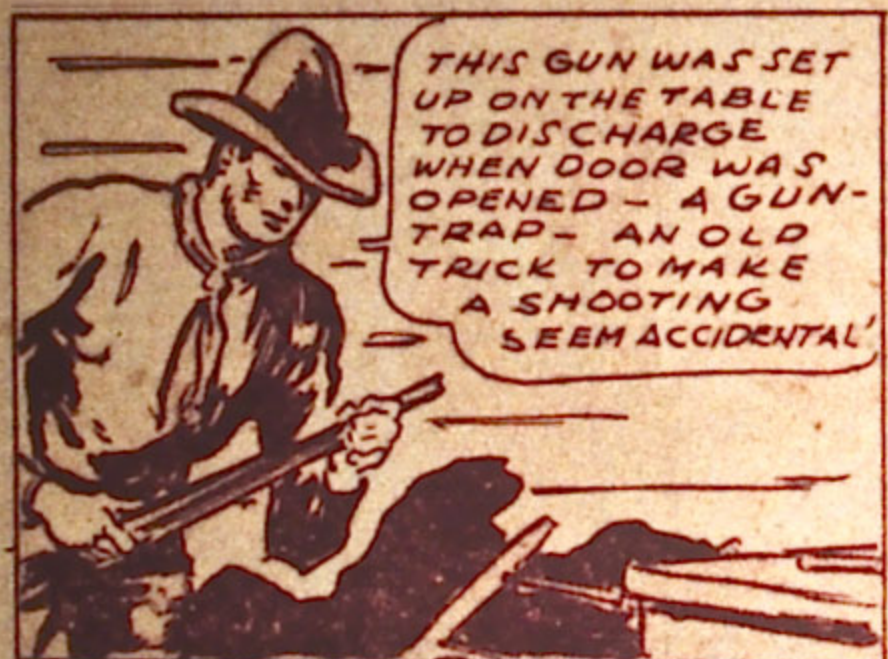


LIFT 'EM HIGH, IN THERE - WE'VE GOT YOU COVERED! -



WELL I'LL BE DOGGONED - EMPTY!

DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF THE DOOR IS A TABLE ON WHICH IS LYING A RUNNING IRON - NEAR AN OVERTURNED CHAIR, LIES A SAWED-OFF SHOT GUN - OTHERWISE, THE ROOM IS NOT IN DISORDER -



THIS GUN WAS SET UP ON THE TABLE TO DISCHARGE WHEN DOOR WAS OPENED - A GUN-TRAP - AN OLD TRICK TO MAKE A SHOOTING SEEM ACCIDENTAL



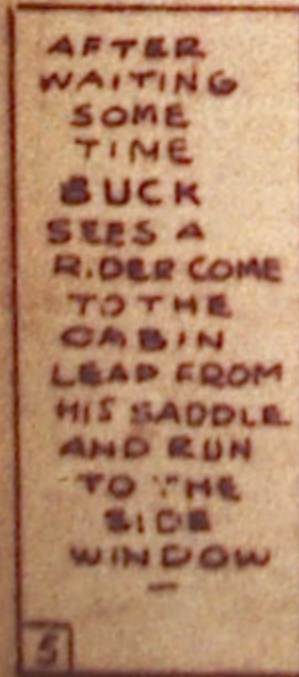
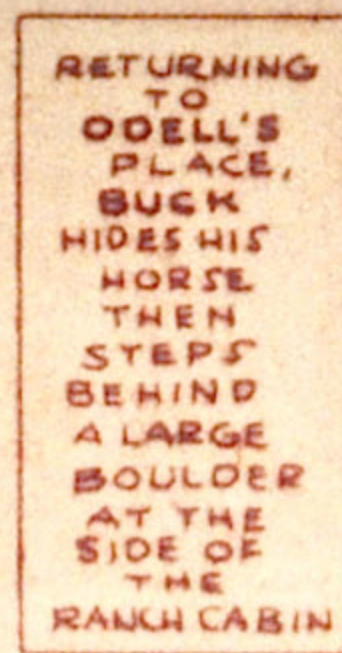
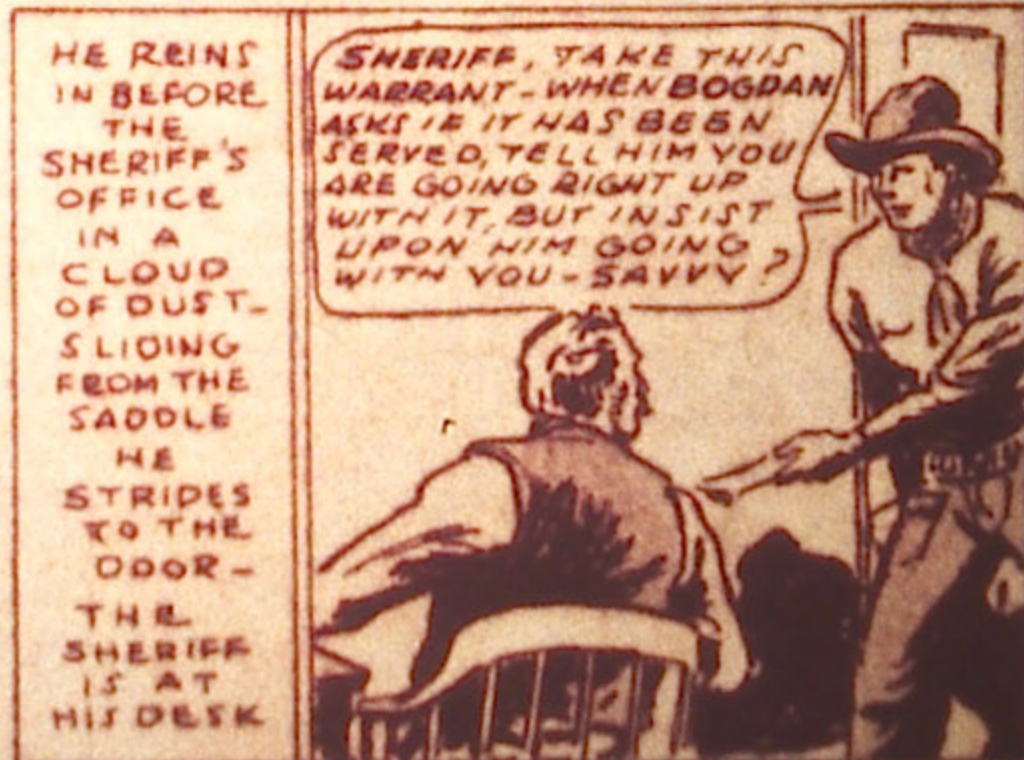
THIS RUNNING IRON HIT THE TRIGGER WHEN THE DOOR WAS SHOVED OPEN - NO MARKS ON IT TO SHOW, WHETHER OR NOT, IT BELONGS TO ODELL



I'VE GOT A HUNCH WHO SET THAT TRAP BUT I'VE GOT TO HUSTLE IF I WANT TO PROVE IT!

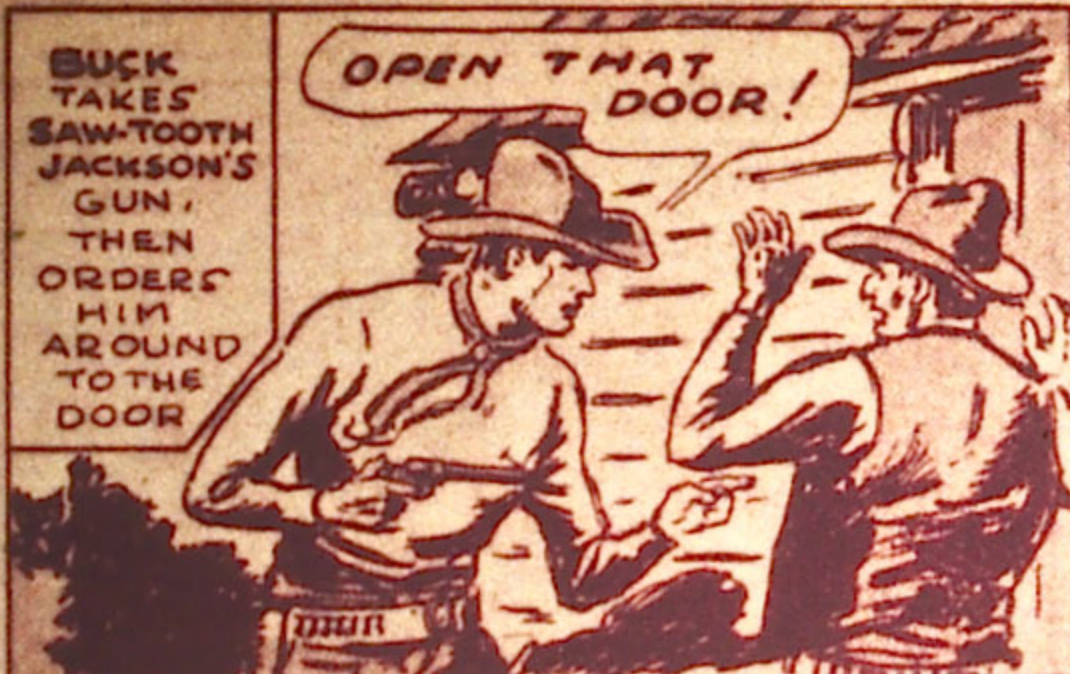


FIRST, I'LL BRING ODELL'S BODY INSIDE AND CLEAN UP AROUND THE DOOR



BUCK
TAKES
SAW-TOOTH
JACKSON'S
GUN,
THEN
ORDERS
HIM
AROUND
TO THE
DOOR

OPEN THAT
DOOR!



NO-NO- DONT MAKE
ME DO THAT! I'LL
TELL EVERYTHING!



AFRAID OF THE
GUN-TRAP
YOU SET
FOR
ODELL
EH!

BOGDAN
MADE ME
DO IT!
HE WANTS
ODELL'S
LAND-



SUDDENLY
BUCK
GETS A
GLIMPSE
OF THE
SHERIFF
AND BOGDAN
COMING -
BINDING
SAW-TOOTH'S
WRISTS,
HE SHOVES
HIM
BEHIND
A
BUSH -

GET YOUR CARCASS BEHIND
THAT BUSH AND DONT OPEN
YOUR MOUTH IF
YOU WANT
TO STAY
HEALTHY!



QUICKLY
SNAPPING
THE
PADLOCK
ON THE
DOOR
BUCK
STEPS
BEHIND
THE
BUSH
AND WAITS
FOR
THE SHERIFF
AND
BOGDAN
TO COME

GUESS, WE'LL HAVE TO
COME AGAIN, SHERIFF
HE HASN'T GOT BACK
YET!

YES THE
DOOR IS
PADLOCKED



YOU'RE WRONG
BOGDAN- HE CAME
BACK AND WAS
MURDERED BY
YOUR GUN-TRAP

YOU'RE PLUMB
LOCO!
I HAVEN'T
BEEN NEAR
THIS CABIN -
WHERE'S YOUR
PROOF?

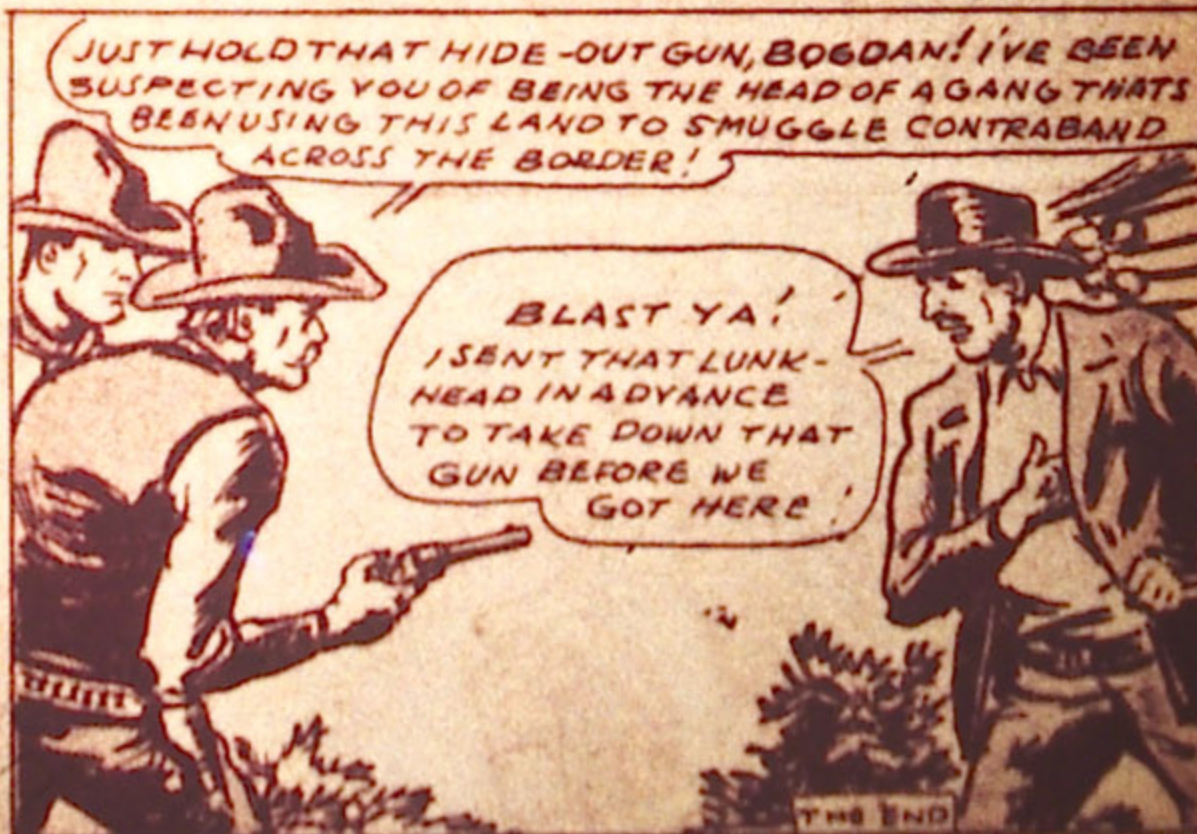


RIGHT HERE! YOUR HIRED
GUN SLINGER- SAW-TOOTH JACKSON-
WANTED IN ARIZONA FOR EVERY
THING ON THE COURT CALENDAR!
SHERIFF, PUT THE CUFFS ON BOGDAN
AND YOU'LL SEE ODELL'S BODY
IF YOU'LL OPEN
THAT DOOR-



JUST HOLD THAT HIDE-OUT GUN, BOGDAN! I'VE BEEN
SUSPECTING YOU OF BEING THE HEAD OF A GANG THAT'S
BEEN USING THIS LAND TO SMUGGLE CONTRABAND
ACROSS THE BORDER!

BLAST YA!
I SENT THAT LUNK-
HEAD IN ADVANCE
TO TAKE DOWN THAT
GUN BEFORE WE
GOT HERE!



THE END

SPY

SIEGEL and SHUSTER

HEADQUARTERS OF THE U.S. SPY SERVICE ----

SENATOR BARKLY HAS COME TO WASHINGTON WITH VALUABLE PAPERS. THERE ARE SINISTER FORCES FROM WHICH HE MUST BE GUARDED!

AND WE'RE TO WATCH OVER THE OLD BOY, EH?

SOUNDS LIKE A SIMPLE ASSIGNMENT TO ME!



BUT IT'S NOT AS SIMPLE AS IT APPEARS-THE SENATOR BULL-HEADEDLY INSISTS HE WANTS NO BODYGUARD- SO YOU'LL HAVE TO GUARD HIM WITHOUT HIS KNOWLEDGE



AS THEY ENTER THE SENATOR'S HOTEL ---

PAGING SENATOR BARKLY!

KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED, SALLY! HERE'S WHERE WE CATCH OUR FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE SENATOR



I'M SENATOR BARKLY.

HERE'S A MESSAGE FOR YOU, SIR



AS THE SENATOR READS, HIS BROW FURROWS - IN A FROWN



SOMETHING'S UP!

I'VE A HUNCH YOU AND I ARE SOON GOING INTO ACTION!



WHEN HE CONCLUDES READING THE MESSAGE, BARKLY TOSSES IT INTO A WASTE RECEPTACLE, AND HURRIES FROM THE HOTEL LOBBY

NOW?

NO, WAIT 'TILL HE'S OUT OF THE ROOM!



THE MOMENT SENATOR BARKLY IS OUT OF VIEW, BART APPROPRIATES THE NOTE FROM THE WASTEBASKET



WHAT DOES IT SAY?

SEE FOR YOURSELF!



"DEAR SENATOR--
IMPORTANT INFORMATION WILL BE GIVEN
YOU IF YOU COME TO 349 GROGAN LANE--
A FRIEND"



IT'S A "COME-ON" NOTE,
MEANT TO LURE HIM
INTO A TRAP!

AND HE'LL
PROBABLY
FALL FOR IT!



COME ON! WE'VE GOT TO
BEAT HIM TO THAT
ADDRESS!

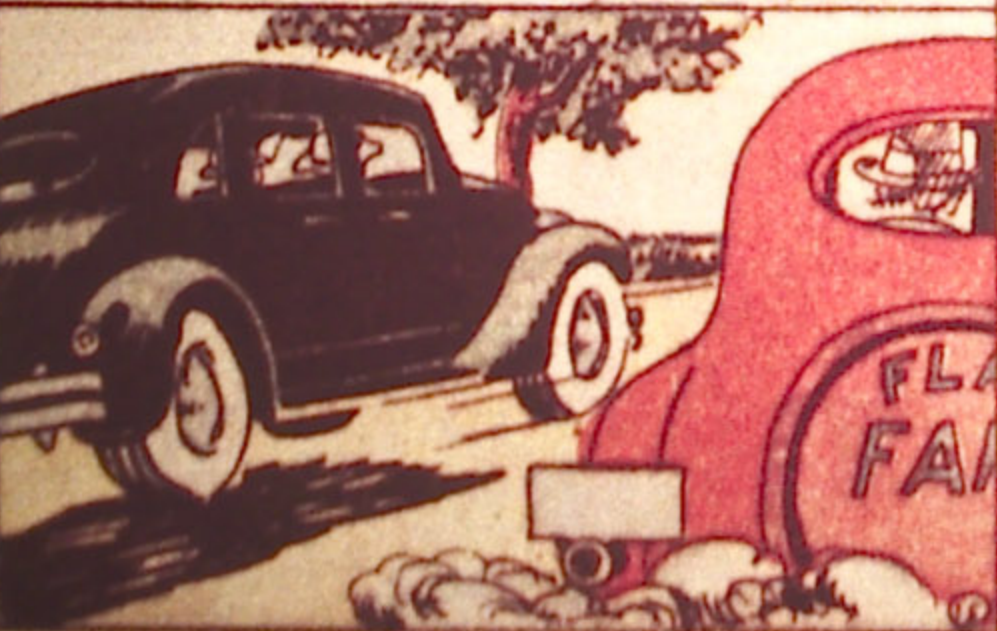


TO HECK WITH
TRAFFIC LIGHTS!-
MORE SPEED!

WE'RE DOING SIXTY!-
WHAT MORE DO
YOU WANT?



BART'S HURLING CAR EASILY PASSES A TAXI---



DO YOU KNOW WHO
I GLIMPSED IN THAT
TAXI?

YEAH!-THE SENATOR!-
LOOKS LIKE WE'LL REACH
THERE A FULL FIVE
MINUTES BEFORE HIM!



WHEN GROGAN LANE IS REACHED...

WELL, WHAT DO WE
DO NOW? ENTER?

NO, I'VE A
BETTER PLAN!



17

WE WILL ENTER THE DESERTED LANE THRU
ITS OTHER ENTRANCE. IN THIS WAY WE'LL
SNEAK UP ON THE ENEMY FROM BEHIND!



18

SHORTLY LATER...

LOOK! OUR
GUESS WAS
RIGHT!

THEY'RE LYING
IN WAIT FOR
THE SENATOR!



19

FROM THE CROUCHED ATTITUDE OF THE MEN, AND
THE PRESENCE OF THEIR WEAPONS, IT'S OBVIOUS
THEY PLAN A COWARDLY MURDER.

DON'T GIVE HIM A
CHANCE TO SHOUT
FOR HELP!

ONE WELL PLACED SHOT
WILL DO THE TRICK!



20

WAIT HERE, SALLY,
WHILE I ATTEND
TO THEM.

OH, NO! - I'M NOT
GOING TO MISS
THE FUN!



SALLY AND BART LEAP SIMULTANEOUSLY...

WHAT
TH--!

USE YOUR
GUN!



21

THANKS FOR
RESISTING!



22

YOU'RE JUST
A GIRL!

YEAH - BUT
WOTTA GIRL!



23

THE COWARDLY WOULD-BE ASSASSINS DASH AWAY...



LOOK AT THEM RUN!

THEY DON'T LOOK VERY MENACING NOW!



DOWN! - HERE COMES THE SENATOR'S TAXI!



THAT'S STRANGE! - THERE'S NO ONE HERE!



THAT NOTE MUST HAVE BEEN A HOAX! DRIVER, RETURN ME TO MY HOTEL!

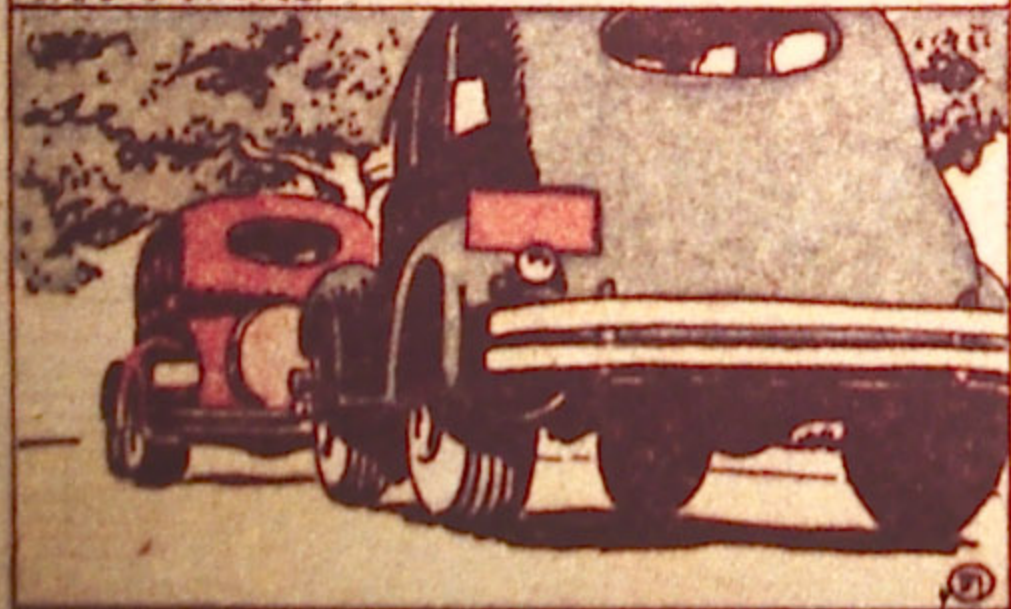


WELL, THAT FINISHES THAT!

OH, NO IT DOESN'T! WE'VE GOT TO SEE THAT OUR PAL REACHES HOME SAFELY!



BART'S CAR TRAILS THE SENATOR'S TAXI AT A SAFE DISTANCE.



HAVE YOU NOTICED! - THE TAXI'S DRIVING IN THE WRONG DIRECTION!

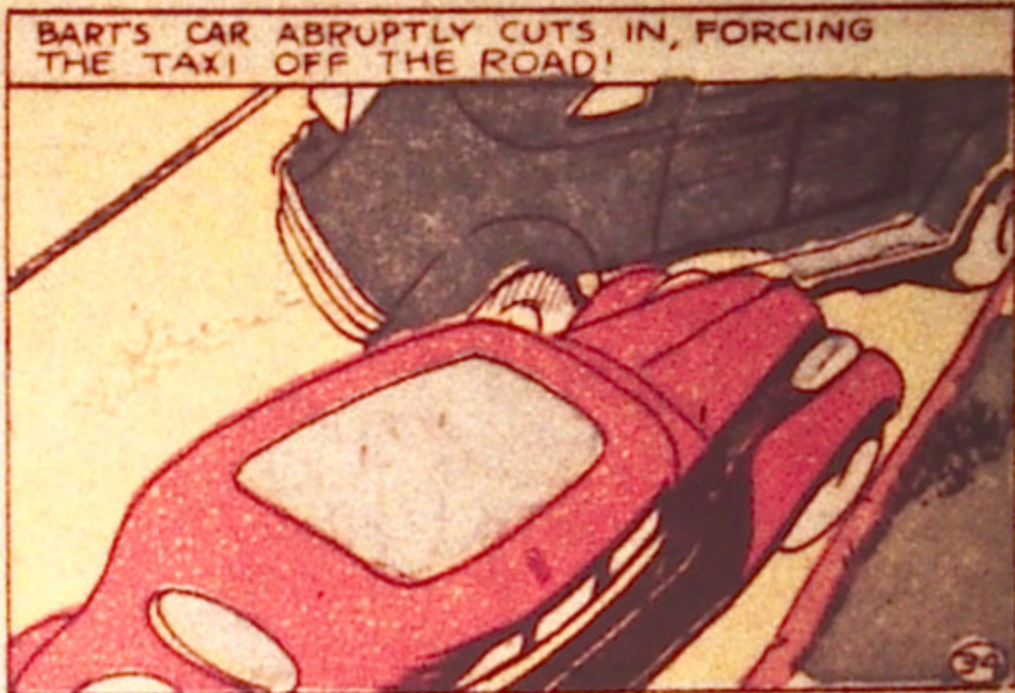
OH OH! MORE COMPLICATIONS!



WE'VE GOT TO STOP THEM
BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!



BART'S CAR ABRUPTLY CUTS IN, FORCING
THE TAXI OFF THE ROAD!



WHAT'S THE
BIG IDEA?

KEEP QUIET, YOU!—
WE KNOW WHAT
YOU'RE UP TO!



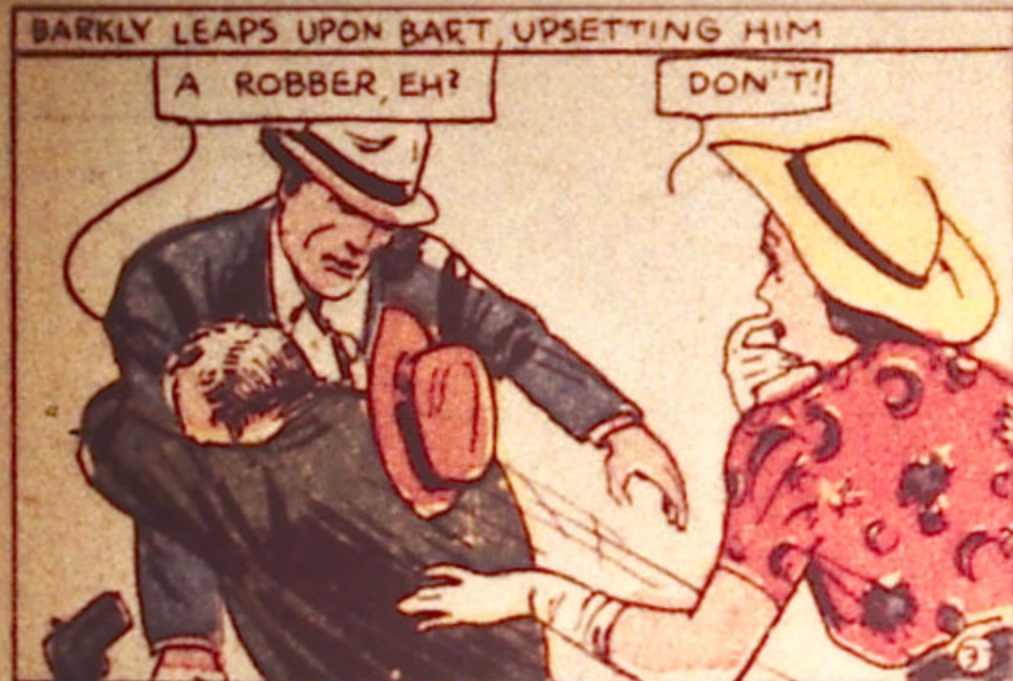
A HOLD-UP!



BARKLY LEAPS UPON BART, UPSETTING HIM

A ROBBER, EH?

DON'T!



DON'T ANY OF
YOU MOVE!



WH-WHY--
W-WHATE?

CAN'T YOU SEE? WE WERE
TRYING TO SAVE YOU!—
YOU WERE BEING KIDNAPPED!

GET IN
THAT CAR!



I'VE BEEN
A FOOL!

YOU SAID IT!—NOW, DON'T EITHER
OF YOU IN THE BACK SEAT TRY
ANYTHING, OR THE GIRL GETS IT!



THE DRIVER STEERS WITH ONE HAND; HIS OTHER HAND, PRESSING A GUN AGAINST SALLY'S SIDE, EFFECTIVELY PREVENTS OPPOSITION



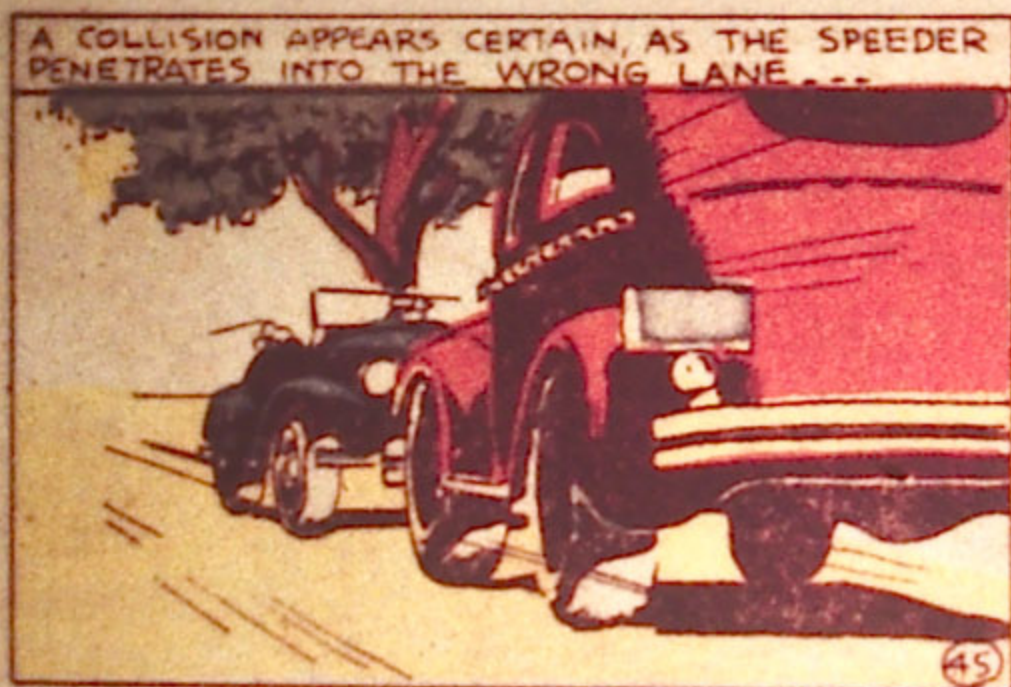
WITH EACH PASSING MOMENT THE TAXI IS BRING-
ING ITS PRISONERS CLOSER TO AN UNKNOWN FATE.
IF MY LIFE WERE THE ONLY ONE [WE'RE HOPELESS-
AT STAKE, I'D MAKE AN ATTEMPT LY TRAPPED!
AT RESISTANCE. BUT I CAN'T RISK
SALLY'S



IT WOULD BE PURE
SUICIDE FOR ME TO
TRY ANYTHING! IF
ONLY---



FATE TAKES A HAND!—AROUND A NEARBY
CORNER SWERVES A SPEEDER...



A COLLISION APPEARS CERTAIN, AS THE SPEEDER
PENETRATES INTO THE WRONG LANE...



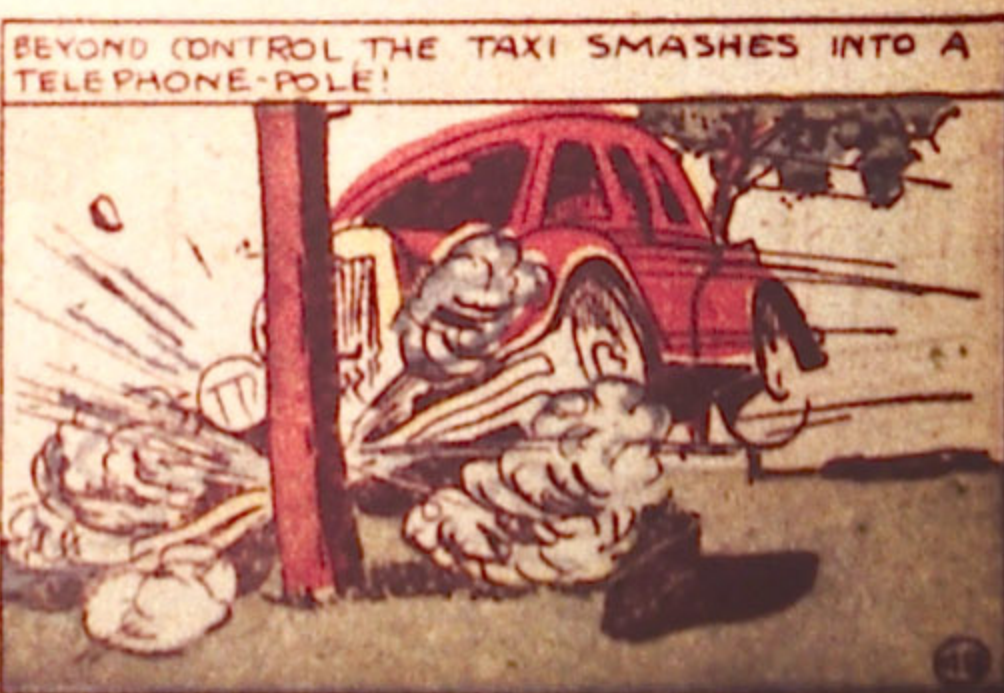
NOW'S MY
CHANCE!

HE'S DRUNK!

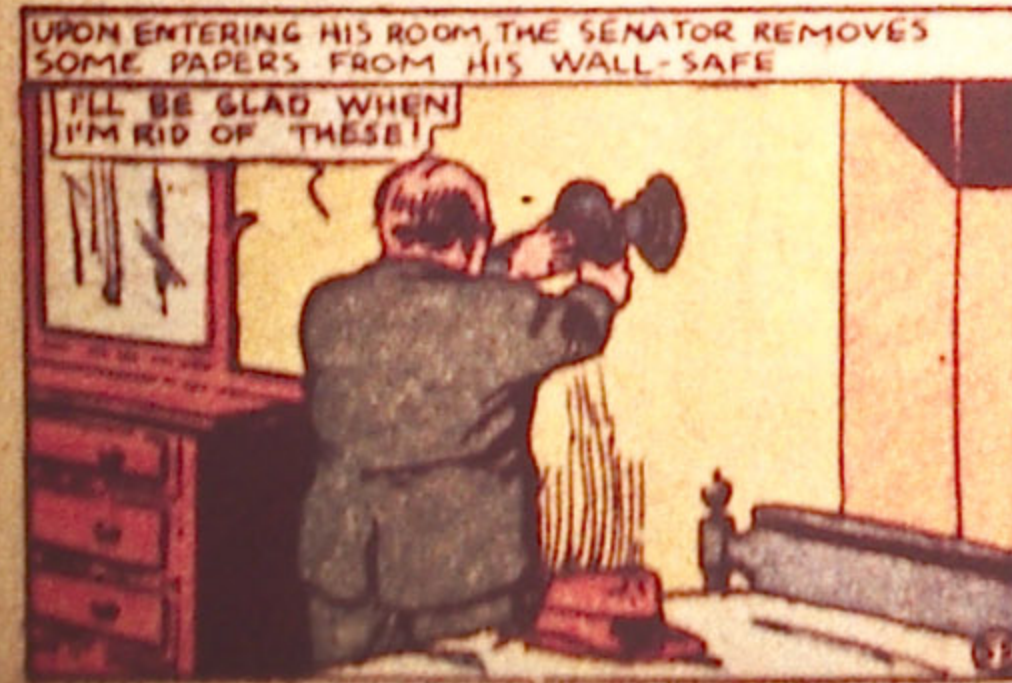
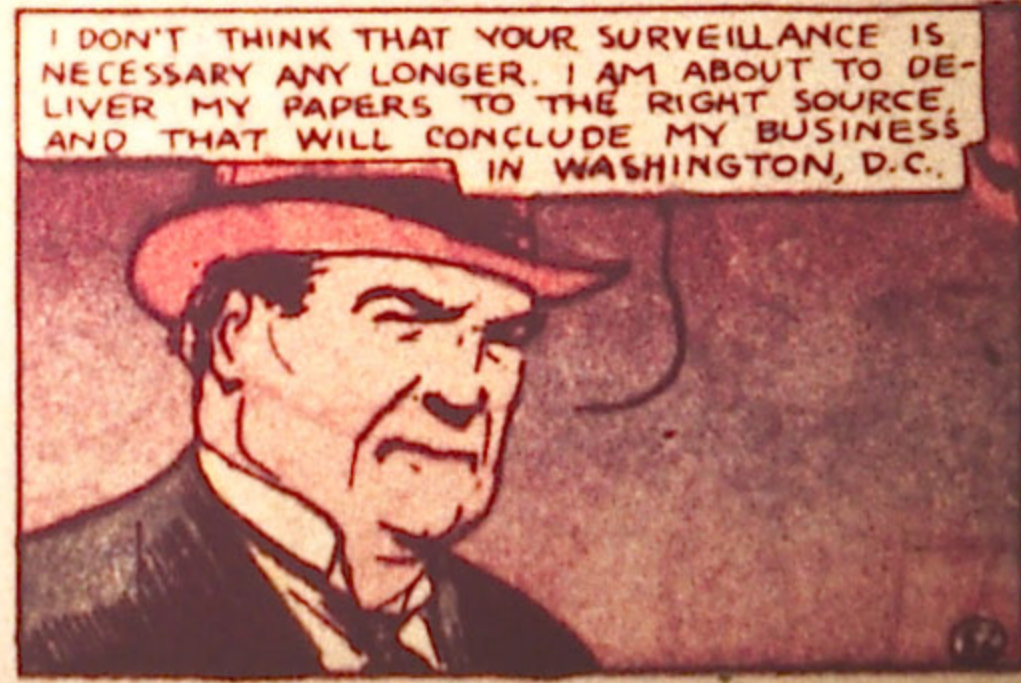
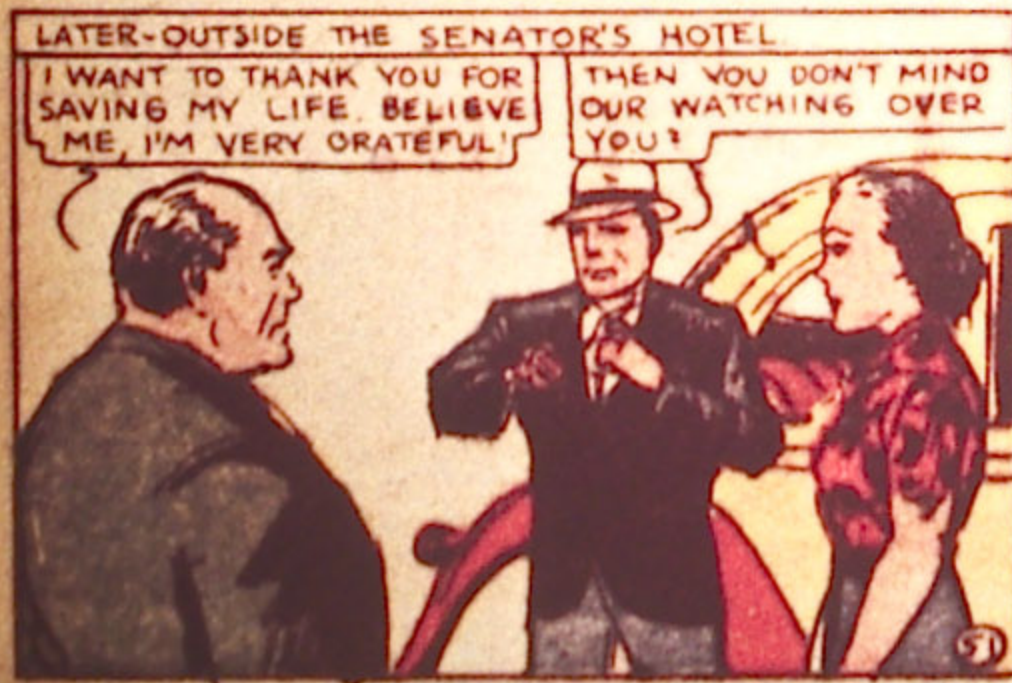
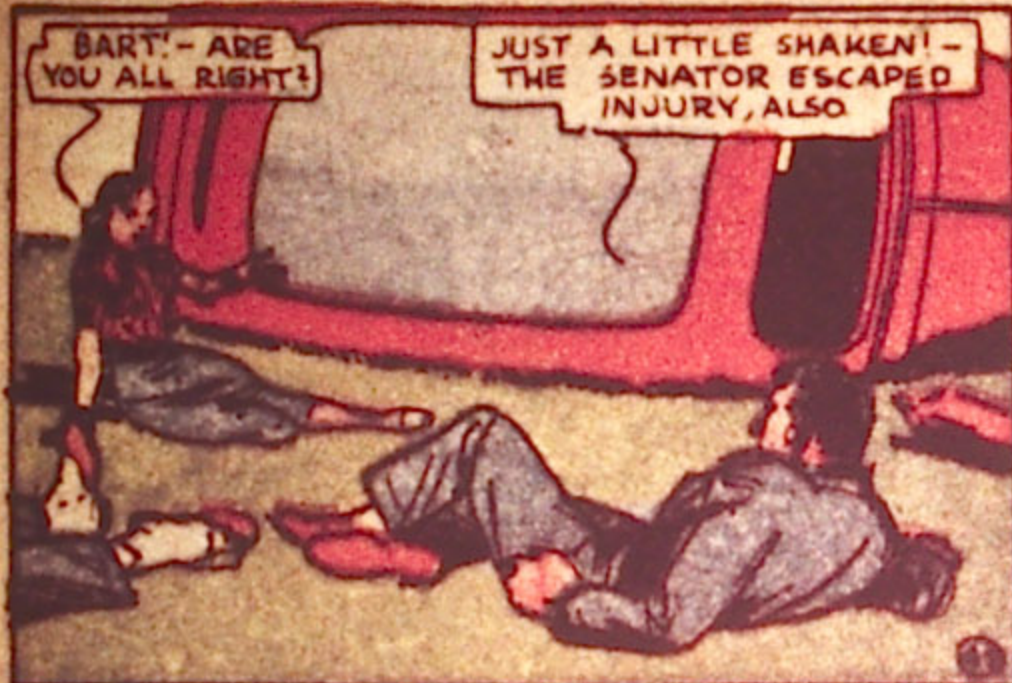


BART!—
HELP!

LET GO YOU
LITTLE FOOL!



BEYOND CONTROL THE TAXI SMASHES INTO A
TELEPHONE-POLE!





The adventurous story
of that sinister character
of the Orient . . .

DOCTOR FU MANCHU!

by
The Celebrated
English Author

SAX ROHMER



"You remember the call in the lane when Sir Crichton died," replied Smith, leading the way into the bedroom. "It is a decoit—an East Indian murderer—who operates the Zayat Kiss. The ivy, you know, runs all the way up to the window. To a decoit an ivy-covered wall is a grand staircase. . . ."

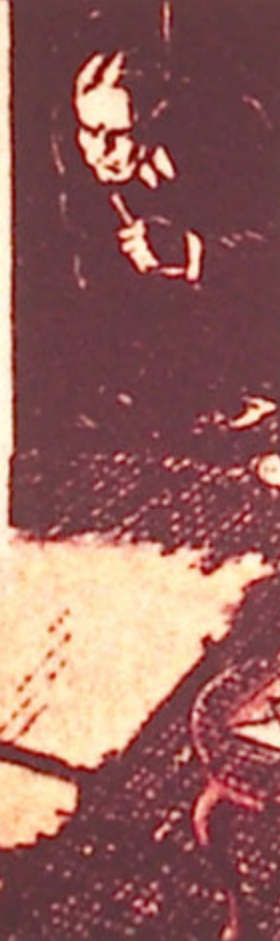


Smith put the perfumed envelope on a little table in the middle of the room. We stuffed coats and rugs under the covers of the bed to give the appearance of a sleeper . . .

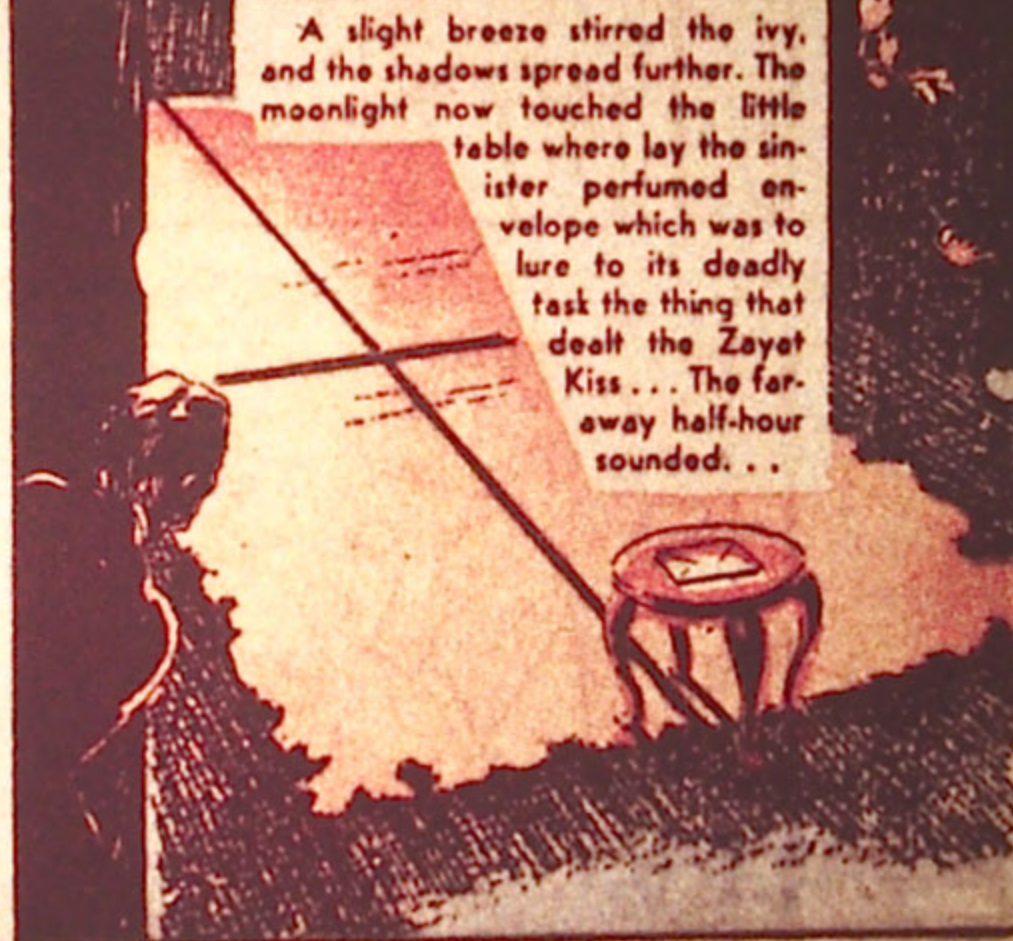


Smith squatted on cushions in a shadowy corner, with a revolver and an electric pocket-lamp. He also laid a golf club beside him. As I switched out the light, the utter silence was broken by a distant clock striking two . . .

Nayland Smith and I sat waiting tensely for the murderous hand of Fu Manchu to strike. No sound broke the stillness of the night . . . The full moon had painted about the floor weird shadows of the clustering ivy at the window, spreading the design gradually across the room . . . The distant clock struck quarter past two . . .

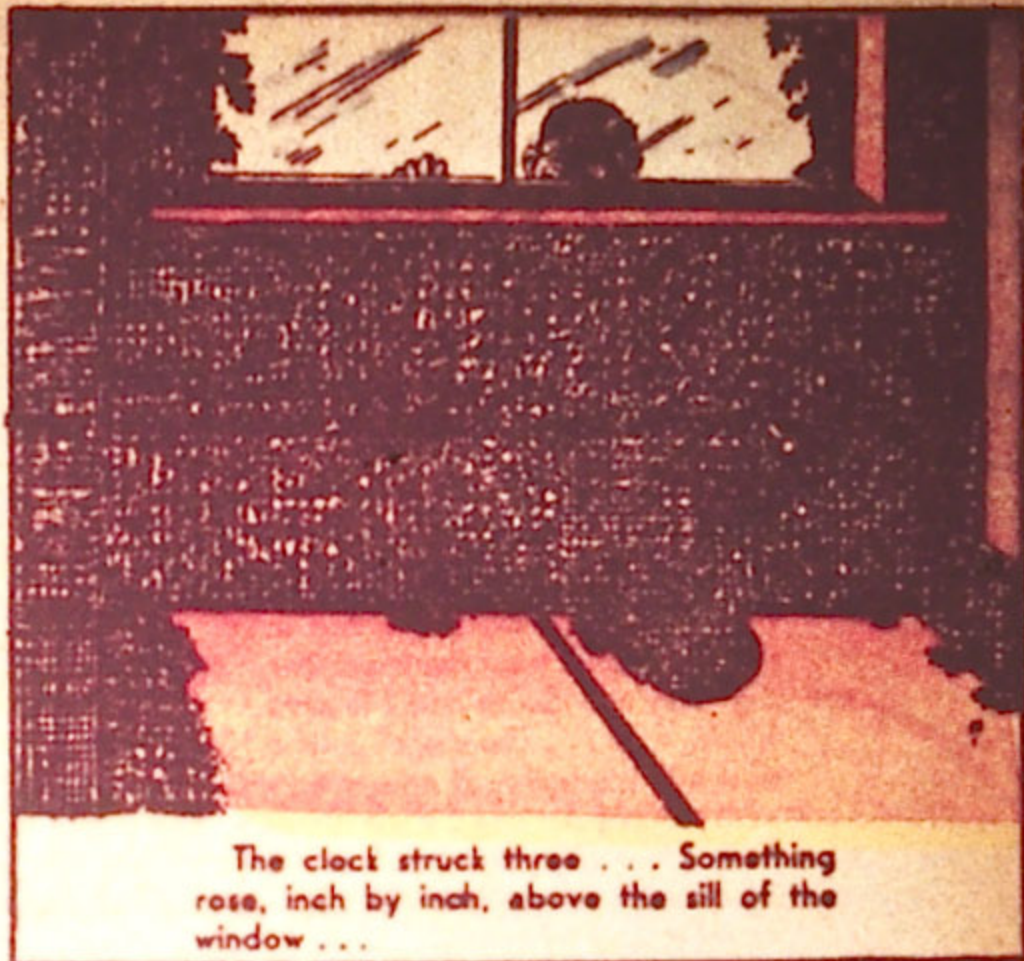


A slight breeze stirred the ivy, and the shadows spread further. The moonlight now touched the little table where lay the sinister perfumed envelope which was to lure to its deadly task the thing that dealt the Zayat Kiss . . . The far-away half-hour sounded. . .

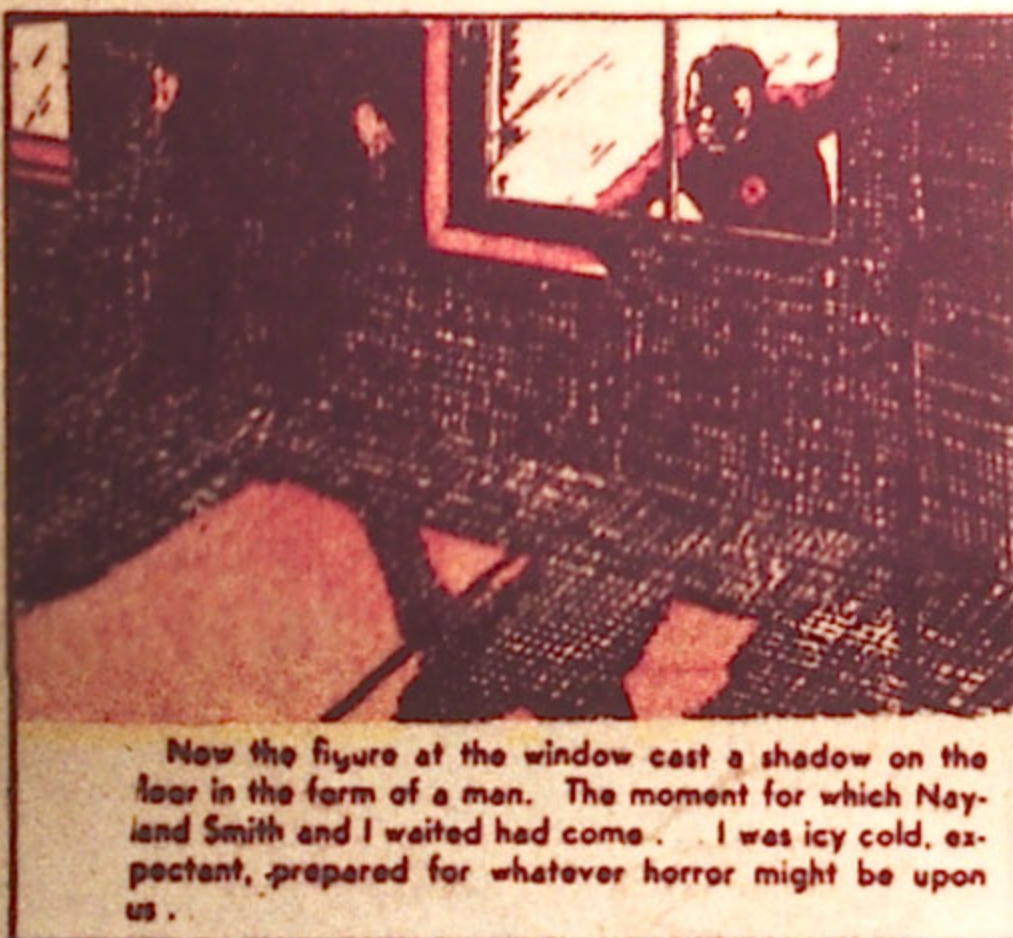




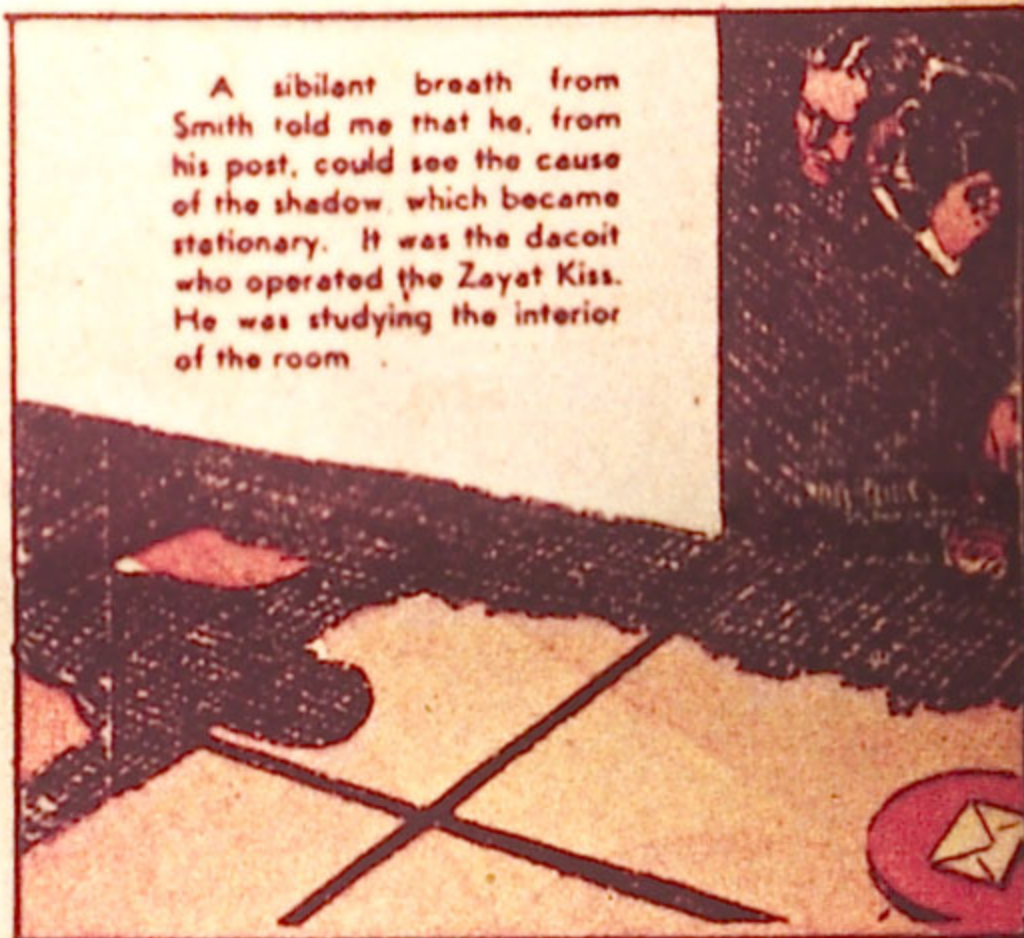
I pictured Fu Manchu, awaiting in some mysterious hiding place the outcome of this monstrous attempt to end Nayland Smith's war against his villainies . . . A shudder swept me at the thought of the Yellow genius of evil . . .



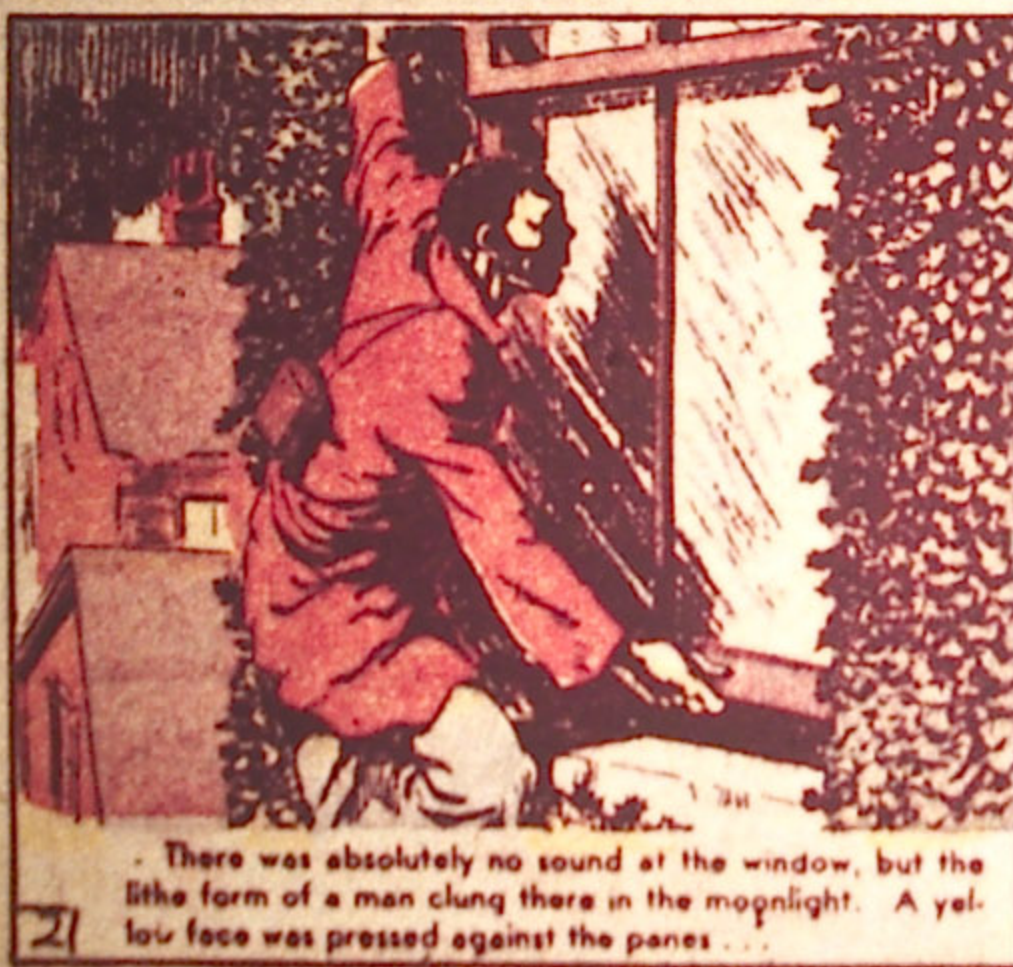
The clock struck three . . . Something rose, inch by inch, above the sill of the window . . .



Now the figure at the window cast a shadow on the floor in the form of a man. The moment for which Nayland Smith and I waited had come . . . I was icy cold, expectant, prepared for whatever horror might be upon us . . .



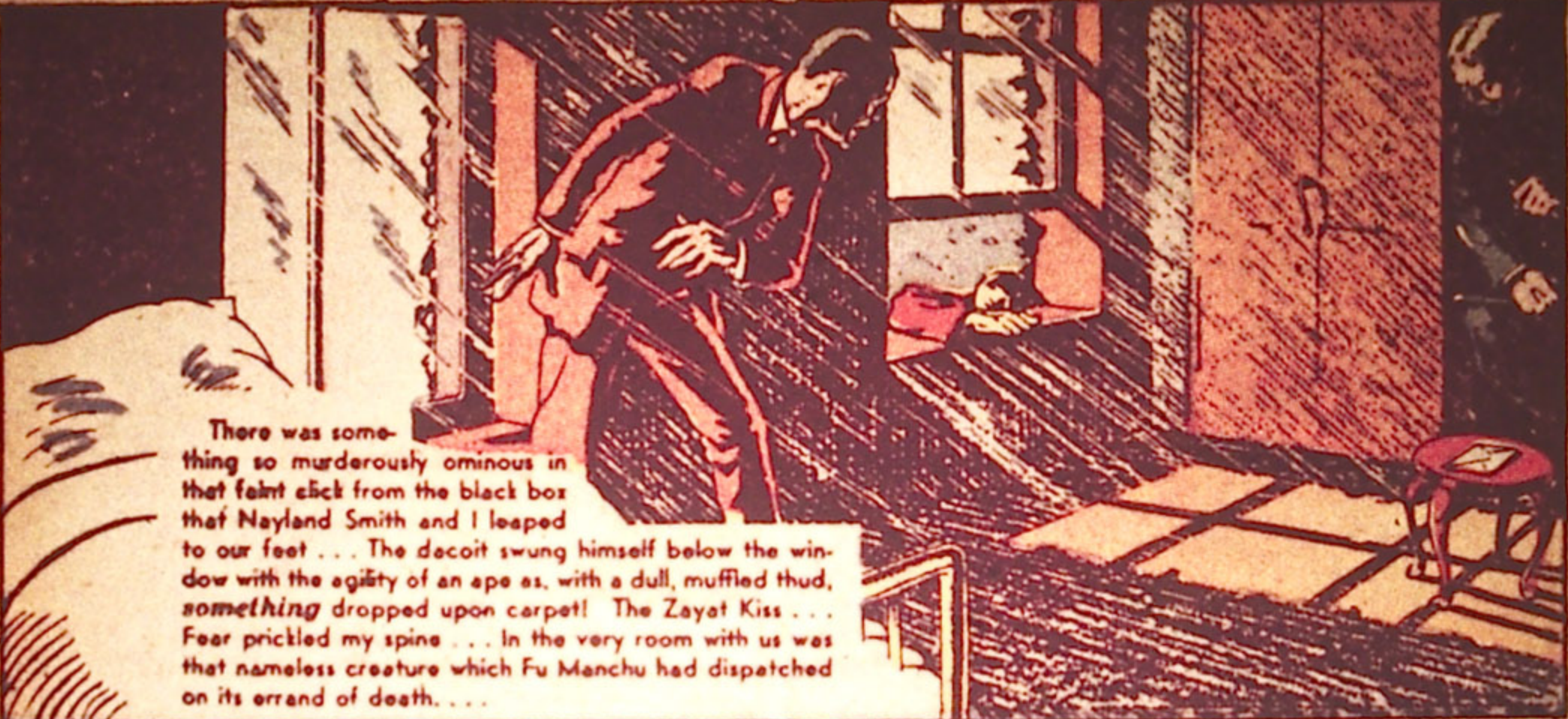
A sibilant breath from Smith told me that he, from his post, could see the cause of the shadow, which became stationary. It was the dacoit who operated the Zayat Kiss. He was studying the interior of the room . . .




There was absolutely no sound at the window, but the lithe form of a man clung there in the moonlight. A yellow face was pressed against the panes . . .



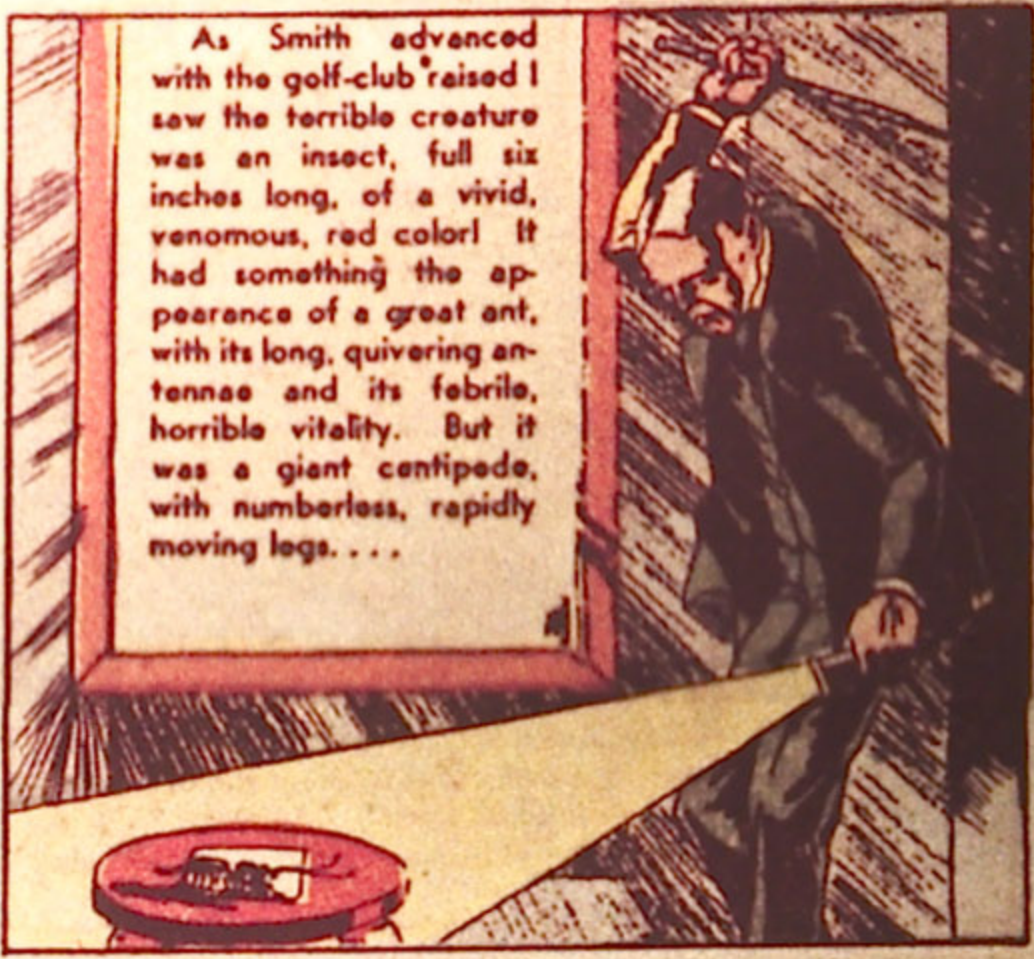
Thin hands raised the sash. One hand disappeared, and reappeared in a moment grasping a small, square box . . . There was a very faint click . . .



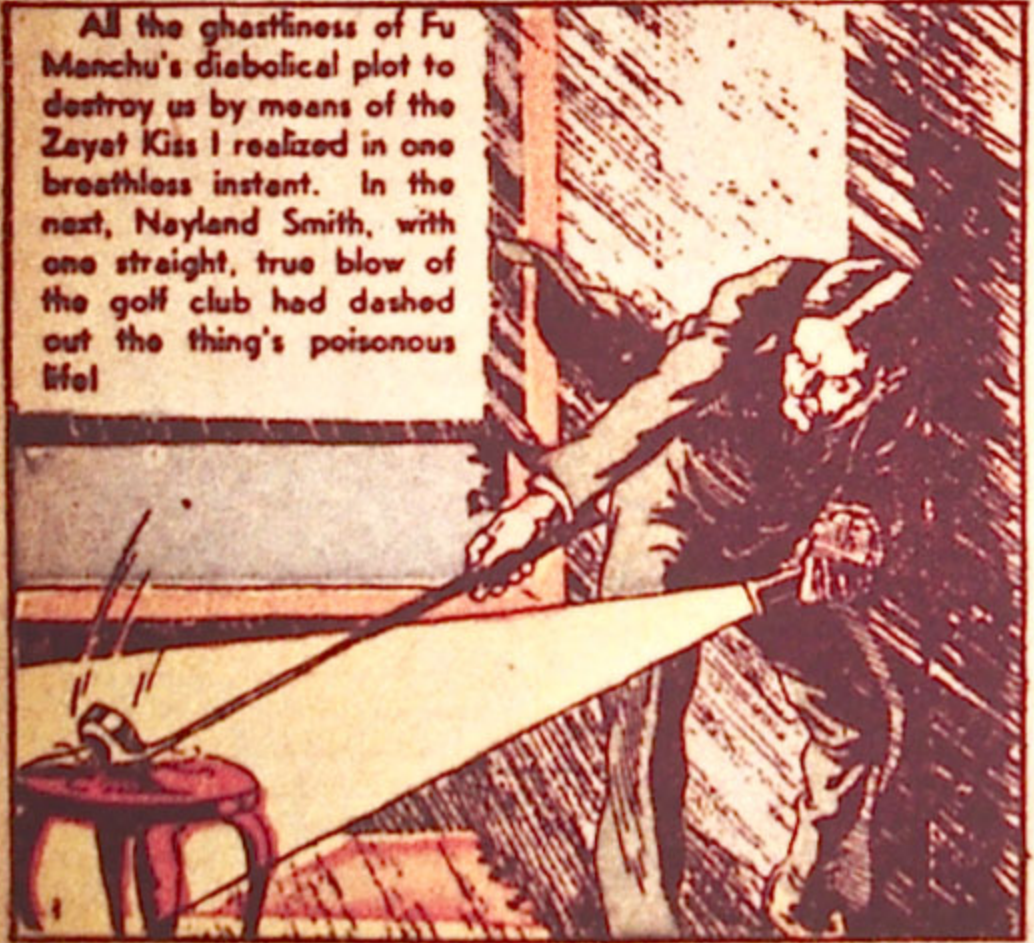
There was something so murderously ominous in that faint click from the black box that Nayland Smith and I leaped to our feet . . . The decoit swung himself below the window with the agility of an ape as, with a dull, muffled thud, *something* dropped upon carpet! The Zayat Kiss . . . Fear prickled my spine . . . In the very room with us was that nameless creature which Fu Manchu had dispatched on its errand of death. . . .




"Stand still for your life!" came Smith's voice, high-pitched. A beam of white light leaped out and I stifled a scream when it revealed the thing that was running around the perfumed envelope. . . .



As Smith advanced with the golf-club raised I saw the terrible creature was an insect, full six inches long, of a vivid, venomous, red color! It had something the appearance of a great ant, with its long, quivering antennae and its febrile, horrible vitality. But it was a giant centipede, with numberless, rapidly moving legs. . . .



All the ghastliness of Fu Manchu's diabolical plot to destroy us by means of the Zayat Kiss I realized in one breathless instant. In the next, Nayland Smith, with one straight, true blow of the golf club had dashed out the thing's poisonous life!



"The window, Pet-riel!" cried Smith, and I ran to it . . . As I did so I felt brushing my hand the silken thread which had been the giant centipede's tether. . . .



Drawing my pistol, I leaned far out over the window ledge. Smith at my elbow. . . . But we were too late. . . .



Looking down the wall we could see the decoit dropping with incredible agility from branch to branch of the ivy. Without offering a mark for a shot, Fu Manchu's servant of death melted into the shadows beneath the garden's trees. . . .



Neyland Smith dropped limply into a chair as I turned on the light. Even his grim courage had been sorely tried in thwarting Fu Manchu's hideous plot against our lives.



I had gone back to the window and was gazing out again, hoping for a glimpse of our late visitor. Smith joined me there. "Never mind the decoit, Petrie," he said. "Nemesia will know where to find him."



We stood looking aghast at what was left of the deadly insect from which Smith's golf club had saved us. "We know now what causes the mark of the Zayat Kiss," he said. "Therefore science is richer for our first brush with the enemy, and the enemy is poorer—unless Fu Manchu has more centipedes. . . ."



"And another mystery is solved, Petrie," Smith added eagerly. "Now I understand something that has puzzled me ever since the night Sir Crichton Davey was murdered. As he staggered dying from his study, you remember, he uttered a stifled cry. . . ." (To be continued)

GIVE AND TAKE

By
Paul Dean

THE still night air was suddenly shattered by a piercing scream, fearful and blood-chilling.

Detective Bedford, awakened from a sound sleep, leaped from his bed and dashed to the door. He flung it open and raced swiftly down the hotel corridor to Room 16. Others in the building must have heard the cry for several doors were cautiously pulled back and Bedford could hear the puzzled murmurings of the aroused guests.

He reached Room 16 and tried the door. It was locked from the inside. "I thought as much!" he said fiercely, and without hesitation he stood back and rammed his shoulders against the heavy panels. Three times, four times and finally the lock snapped and the door swung inward.

Bedford bounded into the room and halted. Kneeling by the foot of the bed was Sir Charles Knight, his wrists securely fastened by a silken cord to one of the bed-posts. The detective was at his side and quickly untied the elderly man's bonds.

"What is it, Sir Charles?" he asked him. "What happened?"

The man turned his head slowly and merely looked at the detective.

He opened his mouth to speak but the sounds he produced were nothing more than incoherent babblings. His eyes seemed to be coated with some sort of film and were vacant and staring.

The manager of the hotel, having heard the commotion, raced into the room. Bedford motioned to him and together they carried Sir Charles to an easy chair.

"What's the trouble?" asked the anxious manager. "Is Sir Charles ill?"

"Yes, he is quite sick!" the detective replied, pouring a glass of whiskey from a decanter. "But his illness is of the mind . . . Sir Charles has been hypnotized!"

The manager closed the door to the prying eyes of curious guests. "Hypnotized! That seems incredible! Who would want to hypnotize him . . . and why?"

"Many people would be only too glad to approach Sir Charles in a hypnotic coma," Bedford said, offering the glass to the elderly man. "You see, he happens to be one of England's wealthiest gem collectors and time and again he has outbid other collectors for pieces of jewelry . . . jewelry that these same men would rob, plunder and murder for without the slightest qualms!"

"You believe, then, that one of his competitors is responsible for

his condition?" the manager asked, wiping his brow.

"Not only do I believe this but I am certain that I know who he is!" the detective answered. "Sir Charles came here to New York for the sole purpose of buying the famous Burma Ruby. He accomplished his mission but by the same token, acquired several enemies who also had their hearts set on purchasing this well-known gem. Needless to say, each and everyone of these gentlemen—I say 'gentlemen', because in every day society, these men hold high and esteemed positions—would not hesitate to employ unlawful methods to acquire the stone."

"You say you actually know who attacked Sir Charles?" the manager asked. "Who is it, then?"

Bedford held the silken cord in his hand that had bound Sir Charles. "Of all the gentlemen anxious to get their hands on the Burma Ruby, only one would use a cord made of silk fiber for that purpose. And his name is Wen Tung?"

"An Oriental?"

"Exactly. And a clever one at that!" the detective answered. "Down at police headquarters we had received word of Sir Charles' advent and we anticipated something of this nature. That's the reason why I was assigned to follow Sir Charles, to prevent just this thing. But it seems as if I'm too late . . . or perhaps I'm *not* too late at that!"

• • • • •

A DISTANT church tower chimed the hour of 2 A. M. Detective Bedford hurried along the dark side streets of the lower East Side. An hour ago he had left Sir Charles in the capable hands of a noted specialist and the hotel manager. It was now his task to regain the Burma Ruby that Wen Tung had taken from the English collector.

He turned into a narrow, alley-like street that ended abruptly at the river's edge. The house he sought was half-way down the block, a bleak and dismal looking building with drawn blinds and a forbidding iron-grille door.

"Well, Mr. Wen Tung, I've come to pay you a visit," Bedford said

to himself. "Whether or not its a social call depends on you!"

Bedford did not approach the front door but slipped through a walk running between the buildings, to the rear of the house. Quietly he climbed to the roof of a shed set close to the side of the building and tried one of the windows. It was locked, as he had expected. From his pocket he took a slim file and working patiently for a minute or more, succeeded in unloosening the bolt. He lifted the window softly and stepped into a black room.

The place was absolutely quiet and Bedford remained motionless, wondering whether he had been heard. His eyes became accustomed to the gloom and from the numerous rows and shelves of books, he guessed that he must be in Wen Tung's library.

Then he heard a voice and a lamp in the next room was snapped on, for he could see a sliver of light beneath the door leading to it. Noiselessly he tip-toed across the floor and placed his ear against the door. The high, cackling monotone drifted to him and he knew he was listening to Wen Tung.

"... one of the greatest and perhaps the finest example of its kind in the world today. This stone, Sin Lao, is a veritable gift of the gods and I will confess that I would not hesitate at murder to possess it and to keep it in my possession!"

"He's got the stone, all right, and he's determined to keep it, too!" Bedford muttered grimly. He must act quickly and strike hard. He placed his hand on the knob and was relieved when it turned. Ever so slowly he opened the door and through the crack he saw that the backs of both the men in the room were facing him. Resting on a piece of black velvet on the table before them was the Burma Ruby, a huge and sparkling gem glowing warm and red.

So engrossed were the two orientals that neither heard Bedford step into the room. "Raise your hands to the ceiling, both of you!" he ordered, pointing his automatic at them. "And remain turned as you are!"

Wen Tung and his companion did as they were commanded, though the former cursed the de-



TECTIVE freely in his native tongue. Bedford slipped to the side and advancing to the center of the room, scooped the ruby from the table. He deposited the gem in his pocket and retreated toward the library, with the intention of leaving as he came. And at that instant the lights went out!

Instinctively Bedford ducked... and fortunately so! Something whizzed over his head and ripped into the wall back of him. Whatever it was came from immediately in front of him and he fired in that direction. One of the two orientals screamed in pain and fell to the floor. A door slammed and then everything was quiet. Bedford waited for another attack but none was forthcoming. He turned and went back through the doorway, across the library floor and out the window onto the shed. He raced to the street and hailed a cab. The church clock chimed 2:30 A. M. as he slammed the taxi door shut.

• • • • •

Sir Charles, pale and visibly shaken by his recent ordeal, was propped up in bed in his hotel room. In his hand he clutched the

Burma Ruby.

"How can I ever thank you, Mr. Bedford?"

"There's no need to, Sir Charles," said the detective. "As a matter of fact I feel rather guilty for letting the ruby slip out of your grasp in the first place."

At that moment the bell rang and a messenger entered with a note. Sir Charles took it, tore it open and read:

Congratulations upon your acquisition of the Burma Ruby, a supreme achievement.

Signed,

Wen Tung.

THE END

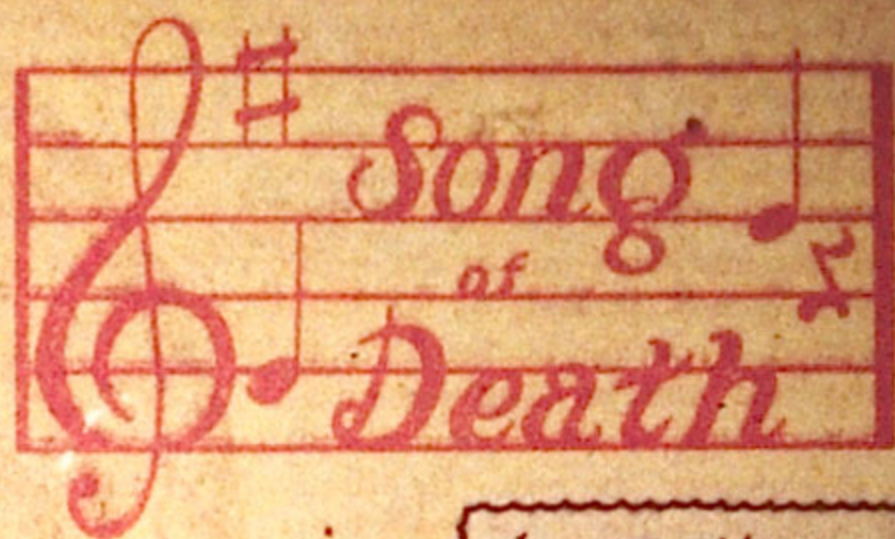
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Bruce Nelson

and the



by Tom Hickey

ON THE EIGHTEENTH GREEN OF THE BIRCH SPRINGS GOLF CLUB



NICE PUTT BRUCE.
I COULDN'T TAKE YOU
EVEN WITH MY TEN
STROKE HANDI-
CAP.

AS THEY LEFT THE GREEN A FAT, WORRIED LOOKING MAN, WHO HAD BEEN WAITING FOR THEM, CAME UP.



NED PENICK!
I HAVEN'T SEEN
YOU IN AGES.

HELLO NELSON!
HOW'S IT GOING?

NELSON, IF MISS LIVINGSTON
WILL EXCUSE US I'D LIKE TO
TALK TO YOU ALONE FOR A FEW MINUTES.

O.K. NED. RIGHT AFTER
I SHOWER. I'LL MEET
YOU IN THE MEN'S BAR
IN TWENTY MINUTES.

KAY, I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET
NED PENICK, THE FAMOUS
BROADWAY PRODUCER.
THIS IS KAY LIVINGSTON.

HOW DO YOU DO,
MR. PENICK.

PLEASE TO
MEET CHA.
MISS LIVINGSTON.



TWENTY MINUTES LATER IN THE
MEN'S BAR OF THE CLUB HOUSE.

IF YOU'RE AFTER ME
TO STAR IN YOUR SHOW
NED, MY PRICE IS FIVE
THOUSAND A WEEK.



I WISH IT WAS AS SIMPLE AS THAT. AS A MATTER OF FACT
IF YOU CLEAN UP THIS MESS BEFORE IT BANKRUPTS MY
SHOW I'LL GIVE YOU FIVE THOUS-
AND. NELSON, TWO MURDERS
HAVE BEEN COMMITTED IN THE
"FROLICS", AND THERE PROBAB-
LY WILL BE ANOTHER UNLESS
WE CAN STOP IT.



YOU MEAN THAT "SONG OF DEATH" STUNT OF YOURS IN THE "FROLICS". I SAW SOMETHING ABOUT IT IN THE PAPERS BUT I DIDN'T PAY MUCH ATTENTION TO IT. ANOTHER ONE OF YOUR HOT PUBLICITY STUNTS, ISN'T IT?



PUBLICITY STUNT NOTHING! BOTH OF THOSE GIRLS ARE REALLY DEAD!

START FROM THE BEGINNING, AND LET'S HAVE THE WHOLE THING.



WELL, THE OPENING NIGHT OF THE "FROLICS" MY LEAD SINGER, LOLA MAINE, KEELED OVER WHILE SHE WAS SINGING "THE NIGHT IS BLUE". SHE WAS PRONOUNCED DEAD.



YES, GO ON!

TWO NIGHTS LATER HER UNDERSTUDY, HOLLY LAWSON, WAS SINGING THE SAME SONG. AS SHE REACHED THE IDENTICAL SPOT IN THE SONG WHERE LOLA DROPPED DEAD SHE PITCHED OVER, DEAD TOO. THE NEWSPAPERS DUBBED THE TUNE, "SONG OF DEATH".



GOOD PUBLICITY FOR YOUR SHOW. I'LL BET YOU'VE HAD THE S.T.O. SIGN OUT EVER SINCE.

ON THE CONTRARY, I'VE HAD TO CLOSE THE SHOW. I CAN'T GET A SINGER TO TAKE OVER THAT PART, AND THE SONG IS A VITAL PART OF THE SHOW.



I SUPPOSE EVERYONE IS TAKING THAT "SONG OF DEATH" GAG SERIOUSLY AND THINK THAT THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THE SONG THAT CAUSES THEIR DEATH.



EXACTLY! NELSON, THAT SHOW MUST REOPEN. I'VE SUNK EVERY PENNY I'VE GOT INTO IT. BUT IT WON'T REOPEN UNTIL THE MYSTERIOUS DEATHS ARE CLEARED UP. WILL YOU SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO. THE POLICE ARE TOO SLOW, AND I CAN'T LOSE TOO MUCH TIME.



IT SOUNDS LIKE AN INTERESTING CASE RENICK. I'LL TAKE IT.

GOOD BOY! CLEAR UP THIS MESS AND I'LL MAKE IT WORTH YOUR WHILE.



O.K. RENICK. YOU'LL HEAR FROM ME TOMORROW. I WANT TO SLEEP ON IT TONIGHT.

NEXT MORNING IN NELSON'S APARTMENT. HE IS TALKING TO MEDICAL EXAMINER MONROE ON THE PHONE.



SO THE AUTOPSY SHOWS THAT BOTH LOLA MAINE AND HOLLY LAWSON WERE POISONED, EH MONROE? ALL RIGHT, THANK YOU.

KAYE, I'M GOING DOWN TO THE LINCOLN THEATRE. CALL BILLIE BRYSON AND ASK HER TO COME UP HERE ABOUT FOUR P.M. IT'S IMPORTANT.



YES SIR, MR. BLUCE.

THIRTY MINUTES LATER NELSON STRODE INTO RENICK'S OFFICE.

RENICK, I'VE GOT A SINGER FOR YOU. LET'S SEE. THIS IS THURSDAY. YOUR SHOW REOPENS SATURDAY.

WHAT! WHO'S CRAZY ENOUGH TO WANT THAT SPOT?



SHE'S WANTED TO HELP ME ON SOME OF MY CASES BEFORE. SHE'S A DARE DEVIL RENICK, THE USUAL STORY, FED UP ON THE SOCIAL WHIRL, FLYS HER OWN PLANE, DRIVES SPEEDBOATS, ETC, ALWAYS RISKING HER NECK, ANYTHING FOR A THRILL. THIS TIME SHE'LL GET A REAL ONE. HIRE HER RENICK AND LEAVE THE REST TO ME.



I'M PRETTY SURE BILLIE BRYSON IS.



NOT BILLIE BRYSON OF THE PARK AVENUE BRYSONS? WHY SHE WAS MILLIONS. WHY SHOULD SHE RISK HER NECK IN A SHOW LIKE THIS? BESIDES SHE'S TOO INEXPERIENCED.

A.P.M.



HELLO BILLIE! GLAD YOU COULD COME. BABY, HAVE I A NEW THRILL FOR YOU? A JOB IN NED RENICK'S FROLKS, AND AS THE STAR VOCALIST NO LESS.

BIG HEARTED BRUSIE. GETS ME A JOB AS THE STAR OF A SHOW THAT HAS ALL READY FOLDED. THAT TRIP TO AFRICA DIDN'T AFFECT YOUR MIND, DID IT DEAR?



HOLD YOUR HAT NOW. LISTEN! YOU'RE NOT ONLY GOING TO BE THE STAR, YOU'RE GOING TO BE THE TARGET FOR A MURDERER. HOW DOES THAT STRIKE YOU?

HA, HA, HA, WHY BRUCE! YOU OLD DEAR! YOU'RE SO GOOD TO ME.



I KNEW YOU WOULD LIKE IT. NOW LISTEN CAREFULLY. HERE'S MY PLAN

I'M ALL EARS.



NEXT MORNING AT A HURRIEDLY CALLED REHEARSAL OF THE FROLICS.

NED, THIS IS BILLIE BRYSON, YOUR NEW STAR.

HOW DO MISS BRYSON. HERE'S YOUR MUSIC. I DON'T KNOW WHETHER OR NOT YOU CAN LEARN THIS PART IN SUCH A SHORT TIME. I'LL GIVE YOU A HAND IN A MINUTE.



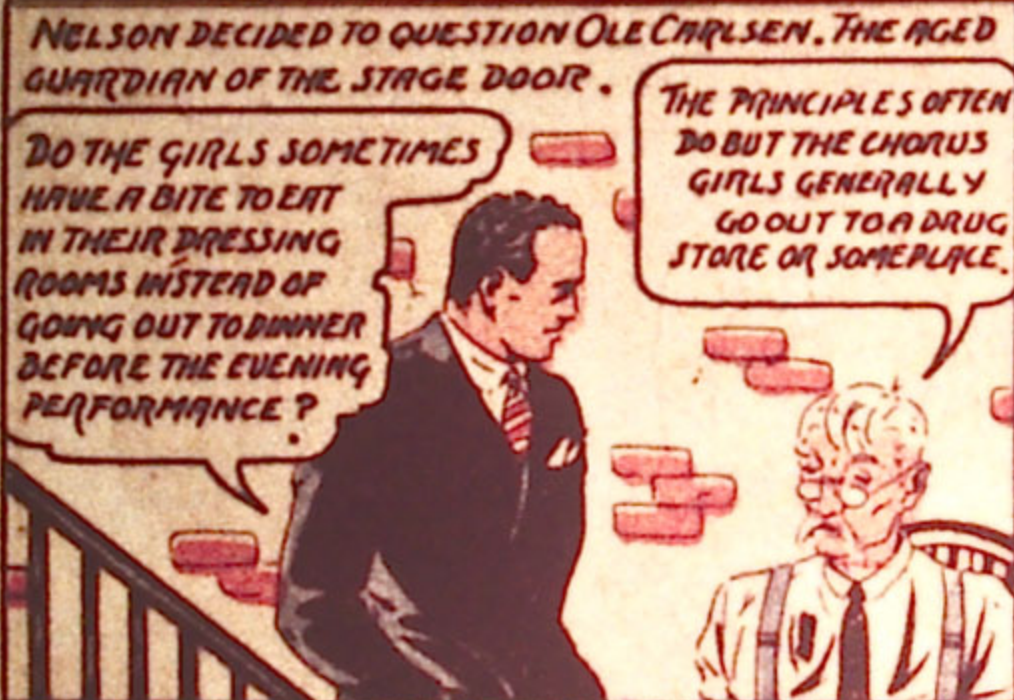
WHILE DANCE DIRECTOR HOWARD WAS PUTTING THE CHORUS THROUGH ITS PACES AND REMICK WAS GIVING BILLIE SOME POINTERS, NELSON STROLLED ABOUT LOOKING OVER THE VARIOUS MEMBERS OF THE ENTOURAGE.



NELSON DECIDED TO QUESTION OLE CARLSEN, THE AGED GUARDIAN OF THE STAGE DOOR.

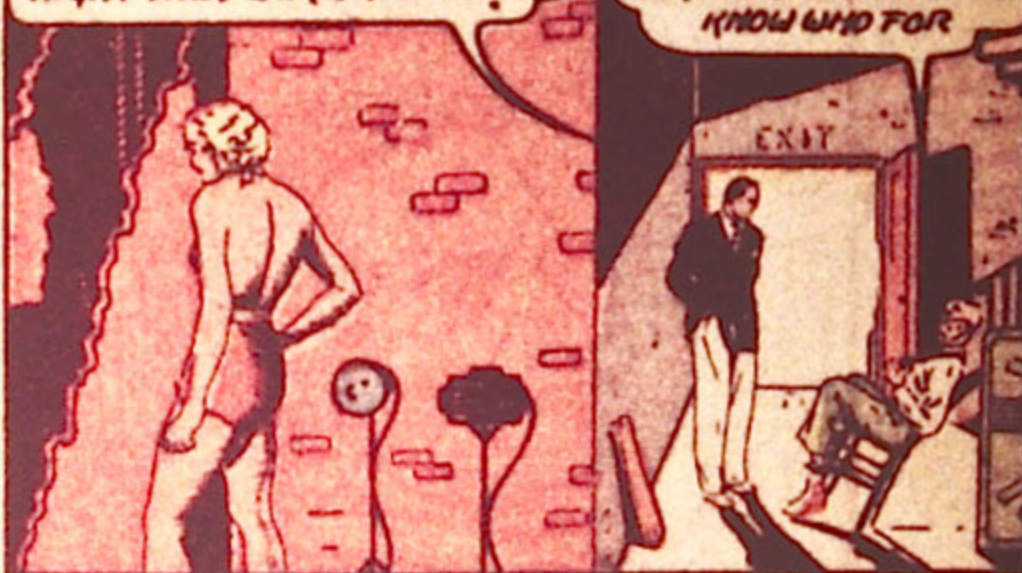
DO THE GIRLS SOMETIMES HAVE A BITE TO EAT IN THEIR DRESSING ROOMS INSTEAD OF GOING OUT TO DINNER BEFORE THE EVENING PERFORMANCE?

THE PRINCIPLES OFTEN DO BUT THE CHORUS GIRLS GENERALLY GO OUT TO A DRUG STORE OR SOMEPLACE.



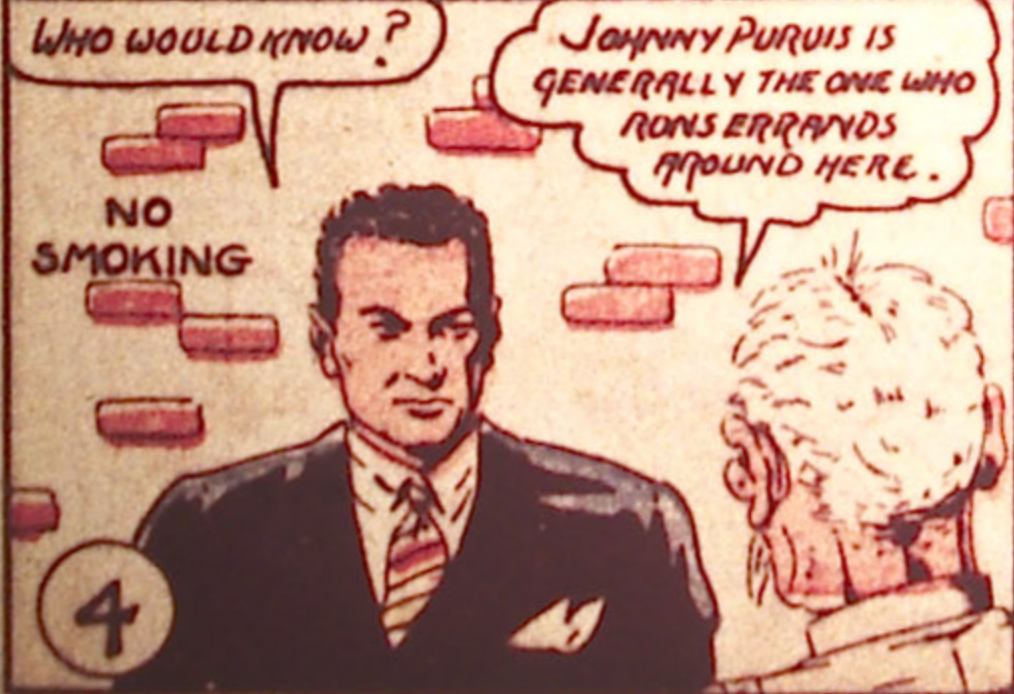
DID EITHER MISS MAINE OR MISS LAWSON SEND OUT FOR FOOD THE NIGHT THEY WERE KILLED?

I COULDN'T TELL. THERE WAS FOOD BROUGHT IN THAT NIGHT BUT I DON'T KNOW WHO FOR



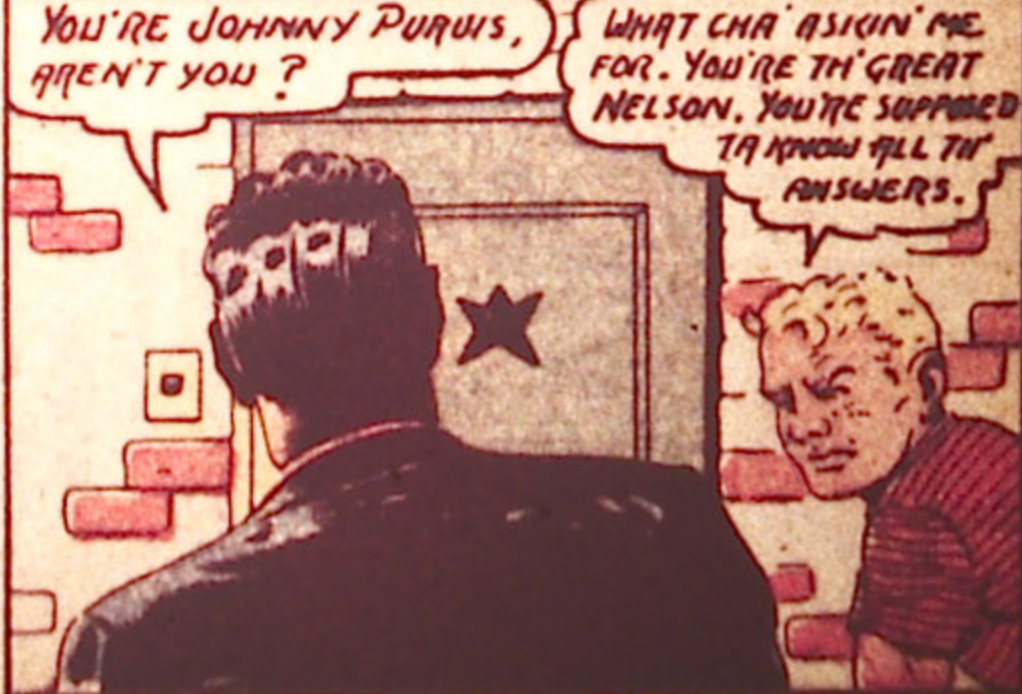
WHO WOULD KNOW?

JOHNNY PURVIS IS GENERALLY THE ONE WHO RONS ERRANDS AROUND HERE.



YOU'RE JOHNNY PURVIS, AREN'T YOU?

WHAT CHA' ASKIN' ME FOR. YOU'RE TH' GREAT NELSON. YOU'RE SUPPOSED TA KNOW ALL TH' ANSWERS.



OH! A TOUGHY, EH? — JOHNNY, DID YOU BRING IN FOOD FOR EITHER MISS MAINE OR MISS LAWSON THE NIGHT THEY WERE KILLED?

I AIN'T SAYIN'. THE LESS A GUY TALKS TO A DICK THE BETTER OFF A GUY IS.



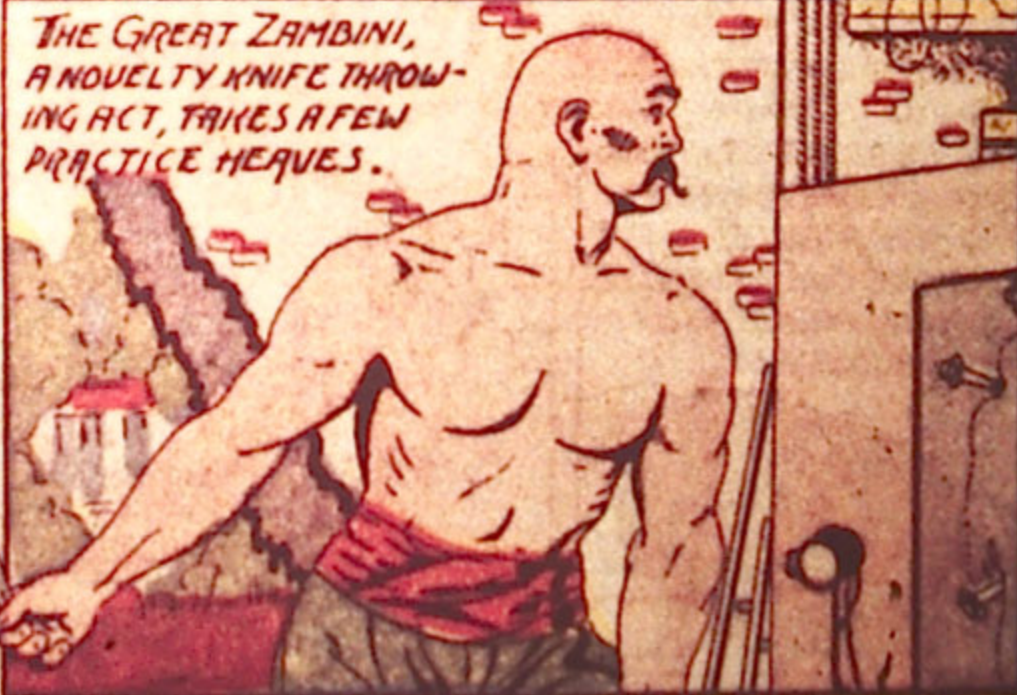
THAT'S WHAT I CALL THE PHILOSOPHY OF A MORON AND YOU HARDLY SEEM TO BE THAT. YOU'LL GET IN MORE TROUBLE BY NOT TALKING TO A DICK THAN YOU WILL BY TALKING. THINK IT OVER JOHNNY. SEE YOU LATER.



YOU'RE DARN TOOTIN' YOU'LL SEE ME LATER!



THE GREAT ZAMBINI, A NOVELTY KNIFE THROWING ACT, TAKES A FEW PRACTICE HEAVES.



JUST AS NELSON ROUNDED THE CORNER FROM THE CORRIDOR TO THE STAGE.



IDIOT! IMBICILE! WHY YOU NO WATCH WHERE YOU GO? YOU ALL MOST MAKE A ME STICK A YOU!



HEY! I'M THE ONE THAT WAS ALL MOST STUCK, NOT YOU. I'M THE ONE WHO SHOULD BE GETTING SORE. WHAT'S A KNIFE THROWER DOING IN A MUSICAL COMEDY ANYWAY?



YOU INSINUATE MY KNIFE THROWING NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR DA MUSICAL COMEDY! IMBICILE! YOU APOLOGIZE TO DA GREAT ZAMBINI! YOU APOLOGIZE, I SAY!



SAY! WHO DO YOU THINK YOU'RE PUSHING?

THIS HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH. ONE MORE PUSH AND I'LL
CURL THAT MUSTACHE AROUND BACK OF YOUR NECK.



AH HA! YOU INSULT DA GREAT ZAMBINI AGAIN!
DOG OF A DOG!

I WARNED
YOU.



I'VE GOT HALF A MIND TO JAM THE LID ON AND SHIP YOU
BACK TO WHERE YOU CAME FROM. YOU TWO BIT
VAUDEVILLE HAM.



BRUCE, I DON'T THINK THAT WAS
A VERY WISE THING TO DO. YOU
CAN'T AFFORD TO HAVE ANY
ENEMIES AROUND HERE.

YES, I GUESS IT WAS
RATHER DUMB.
I LOST MY
TEMPER.



I'LL GO A LONG WAYS ON THIS CASE AT THE RATE I'M
GOING. I'VE TALKED WITH THREE PEOPLE. CARLSEN,
PURVIS AND ZAMBINI AND HAVE ANTAGONIZED TWO OF
THEM, PURVIS AND ZAMBINI. SOME AVERAGE.



ZAMBINI NEVER FORGET
DA INSULT. HE WEEEL PAY
THRU DA NOSE!

CONCLUDED IN NEXT ISSUE. 7

THE CRIMSON AVENGER

FEARED BY THE UNDER-
WORLD AND HUNTED BY THE
POLICE, THE CRIMSON CARRIES
ON THE WORK OF BEFRIENDING
THE HELPLESS. KNOWN AS THE
CRIMSON TO ONLY HIS CHINESE
SERVANT, WING, LEE TRAVIS
IS THE WEALTHY YOUNG
LEADER OF THE GLOBE

By Jim Chambers

IN A BACK ROOM CARD GAME A MAN IS SHOT
BY AN EX-CON—

IS HE—?

YUH CROAKED
HIM, JOE!

—AND SO, JOE MARKO,
AN EX-CONVICT BRUTALLY
MURDERED JACK STONE!
OUR WITNESSES HAVE
PROVED IT CONCLUSIVELY!

DEFENSE LAWYER, MYRON BLOCK SPEAKS—

YOUR HONOR I ASK FOR
ONE HOUR RECESS. I HAVE
FOUND WITNESSES TO PROVE
MY CLIENT'S INNOCENCE!

—BUT BOSS, THIS
GUY'S GUILTY! HE
CAN'T BEAT THE
CHAIR!

YOU AND I KNOW THAT
ED, BUT BLOCK IS
HANDLING HIS CASE
AND HE'S CROOKED!
HE'S NEVER FAILED
TO GET A MAN OFF.

IN THE
OFFICES OF
THE GLOBE LEADER

HEY, MR. TRAVIS—BLOCK
BROUGHT IN HIS WITNESSES
AND ON THEIR TESTIMONY
MARKO HAS BEEN ACQUITTED!

HM, SHOWED HIS HAND
PRETTY FAST THIS TIME.
BLOCK'S WORKING SOME
RACKET AND WE'VE GOT
TO BREAK IT UP!

BLOCK IS WORKING
A WITNESS RACKET—
I'M SURE OF IT!
LOOKS LIKE THE
'CRIMSON' WILL HAVE
TO STEP IN!



MEANWHILE AT MYRON BLOCK'S OFFICE —

I GOT YOU OUT OF A TOUGH
SPOT, MARKO. NOW YOU'RE
GOING WEST AND DO A FEW
LITTLE JOBS FOR ME!



I AIN'T GOT NO MONEY TO
PAY YOU, MR. BLOCK, BUT
I DON'T WANT TO LEAVE
TOWN!



YOU'LL DO AS I SAY!
YOU'RE TOO WELL
KNOWN HERE — I'M
GOING TO USE YOU
AS A WITNESS IN A
COUPLE OF CASES.



YOUR 'PHONE'S
RINGIN', MR. BLOCK.



ON THE OTHER END OF THE LINE —

THAT YOU, BLOCK?
NEVER MIND WHO
THIS IS BUT GET
THIS — I'M CALLING
ON YOU TONIGHT AT
YOUR APARTMENT!



I'M SORRY BUT I DON'T
DO BUSINESS AT HOME.
YOU'LL HAVE TO PHONE
FOR AN — HELLO — HELLO —
COMPOUND IT, HE HUNG
UP!



THAT NIGHT —

WAIT HERE, WING.
BE READY FOR A
QUICK GETAWAY!

YES, SIR!



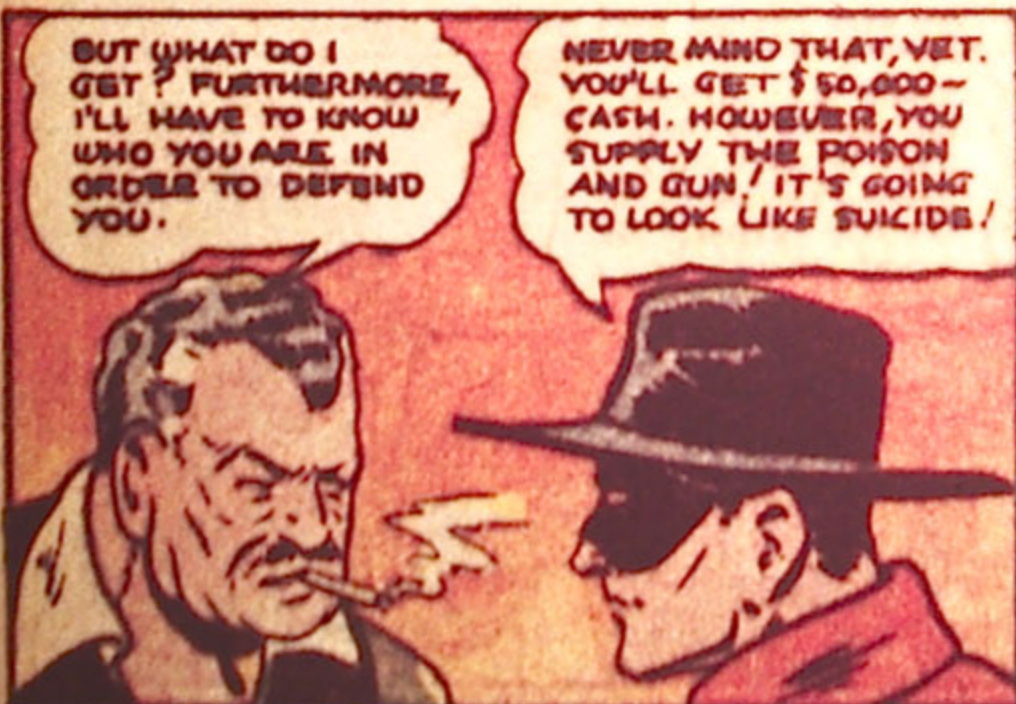
AT THE REAR OF THE APARTMENT, THE 'CRIMSON'
SCALES THE WALL TO BLOCK'S PENTHOUSE —



THE 'CRIMSON' SURPRISES THE BUTLER AND
USES HIS GAS GUN —

YOU! OH —





THE FOLLOWING NIGHT —

WELL HERE I AM, BLOCK!
EVERYTHING SET?

YES, EVERYTHING'S FINE.
I HAVE SIX WITNESSES
WHO WILL PHONE THE
POLICE EXACTLY AT
11:30! DID YOU BRING MY
MONEY?

BEFORE I GIVE YOU
THAT I WANT YOU
TO TYPE OUT A
SUICIDE NOTE!

ALL RIGHT, I'LL
DO IT BUT FOR
HEAVEN SAKES,
PUT AWAY THAT
GAS GUN!

I'M TAKING NO
CHANCES! NOW,
TYPE THAT NOTE.

I'LL SAY — I'M
TAKING THE
EASIEST WAY
OUT. I'VE FAILED
MY JOB AS D.A.

THE CRIMSON REACHES OUT A GLOVED HAND FOR
THE MURDER WEAPONS —

HERE'S THE GUN
AND POISON! NOW
WHAT ABOUT MY PAY?

THAT'S FINE!

HERE'S YOUR
PAY — YOU RAT!

OH — THE GAS!
I CAN'T BR —

THE CRIMSON AND WING PARK THE CAR NEAR THE D.A.'S SUBURBAN HOME —

YOU HAVE YOUR
INSTRUCTIONS, WING?
DON'T FAIL ME!

WING, UNDERSTAND
WILL DO EVERYTHING
AS ORDERED!

THE CRIMSON SURPRISES THE D.A. IN HIS STUDY —

THE CRIMSON! WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE?

DON'T MOVE OR I'LL SHOOT! I READ THE PAPERS TODAY — THOUGHT YOU'D CATCH! THE CRIMSON — EH!

WHY THAT ARTICLE WASN'T ABOUT YOU!

SHUT UP! WHO'S MORE HUNTED THAN I AM? HOWEVER, YOU MUST DIE!

SIT THERE! WHICH WILL YOU TAKE — THE EASY WAY, POISON? OR WILL I HAVE TO SHOOT YOU? I'LL GIVE YOU ONE MINUTE!

WHY! —

THEY BOTH HEAR FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING

SOMEONE'S COMING! I'LL LEAVE THE GUN AND POISON — TAKE YOUR CHOICE. I'LL BE BACK AND IF YOU'RE NOT DEAD — I'LL DO IT! THE HARD WAY!

MEANWHILE AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS —

THE CRIMSON, EH! THIS IS THE SECOND CALL — YOU SAY THE WAREHOUSE AT 12TH AND 8AND? O.K.

HEY, CHIEF! JUST GOT A RUSH CALL FROM THE D.A! SOMEONE TRIED TO MURDER HIM!

HOLY GOCKS — I'LL GO OUT MYSELF!

NEXT DAY AT THE GLOBE LEADER —

HM. ALL I CAN DO IS WAIT! HOPE MY SCHEME WORKS OUT!

BOSS! THE CRIMSON TRIED TO MURDER THE D.A. LAST NIGHT! WHATTA STORY!

WE'VE CHECKED THE FINGER PRINTS ON THE GUN AND BOTTLE. THEY'RE MYRON BLOCK'S! THE TYPEWRITER FOR THE NOTE TOO.

I SEE HE TRIED TO HAVE THE CRIMSON BLAMED.

IT CHECKS TOO. THAT ARTICLE IN YESTERDAY'S PAPER. THAT CLINCHES MY SUSPICIONS ABOUT BLOCK! HE'S YOUR MAN.

MAYBE HE'S THE CRIMSON TOO. BE NICE IF WE COULD CATCH BOTH AT ONCE.

HEY, BLOCK—YOU BETTER BLOW! THEY FIGURE YOU'RE THE CRIMSON AND YOU PULLED THAT JOB AT THE D.A.'S!

WHY THAT, DIRTY DOUBLE CROSSIN'—

THERE GOES BLOCK IN THAT CAB! STEP ON IT!

THOSE COPPERS AIN'T GONNA GET ME AGAIN. TAKE THAT YOU —!

A WELL DIRECTED SHOT SENDS THE FUGITIVE CAB INTO A POLE —

THE GAMES UP, BLOCK! THERE'S ENOUGH CHARGES AGAINST YOU TO FIX YOU FOR A LIFETIME IN THE PEN.

WHATTA STORY! SAY, BLOCK WHAT ABOUT THE CRIMSON ANGLE?

WHY THAT LOUVEY —!

SEE THE NEXT ISSUE FOR MORE OF THE CRIMSON'S SUPER HUMAN EFFORTS TO CHECK CRIME AND JAIL THE CRIMINAL! DON'T MISS TRAITOR'S FATE!



COSMO, THE PHANTOM OF DISGUISE

♦ ♦ ILLUSTRATED BY SVEN ELVEN ♦ ♦

THE BALLROOM OF THE ROYAL YACHT CLUB IS CROWDED WITH DANCERS



AT A SIDE TABLE COSMO SITS WITH SOME FRIENDS:

LOOK! THERE IS TERRY CROFT. I'M SURPRISED AT THE NERVE OF HIM SHOWING HIS FACE AROUND HERE AFTER THE SCANDAL LAST FALL WHEN HE LET THOSE PASSENGERS DROWN ON THAT YACHT PARTY OF HIS.

HE WAS SAID TO BE TOO DRUNK TO STAY AT THE WHEEL. SOBER HE IS THE BEST PILOT IN THE GAME.



TERRY ACCOSTS ONE OF THE GIRLS OF THE PARTY HE APPEARS TO HAVE DRUNK HEAVILY.

MISS HALLOCK, I WANT TO TALK WITH YOU AWHILE

WHY! WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY TO ME?



MISS HALLOCK ACQUIESCES, FEARING TERRY WILL MAKE A SCENE IF SHE SNUBS HIM.

YU' KNOW, I MUSHN'T GET TIPSY TONIGHT CAUSE TOMORROW I GOT TO PILOT THE FASTEST BOAT OUT OF THISH HARBOR.

WHAT BOAT IS THAT, TERRY, NED TRUMBLE'S FLYING FISH?



TERRY ACTS AS THOUGH HE REGRETS HAVING SAID WHAT HE HAS

WHAT YU' KNOW ABOUT NED'S BOAT?

ONLY WHAT HE SAID YESTERDAY AFTER HE TRIED HER OUT FOR THE FIRST TIME.



A TALL, FOXY LOOKING MAN TAPS TERRY ON THE SHOULDER.

HE INTENDS ENTERING IT IN THE BELDEN RACE NEXT WEEK, YOU KNOW

COME WITH ME, TERRY, BEFORE YOU SAY SOMETHING YOU'LL BE SORRY FOR



WHO IS THAT
TALL MAN THAT
JUST SPOKE TO
TERRY, WALT?

HIM? OH, THAT'S
LARRABEE, THE
CRIMINAL LAWYER
WHO KEEPS CROOKS
OUT OF JAIL



ASIDE, MISS HALLOCK SPEAKS TO COSMO.
LET US DANCE, COSMO,
THERE IS SOMETHING
I WANT TO SAY TO YOU
IN PRIVATE AND I
DON'T WANT TO MAKE
IT TOO NOTICEABLE

DELIGHTED,
JANE I LIKE
INTRIGUE



SHE TELLS COSMO WHAT SHE HAS
HEARD FROM TERRY.

--TERRY USED TO BE A NICE
BOY BUT SINCE HIS DISGRACE
HE ASSOCIATES WITH RACKET-
EERS AND I FEAR
HE'S MIXED UP IN
SOMETHING IN
CONNECTION
WITH NED
TRUMBLE'S
YACHT

YES, FROM
WHAT YOU
TELL ME
IT LOOKS
THAT WAY
LET'S SEE
WHAT IT
IS, JANE.



YOU GET YOUR
WRAP WHILE I
TELEPHONE NED

ALRIGHT, I'LL
MEET YOU OUT-
SIDE



COSMO RINGS NED TRUMBLE'S APARTMENT

WHAT'S THAT?
HIS PHONE OUT
OF ORDER?
OH! THANK
YOU



A MOMENT LATER COSMO AND THE GIRL
GET INTO A TAXI.

SHOOT OVER TO 87
BROOK DRIVE AND
STEP LIVELY!



WELL HE WASN'T
AT HOME DO YOU
KNOW WHERE HE
MIGHT BE AT THIS
HOUR OF THE NIGHT?

HE HAS BEEN DE-
VOTING ALL HIS
SPARE TIME LATELY
TO HIS BOAT, SO
PERHAPS HE IS
AT HIS WORKSHOP.



THE TAXI STOPS BEFORE A LOW SHED.

AH! THERE IS
A LIGHT IN HIS
WORK ROOM
HE MUST BE
THERE





HELLO, NED!

HELLO! WHY JANE HALLOCK! WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE AT SUCH AN HOUR? AND YOU TOO, COSMO?



NED, HAVE YOU GIVEN ANYONE PERMISSION TO PILOT YOUR BOAT IN THIS AFTER-NOON'S RACES WE'LL EXPLAIN THAT LATER

NO, WHY?



IS THERE ANY REASON WHY ANY ONE SHOULD BE INTERESTED IN STEALING YOUR BOAT?

ONLY THAT SHE'S THE FASTEST THING IN THE WATER AND I WAS ONLY NOW MAKING ADJUSTMENTS ON THIS MODEL OF HER---



-BUT DO YOU THINK SHE IS IN DANGER?

I DO LET'S GO AND SEE THIS MOMENT. WHERE DO YOU KEEP HER?



AT THE NECK OF THE BAY, THREE MILES DOWN. MY CAR IS OUTSIDE, COME ON



THE WATCHMAN STOPS THEM AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE DOCK.

NED TRUMBLE? OH, YES, ABOUT A HALF HOUR AGO TWO MEN WENT IN TO SEE YOUR BOAT. I HAVE THEIR PASSES WHICH YOU SIGNED

I SIGNED NO PASSES. THAT'S FUNNY.



HEY! LOOK, SOMEBODY IS MAKING OFF WITH MY BOAT



COSMO AND NED LEAP OUT AND DASH FOR THE BOAT.

COSMO'S FINGERS GRIP THE RAIL JUST AS THE BOAT GAINS SPEED.



AS HE DRAWS HIMSELF UPWARD A SAVAGE FIST CLIPS HIM ON THE HEAD

ALRIGHT, MISTER NOSEY GUY, HERE'S SOMETHING FOR YOU TO BUTT INTO!



HIS SENSES REELING HE DROPS BACK INTO THE COLD WATER BUT THE DUCKING QUICKLY REVIVES HIM.



HE SWIMS BACK TO THE DOCK WHERE NED SITS STARING AT HIS SWIFTLY DISAPPEARING BOAT.



NED IS IN DISMAY AT THIS NEW TURN OF AFFAIRS. HE HAD STAKED HIS ALL ON THIS BOAT OF HIS OWN DESIGN AND MAKE, HOPING THEREBY TO WIN THE RACE AND THEN SELL THE BOAT AND GO INTO BUILDING MORE FINE SPEED BOATS.



WHAT WAS THAT JANE HALLOCK SAID IN THE CAR? - OH, YES, TERRY IS IN CAHOOTS WITH THAT TRICK LAWYER, 'LARRABEE. WELL, BY--- I'LL GO SEE HIM. I MAY FIND OUT SOMETHING.



HE ENTERS THE LAWYER'S SPACIOUS WAITING ROOM.

OH, YES, MR. TRUMBLE. I'LL TELL MISTER LARRABEE THAT YOU ARE HERE.



NED IS USHERED INTO THE LAWYER'S PRESENCE

AH! MISTER TRUMBLE. I'M GLAD YOU CAME, FOR IF YOU HADN'T I SHOULD HAVE BEEN OBLIGED TO SEND FOR YOU

WHAT MADE YOU SUPPOSE I MIGHT COME, LARRABEE?



THIS BILL OF SALE OF COURSE MY CLIENTS ASSUMED THE FLYING FISH TO BE IN PERFECT CONDITION WHEN THEY BOUGHT IT. HOWEVER, THEY WILL PAY EXTRA IF YOU COMPLY WITH THEIR WISHES

I NEVER SIGNED ANY BILL OF SALE. THIS IS FORGERY WHERE IS MY BOAT



THAT I CAN'T TELL YOU, BUT HERE IS THE FIVE THOUSAND MY CLIENTS LEFT WITH ME IN ESCROW FOR THE COMPLETION OF THE DEAL

OH, SO I'VE ALREADY SOLD MY BOAT, EH? KEEP THE FILTHY MONEY! I WANT MY BOAT BACK



IF YOU ARE WISE, YOUNG MAN, YOU'LL ACCEPT THIS PROPOSITION MY CLIENTS ARE GENEROUS BUT IF CROSSED THEY WILL MAKE IT DIFFICULT FOR YOU

YOU AND YOUR CLIENTS CAN GO TO -



NED TRUMBLE ANGRILY LEAVES THE LAWYER'S OFFICE. ON THE STREET HE HAILS A PASSING CAB

HEY! TAXI!

YES, SIR. RIGHT HERE, SIR



HE RIDES ABOUT A BLOCK, THEN TWO MEN JUMP INTO THE CAB AND SHOVE THEIR GUNS INTO HIS RIBS

NOW, JUST KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT IF YOU WANT TO STAY HEALTHY



THE TAXI STOPS FOR A TRAFFIC LIGHT. THE DRIVER, IN LEAGUE WITH THE GUNMEN, RACES HIS MOTOR.

RACE THE MOTOR, BILL, AND TURN ON THE RADIO, - AND YOU'RE STILL KEEPING SHUT, MISTER, SEE?



ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN NED IS TAKEN TO AN ISOLATED HOUSE AND LOCKED IN A PITCHDARK CELLAR.



ALRIGHT YOU CAN SQUAWK ALL YU WANT TO NOW, THEY AINT NOBODY CONNA HEAR YUH DOWN HERE

MEANWHILE-- THE FLYING FISH RACES OUT TO SEA. PAST THE THREE MILE LIMIT OF SHIPS SHE STOPS ALONG-SIDE AN UNPRETENTIOUS LOOKING SAILING VESSEL.



SOMETHING IS QUICKLY TRANSFERRED AND THE SPEED BOAT MAKES BACK FOR A SECLUDED PART OF THE SHORE



SEVERAL MEN LEAP ASHORE, CARRYING BOXES AND HURRY TOWARD A NEARBY CAVE



AS THEY ENTER, EACH ONE IS SLUGGED AND HAULED INSIDE.



THE PILOT OF THE FLYING FISH SUSPECTS SOMETHING WRONG.. HURRIEDLY HE BACKS AWAY.

SAY! THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY GOING ON IN THERE NONE OF THE FELLOWS COME BACK OUT. I'M CLEARING OUT OF HERE.



FROM AROUND THE LIP OF THE LAND A FLEET OF COAST GUARD CUTTERS HEAD HIM OFF, FIRING AS THEY GO.



AT LAST THEY FORCE THE BOAT TO SHORE. COSMO AND THE COAST GUARDS MEN LOAD THE DOPE SMUGGLERS INTO ONE OF THE CUTTERS AND TOGETHER WITH THE FLYING FISH PROCEED TO HEAD-QUARTERS

WELL, TERRY, YOU WEREN'T SO SMART WHEN YOU DROPPED ME IN THE WATER BEFORE AS YOU THOUGHT, WERE YOU?



AT HEADQUARTERS THE PRISONERS ARE GRILLED AND THE WHEREABOUTS OF NED TRUMBLE IS DISCLOSED.

SURE, JIM LARRABEL MADE TERRY CROFT DRUNK AND GAVE HIM FIVE HUNDRED TO RUN THE BOAT. IT WAS LARRABEL'S ORDERS TO TAKE THIS TRUMBLE GUY TO OUR HIDEOUT ON GROVE STREET--



COSMO RELEASES THE YOUNG MAN.

NED, YOUR FLYING FISH IS SAFE! SHE WAS BEING USED TO SMUGGLE IN DOPE FROM OUT AT SEA. MY ONLY CLUE WAS LARRABEL. I SHADOWED HIM TO THE CAVE ON THE SOUND. IF ANYTHING WENT AMISS THEY WERE TO ABANDON THE BOAT AND THE EVIDENCE WOULD POINT TO YOU. YOU BEING HELD PRISONER IN A CELLAR WOULD NOT BE BELIEVED BY ANY COURT IN THAT CASE-- BUT YOU HAVE STILL AN HOUR TO MAKE THE RACE-- COME ON! LET'S GO!



SLAM BRADLEY

61
JEROME
SIEGEL
and JOE
SHUSTER

SINCE SLAM BRADLEY HAS TAKEN AN INTEREST IN STUDYING MAGIC, SHORTY HAS BEEN THE MISERABLE VICTIM OF MANY EXPERIMENTS! — BUT WHEN SLAM PULLS HIM OUT OF A HAT, THAT, TO SHORTY, IS THE SUPREME INSULT!

HEY! CUT IT OUT! — WHY DON'T YOU BUY A RABBIT AND GIVE ME SOME PEACE?



I WON'T STAND FOR IT! — I'M GOING TO TAKE A VACATION UNTIL YOU GIVE UP THIS NONSENSE!

GOOD IDEA!



I'LL PACK MY TRUNK IMMEDIATELY!

DON'T BOTHER!



AT A GESTURE OF SLAM'S HAND, DRAWERS DOD OPEN AND SHORTY'S CLOTHES FLY INTO HIS TRUNK!

WHAT TH?



GOODBYE! — WHEN I RETURN, I HOPE YOU'LL HAVE FORGOTTEN THIS NONSENSE!

WHO KNOWS?



FROM EVERY CORNER OF THE WORLD, MAGICIANS HAVE HASTENED TO ATTEND THE ANNUAL MAGICIANS' SOCIETY CONVENTION. OCCUPYING THE CENTER OF ATTENTION IS PROFESSOR MYSTO, CHAIRMAN OF THE MEETING, BUSILY ENGAGED IN ILLUSTRATING VARIOUS ILLUSIONS.

UNMOVED BY THE "OHS-AND-AHS" ABOUT HIM, SLAM BRADLEY RISES AND DECLARES:

MERE CHILDSPLAY! PROFESSOR MYSTO, YOU'RE NOT ONLY A RANK AMATEUR, BUT WORSE, YOU'RE A FOOL!

I WON'T STAND FOR THIS INTERRUPTION! WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO? -- MAKE A MONKEY OUT OF ME?

GOOD LORD! -- WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO ME?

WHILE YOU PUZZLE THAT OUT, I'VE A FEW WORDS TO SAY TO THE AUDIENCE.

FRIENDS, I'M SLAM BRADLEY, A MAGICIAN LIKE YOURSELVES BUT I'VE RESOLVED TO TURN MY TALENTS TO ASSISTING THOSE IN NEED OF HELP. HOW MANY OF YOU WILL JOIN WITH ME IN THIS ENDEAVOR?

AT A WAVE OF SLAM'S HAND, THE HALL'S CEILING COMMENCES TO BUCKLE AND CRASH!

FIRST, GIVE US A DEMONSTRATION OF YOUR ABILITY!

RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!

HELP!

AN INSTANT LATER THE FLEEING, PANICKY MAGICIANS HALT, AND BLINK THEIR EYES IN DISBELIEF

IF YOU CAN PROVE THAT YOU CAN ASSIST HUMANITY THRU LEGERDEMAIN, WE WILL!

GENTLEMEN! -- I ACCEPT YOUR CHALLENGE!

YES, EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT. YOU WITNESS JUST A MANEUVERED ILLUSION -- WELL, WILL YOU SUPPORT ME?

EAGER NEWSPAPER REPORTERS PRESS BRADLEY FOR A STATEMENT.

WHOM ARE YOU GOING TO ASSIST FIRST?

THE TAX-PAYERS OF THIS CITY. THEIR TAXES ARE BEING ABSORBED BY RUTHLESS GRAFTERS. THIS MUST BE STOPPED!



PETE HANSON, THE CITY'S CROOKED POLITICAL BOSS, FINDS THE AFTERNOON NEWSPAPER NOT TO HIS LIKING.

IT SAYS HERE THIS MAGICIAN BRADLEY INTENDS TO CLEAN UP THE CITY'S GRAFT. "MUSCLES", DROP IN ON THIS GUY AND TELL HIM THAT IF HE DOESN'T KEEP HIS NOSE CLEAN, WE'LL CLEAN UP ON HIM.

LEAVE IT TO ME, BOSS!



AFTER SLAM'S RESIDENCE HAS BEEN REACHED.

THAT'S FUNNY! - I RING THE BELL, AN' THE DOOR OPENS BY ITSELF!



"MUSCLES" STEPS WITHIN AND THE DOOR AUTOMATICALLY CLOSES. NEXT INSTANT, HE HEARS A VOICE...

W-WHERE ARE YOU? I DON'T SEE ANYONE!

NEVER MIND FOLLOW THE SOUND OF MY VOICE, AND YOU'LL BE USHERED INTO BRADLEY'S PRESENCE.



AS "MUSCLES" FOLLOWS THE DISEMBODIED VOICE, HE GRINS TO HIMSELF.

THIS WAY, PLEASE.

I'M NOT FOOLED, HE'S GOT MIKE-ER-PHONES HID AROUND TH' JOINT.



AN ELEVATOR-LIFT BEARS "MUSCLES" UPWARD...

7-8-9-10

SO IT OPERATES ITSELF! WELL, WELL! NOW AIN'T THAT JUST TOO SPOOKY FER WORDS!



WHEN THE ELEVATOR STOPS, "MUSCLES" FINDS HIMSELF IN A WEIRD PENTHOUSE SUITE.

YOU MUST BE TH' FELLA BRADLEY THAT I READ ABOUT.

YES, -- AND YOU ARE "MUSCLES" -- SIT DOWN. I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU.



SAY! -- HOW DID YOU KNOW MY NAME? AND THAT I WAS COMING?

THE STARS, "MUSCLES"! I READ IT IN THE STARS!



BALONEY! - AND I SUPPOSE TH' STARS ALSO TOLD YA WHY I'VE COME HERE?

YOU WERE SENT BY HANSON TO WARN ME TO LAY-OFF! - CORRECT?



THAT'S RIGHT, MISTER! AND IF YOU DON'T WANT TO GET HURT, THAT'S JUST WHAT YOU'LL DO! -- WELL? WHAT'S YOUR ANSWER?

THIS!



AT A WHISPERED INCANTATION FROM SLAM, INVISIBLE HANDS SEIZE THE ASTONISHED "MUSCLES" AND FORCIBLY EJECT HIM!

THROW HIM OUT!

HEY!



WE'RE NOT FINISHED WITH YOU YET!



WHERE TO?

CITY HALL! -- AND DON'T MIND THE TRAFFIC LIGHTS!



BOY, WILL HANSON BURN! - I'D HATE TO BE IN BRADLEY'S SHOES WHEN THE BOSS TURNS ON THE HEAT!



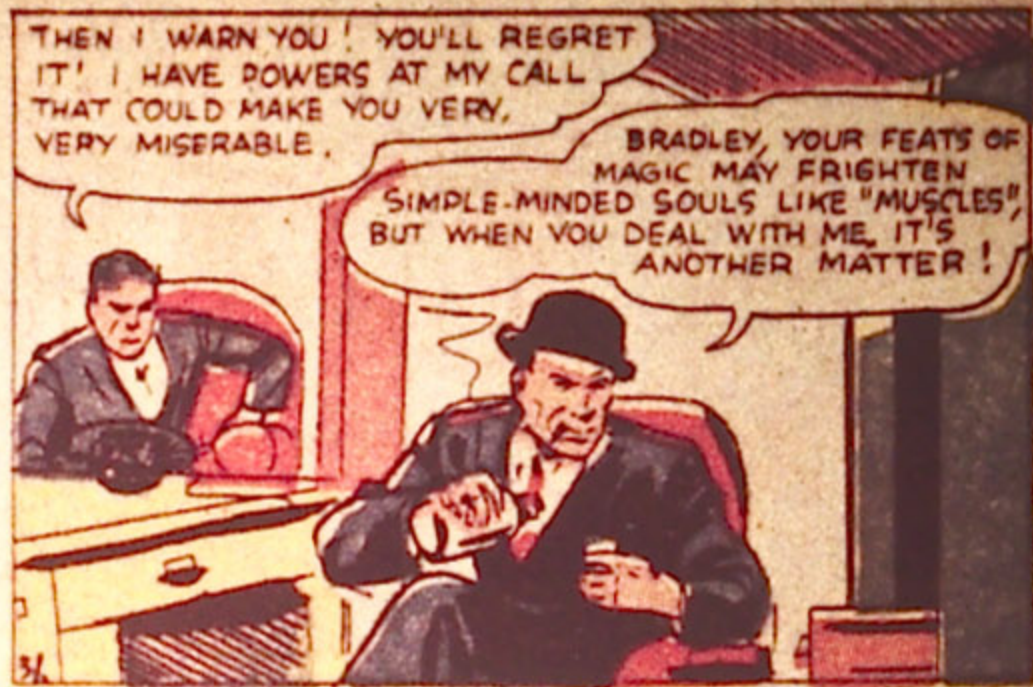
BUT WHEN "MUSCLES" DASHES INTO HANSON'S OFFICE, HE RECEIVES THE SURPRISE OF HIS LIFE!

BRADLEY! - BUT HOW DID YOU GET HERE? I BROKE ALL SPEED-LAWS GETTING HERE!

MY DEAR FELLOW, I'M SURE I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!

HE'S BEEN HERE FOR THE LAST FIFTEEN MINUTES - NOW CLEAR OUT! WE'RE IN A CONFERENCE!





MINUTES LATER, THE AUTO DRAWS UP BEFORE THE BUILDERS' BRICK SUPPLY COMPANY.



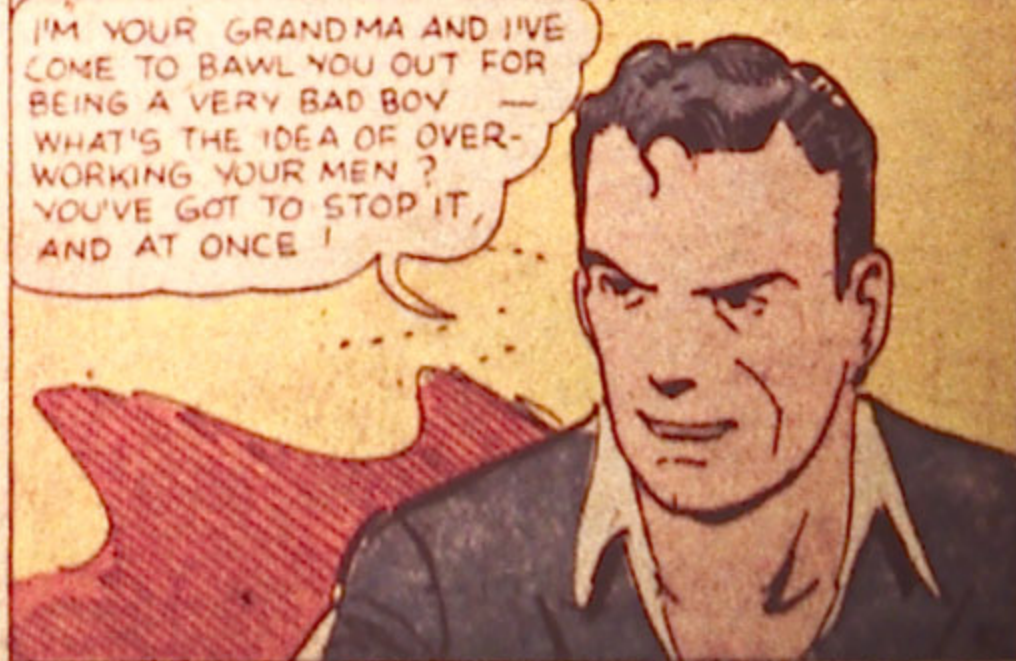
LANGLEY CONFRONTS MIKE O'BRIEN, HIS FOREMAN.



AS MIKE HURRIES TO CARRY OUT HIS ORDERS, HE ENCOUNTERS SLAM.



I'M YOUR GRANDMA AND I'VE COME TO BAWL YOU OUT FOR BEING A VERY BAD BOY — WHAT'S THE IDEA OF OVERWORKING YOUR MEN? YOU'VE GOT TO STOP IT, AND AT ONCE!



UNDER SLAM'S HYPNOTIC SUGGESTION, O'BRIEN IS FORCED TO BELIEVE ANY ABSURDITY.



STILL UNDER BRADLEY'S INFLUENCE, O'BRIEN CARRIES OUT HIS UNUSUAL ORDERS!



WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS? WHY AREN'T YOU MEN WORKING?

HE WON'T LET US!



SO YOU'VE SOLD OUT TO MY COMPETITORS, HAVE YOU, YOU DIRTY TRAITOR!



AGAIN SLAM TAKES A HAND IN THE SITUATION! HE CONCENTRATES MIGHTILY ---



--- AND SUCCEEDS IN CONVINCING THE WORKERS THAT O'BRIEN IS A WOMAN.



AN INSTANT LATER, LANGLEY DASHES FOR HIS PRIVATE OFFICE, WITH HIS ENTIRE STAFF OF WORKERS IN MAD PURSUIT!



LOCKING HIMSELF WITHIN HIS OFFICE, LANGLEY FRANTICALLY PHONES HANSON



DON'T LOSE YOUR NERVE! I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN!



"MUSCLES", THAT WAS LANGLEY CALLING! THE FACTORY IS DISRUPTED! THAT MEANS ONLY ONE THING!



RIGHT! -- COME ALONG WE'RE GOING TO THE FACTORY!



APPARENTLY NONE -- BUT FORTUNATELY, "MUSCLES" I'VE AN ACE UP MY SLEEVE -- AND JUST WHAT IT IS, BRADLEY WILL SOON LEARN, TO HIS GRIEF!





SWIFTLY, THE NEWCOMERS ENTER THE FACTORY

THIS MAN IS EVIDENTLY UNDER SOMEONE'S HYPNOTIC INFLUENCE! SHALL I FREE HIM?

OF COURSE! WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE HERE FOR?



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AN INSTANT LATER - -

W-WHERE AM I?

YOU SEE! HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM

FORGET HIM! - CAPTURE BRADLEY OR SOMETHING'LL HAPPEN TO YOU! ONLY YOU WON'T LIVE TO REMEMBER THAT!



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IT'S CERTAIN THAT BRADLEY'S HERE SOMEWHERE. FINDING HIM SHOULDN'T BE DIFFICULT

WELL, HOW WILL YOU FIND HIM



SIMPLY BY SEARCHING EVERY NOOK AND CRANNY IN THE FACTORY

BY GEORGE! YOU'RE RIGHT! - - LET THE SEARCH BEGIN!



AT THAT INSTANT, SLAM MATERIALIZES

MAY I SAVE YOU THE TROUBLE OF SEARCHING FOR ME?

BRADLEY!



SO! YOU ARE THE CAUSE OF THIS DELAY!

CERTAINLY! - - BUT YOU CAN AVOID FURTHER DIFFICULTY BY SIMPLY AGREEING TO THE CONDITIONS I MENTIONED EARLIER TO DAY



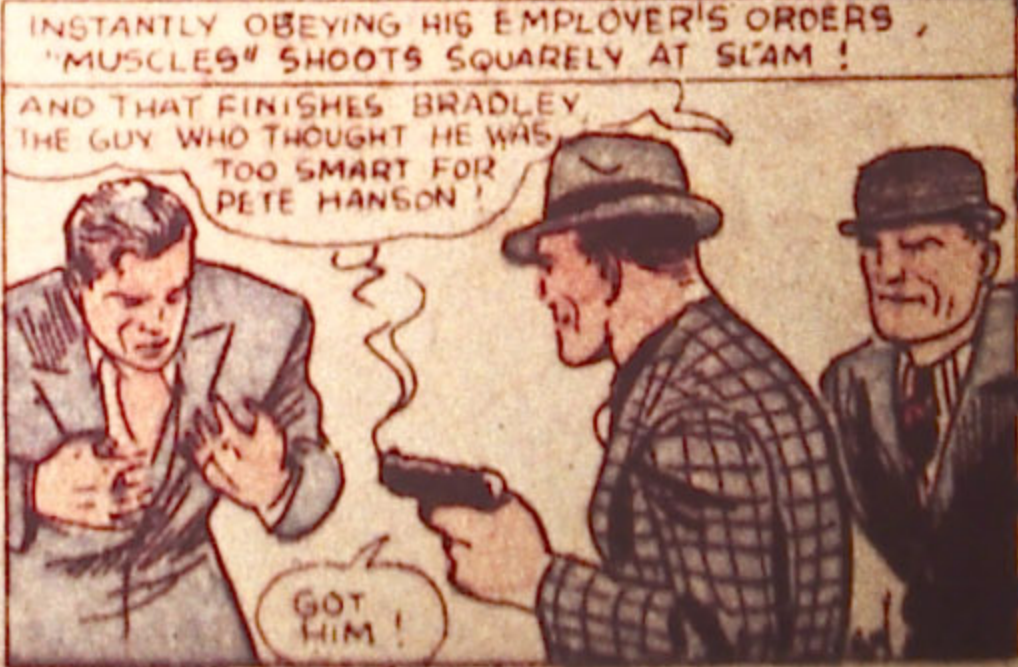
(I WARNED YOU I PLAY ROUGH "MUSCLES" SHOOT HIM DOWN!)



INSTANTLY OBEYING HIS EMPLOYER'S ORDERS, "MUSCLES" SHOTS SQUARELY AT SLAM!

AND THAT FINISHES BRADLEY, THE GUY WHO THOUGHT HE WAS TOO SMART FOR PETE HANSON!

GOT HIM!



"MUSCLES" KNEELS AT SLAM'S SIDE

HE'S DEAD, ALL RIGHT! HIS HEART'S STOPPED BEATING!

GOOD HEAVENS! THIS IS COLD-BLOODED MURDER!

YOU'RE LUCKY IT WASN'T YOU!

NEXT INSTANT, "MUSCLES" RECEIVES AN ADMONITION FROM THE REAR, AS SLAM MATERIALIZES BEHIND HIM.

THIS IS FOR NOT SAYING, "PARDON ME" WHEN YOU SHOOT A FELLOW DOWN!

SLAM'S FIGURE DISSOLVES BEFORE THE ASTOUNDED TRIGGER-MAN'S EYES!

W-WHAT TH'--!

AS HANSON LEAPS AT SLAM, HE CLUTCHES EMPTY AIR.

IF I COULD JUST LAY MY HANDS ON YOU --!

LISTEN, YOU! -- YOU'VE GOT TO STOP BRADLEY FROM PULLING THAT DISAPPEARING ACT AGAIN, OR YOU'LL DISAPPEAR TOO FROM THE LAND OF THE LIVING!

LET ME GO! -- I KNOW A METHOD WHEREBY HE'LL BE FORCED TO REMAIN VISIBLE PERMANENTLY!

GOOD! -- WHAT IS IT?

GET ME A LARGE TUB OF HOT WATER, RIGHT AWAY, AND I'LL SHOW YOU!

MYSTO'S ORDERS ARE SWIFTLY OBEYED

BEHOLD! IN MY HAND I HOLD A CONTAINER OF SPIRIT-POWDERS! SEE HOW I POUR ITS CONTENTS INTO THE TUB? IN AN INSTANT I SHALL SEE BRADLEY'S HIDING PLACE, AND THEN --

--- AND THEN GENTLEMEN, HE IS DOOMED!

BUBBLE, WATERS ! FROTH
AND BUBBLE ! AND BRING
TO ME FROM THE VERY
DEPTHS OF INFINITY, A
VISION OF BRADLEY'S
WHEREABOUTS -- A-AH
THE SURFACE IS A TRIFLE
CLOUDY ! BUT I BEND
FORWARD ! I BEGIN TO
SEE - TO SEE !



PERCHED HIGH OVER-
HEAD ON A RAFTER,
SLAM WAVES A HAND
IN PROFESSOR MYSTO'S
DIRECTION....



AND THE CHAIRMAN OF THE MAGICIANS' SOCIETY
GETS AN UNEXPECTED DUNKING !

HELP ! -- I'M
SLIPPING !



IT DIDN'T WORK



ENOUGH OF THIS NONSENSE !
BACK TO WORK, EVERY
ONE, AND GET THAT ORDER
FINISHED !



"MUSCLES", KEEP YOUR EYES
OPEN ! AND AT THE FIRST SIGN OF
BRADLEY...

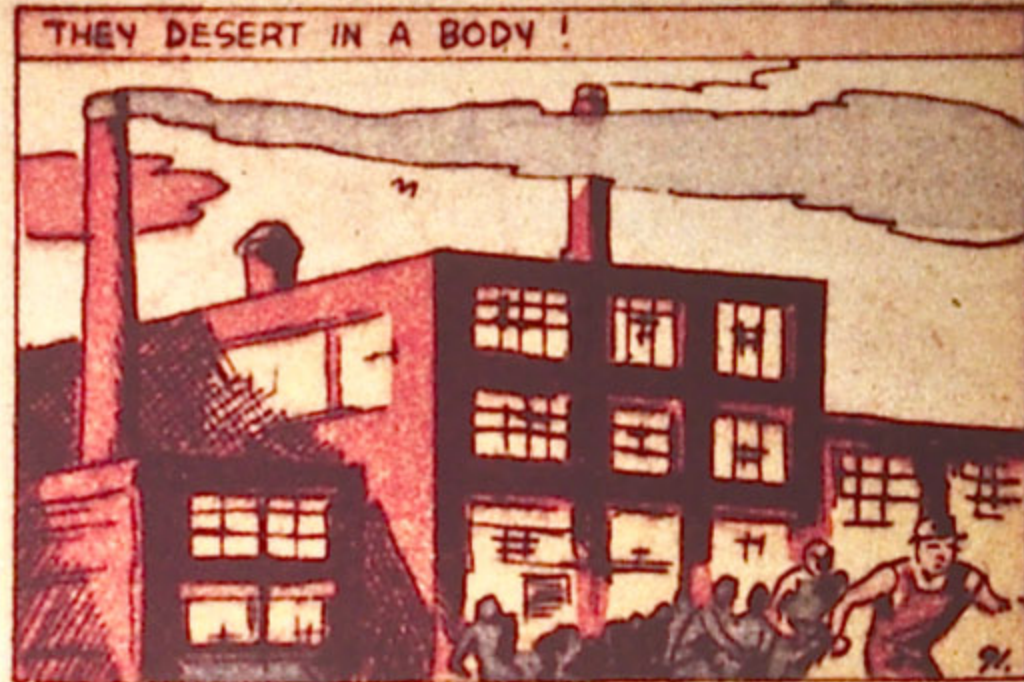


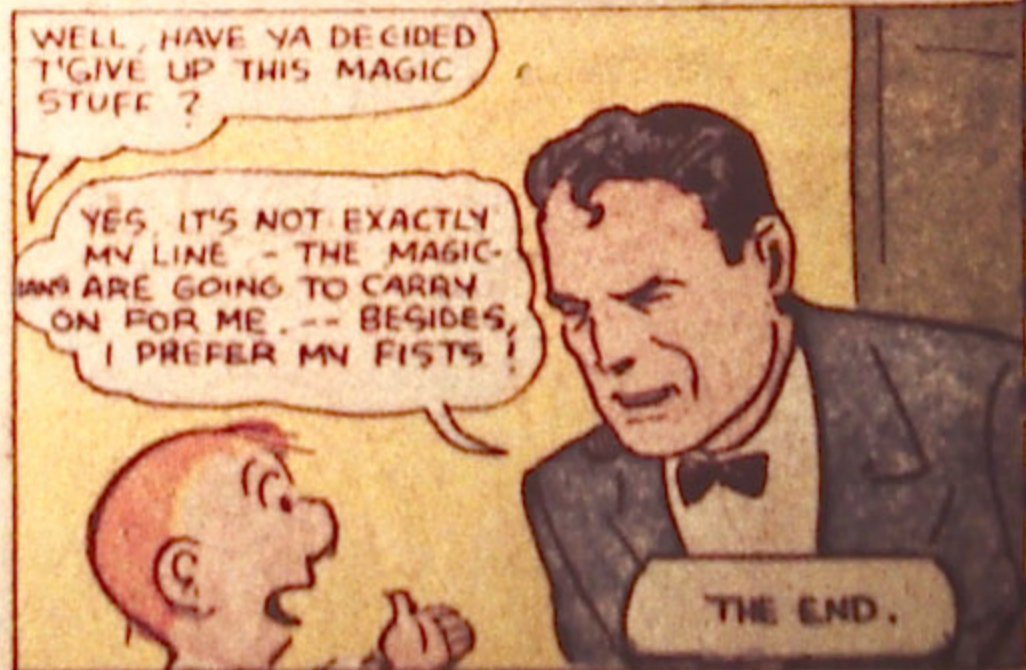
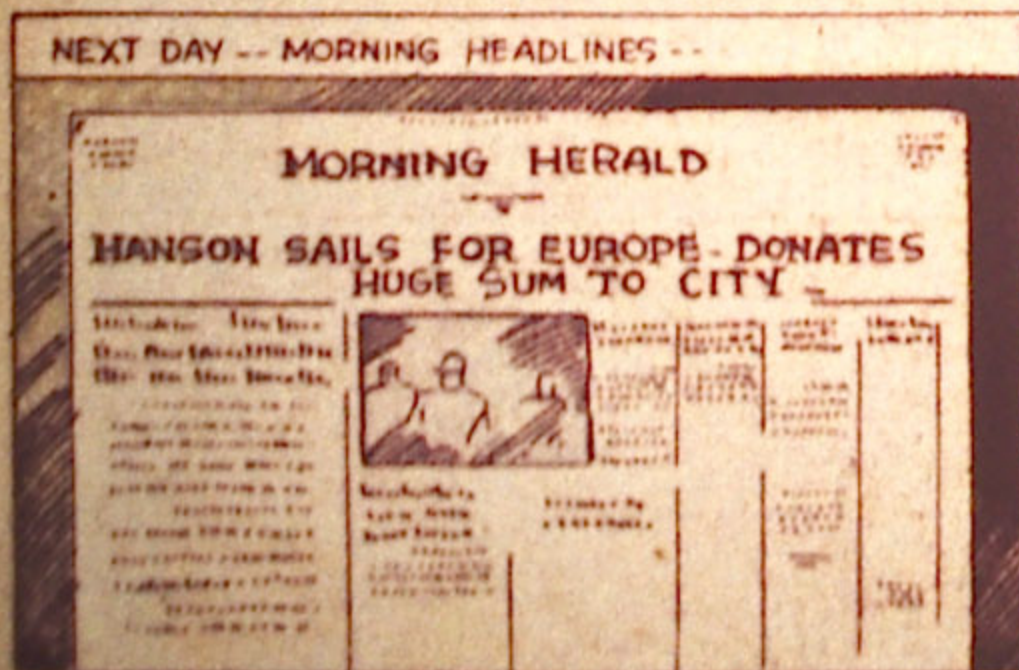
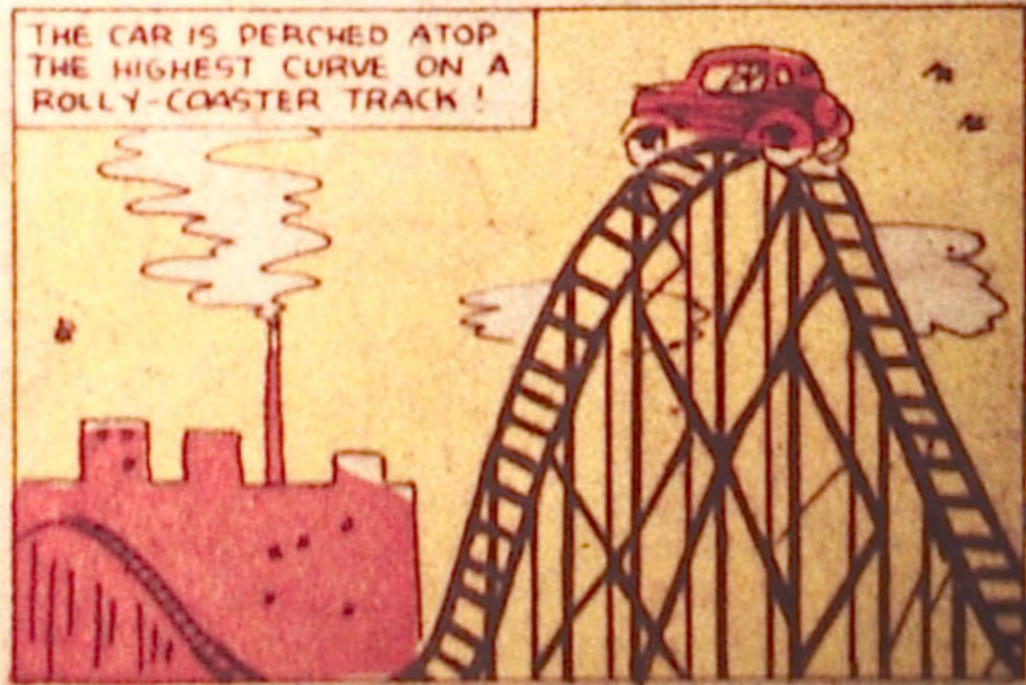
SHOOT TO
KILL !



THE WORKERS RETURN TO THEIR TASKS, UNAWARE
OF THE PANDEMONIUM SOON TO FACE THEM !







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You're not required to solve a hard problem or a difficult puzzle . . . this contest is so simple that you'll actually enjoy entering it. The rules are really quite easy, so get out your pencil and let's go!"

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1. Get a blank sheet of white paper and on this draw a character from one of the stories in the magazine, preferably the one you enjoy reading most. For example, some of you like to draw SPEED SAUNDERS, BUCK MARSHALL and SLAM BRADLEY and others prefer SPY and BRUCE NELSON . . . you select the one you wish to draw.
2. When you finish drawing the character, take out your water colors or crayons and color the picture.
3. Then print your name and address clearly in the coupon in the lower right hand corner and mail it in together with your drawing to this magazine.

Be sure to fill in the coupon and mail your envelope to:

Detective Cartoon Contest
DETECTIVE COMICS
480 Lexington Avenue
New York, N. Y.

All entries must be in by
Friday, October 7, 1938

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VINCENT A. SULLIVAN

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SPEED SAUNDERS AND THE JADE BUDDHA

BY FRED GUARDINEER

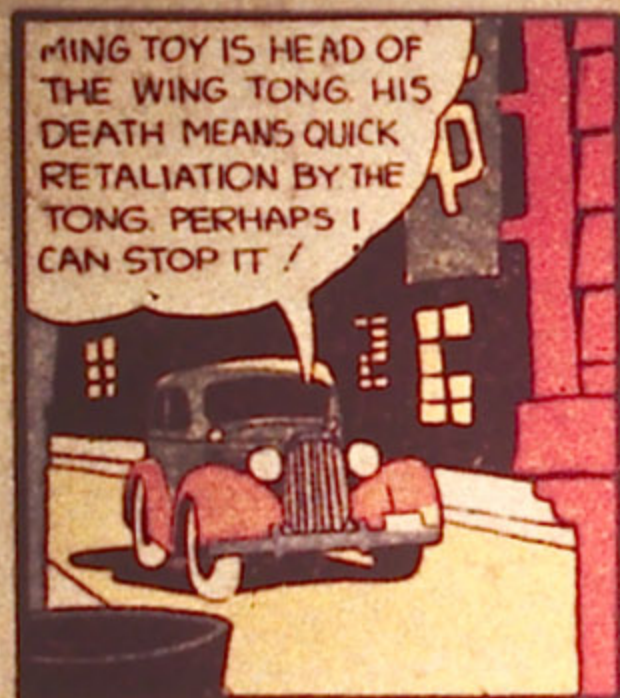
A TONG WAR IN FAMOUS
CHINATOWN HAS BEEN
KEEPING SPEED BUSY
ABOUT MOTT AND PELL STREETS.
ONE NIGHT...



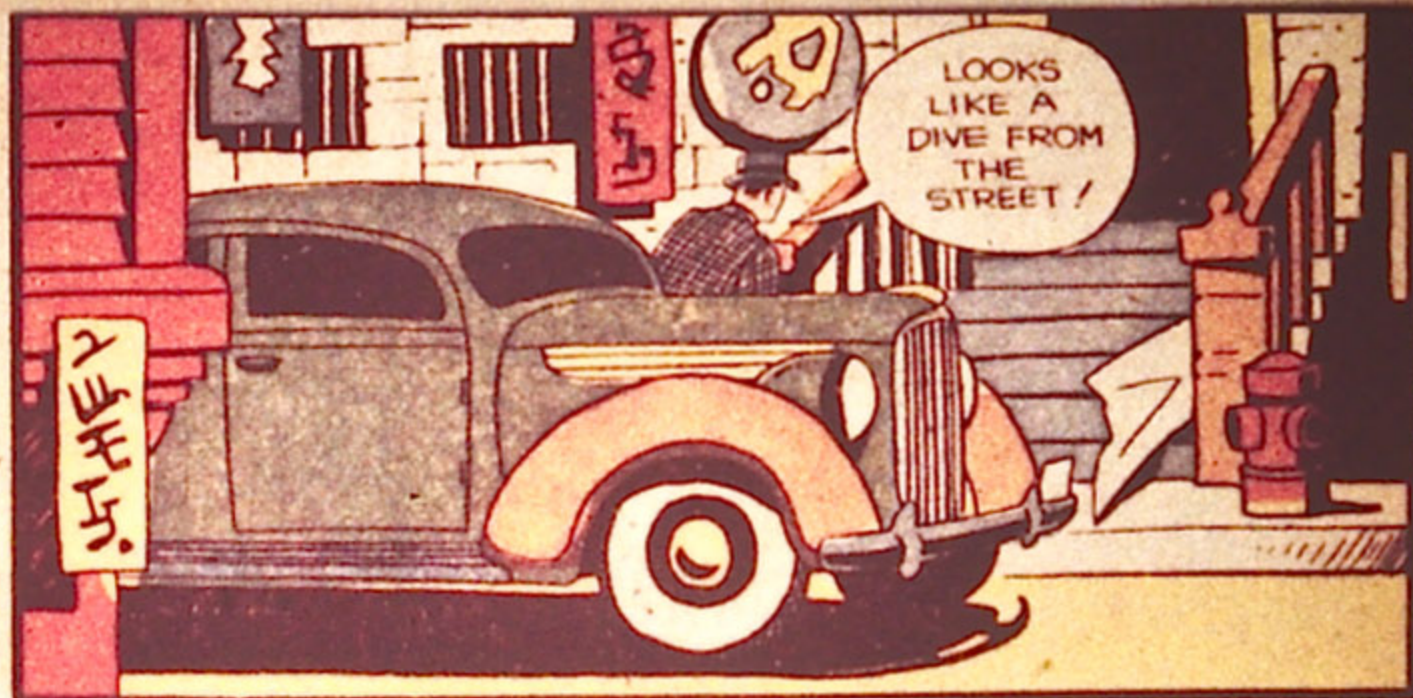
THERE IS AN URGENT
CALL ON THE
PHONE -



YES,
THIS IS
SAUNDERS.
WHAT? MING
TOY? RIGHT
AWAY -
YES.



MING TOY IS HEAD OF
THE WING TONG. HIS
DEATH MEANS QUICK
RETALIATION BY THE
TONG. PERHAPS I
CAN STOP IT!



LOOKS
LIKE A
DIVE FROM
THE
STREET!



ENTER,
HONORED
SIR!

WHAT A LAYOUT!
YOU'D NEVER THINK
IT FROM THE
OUTSIDE!



HELLO,
WHAT'S THIS
BUDDHA?

HONORABLE SIR, JADE BUDDHA BROUGHT FROM CHINA BY MING TOY TWO MONTHS AGO. HE ALLTIME KEPT IT HIDDEN. HE SEEM 'FRAID OF IT !



SHOT IN THE HEAD FROM IN FRONT. THOSE WINDOWS. MAYBE THEY SHOW ANOTHER HOUSE !



...TOO FAR FOR A REVOLVER, AND NO PLACE FOR A RIFLEMAN TO HIDE. LOOKS LIKE AN INSIDE JOB !



I THINK YOU'RE GOING TO HELP ME A LOT, LITTLE FELLA !



SPEED SEEKS THE AID OF THE METROPOLITAN LIBRARY...

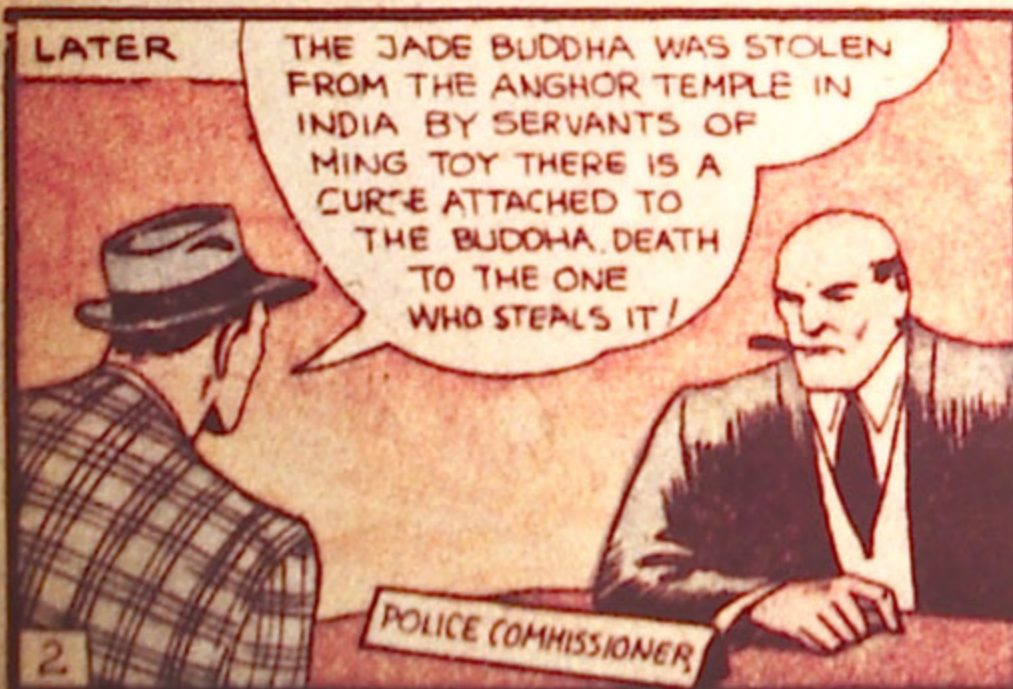


...AND FINDS A VOLUME OF ANCIENT CHINESE LORE

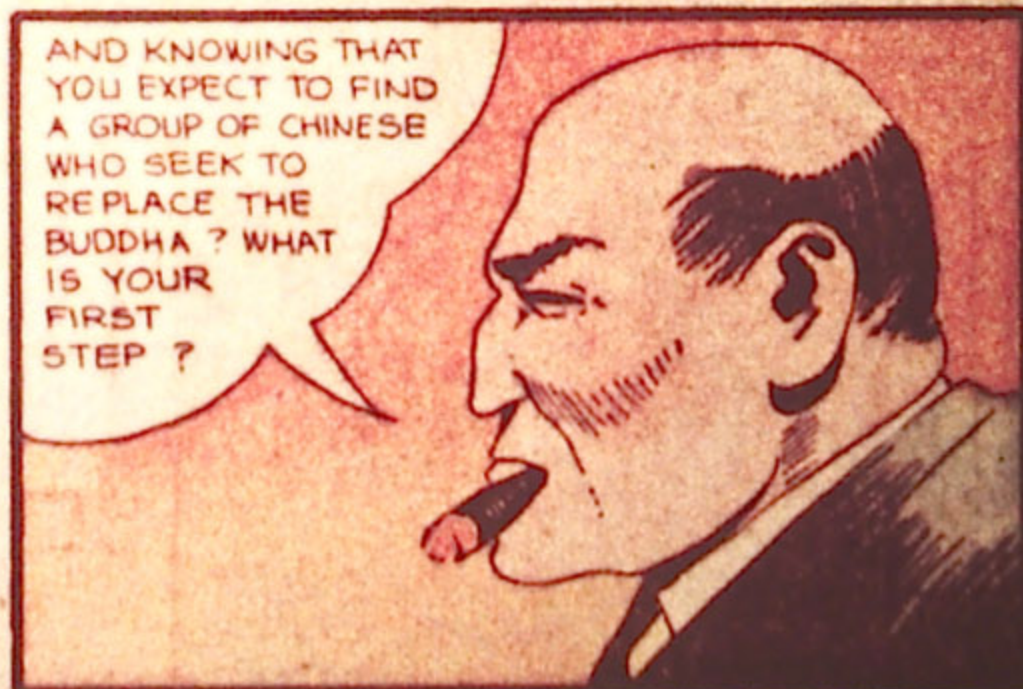


LATER

THE JADE BUDDHA WAS STOLEN FROM THE ANGHOR TEMPLE IN INDIA BY SERVANTS OF MING TOY THERE IS A CURSE ATTACHED TO THE BUDDHA. DEATH TO THE ONE WHO STEALS IT !



AND KNOWING THAT YOU EXPECT TO FIND A GROUP OF CHINESE WHO SEEK TO REPLACE THE BUDDHA ? WHAT IS YOUR FIRST STEP ?



SPEED GOES FIRST TO AN AUTHORITY
ON CHINESE CUSTOM -



I DON'T SEE HOW I CAN BE OF SERVICE
I SHOULD ADVISE YOU TO ADVERTISE
FOR THE TRUE OWNER -



MAYBE I
CAN GET HELP
DOWN HERE FROM
HOP SAM. HE -



你
是
誰
呀

我
是
你
的
朋
友



I AM THE
MANDARIN HAPSU.
YOU HAVE TAKEN THE
JADE BUDDHA FROM
MING TOY. I REGRET -
BUT I MUST
HAVE IT -

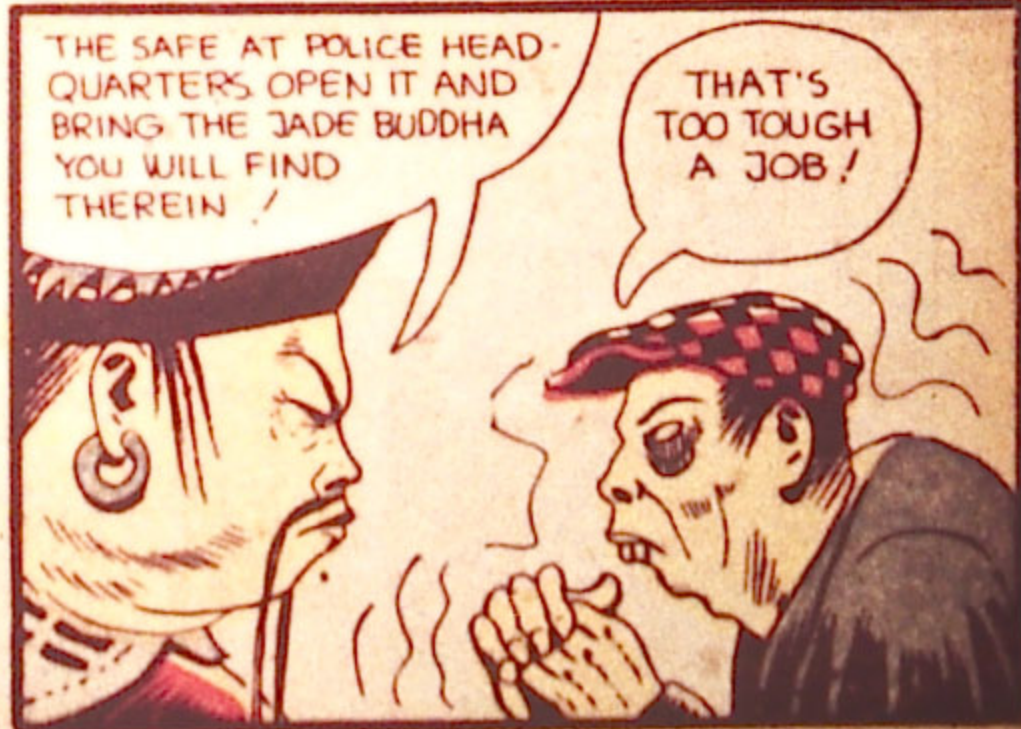


YOU'LL HAVE
TO GO TO HEAD-
QUARTERS, THEN.
I HAVEN'T
GOT IT!



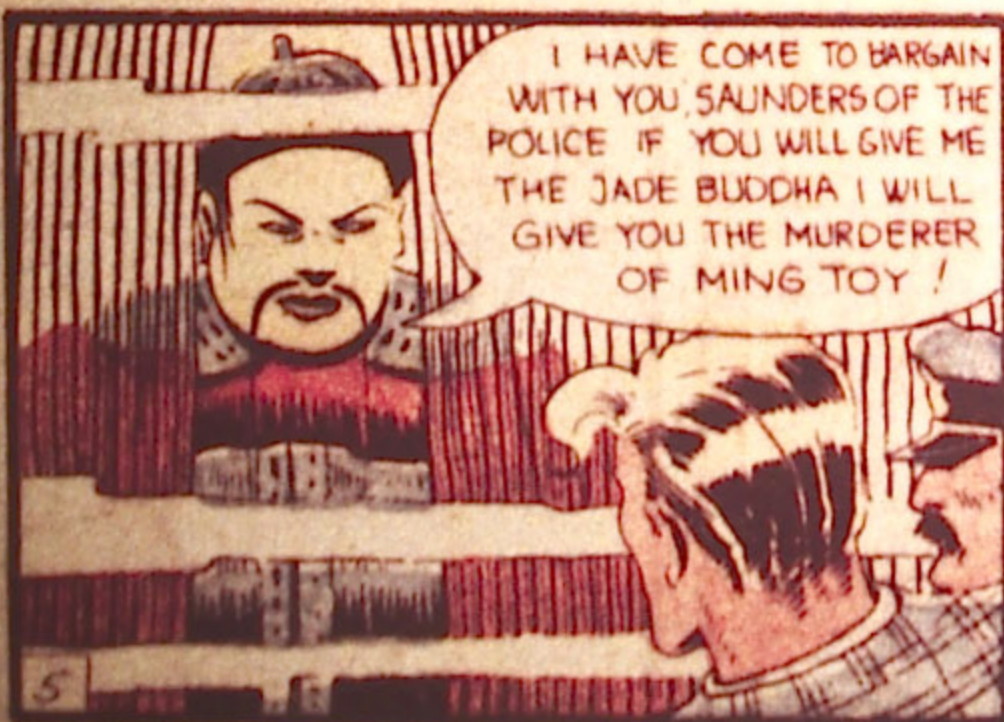
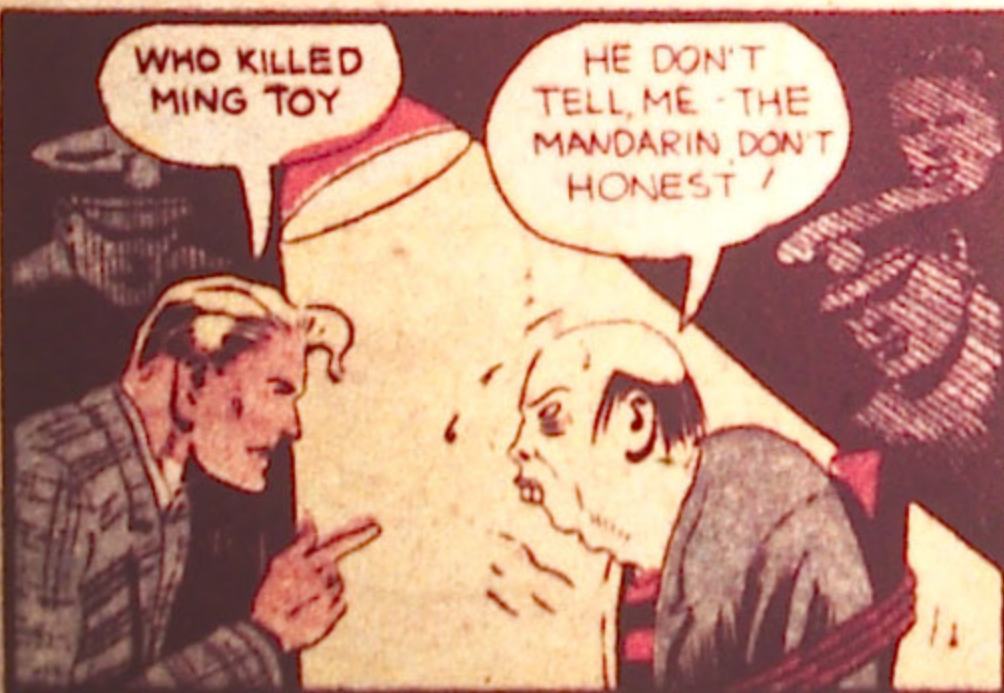
THE SAFE AT POLICE HEAD-
QUARTERS OPEN IT AND
BRING THE JADE BUDDHA
YOU WILL FIND
THEREIN!

THAT'S
TOO TOUGH
A JOB!





SPEED FINDS THE SAFECRACKER AT THE COMMISSIONER'S SAFE





Stamp Collectors' Corner

FRENCH COLONIALS

The French colonies in Africa have quite an ambitious stamp program in preparation. Shifting monetary values have already brought about the release of several stamps in new denominations as well as numerous changes in color.

From Cameroons have come two new values and one change in color, all in the A6 design of the 1925 series. This is the stamp showing rubber trees being tapped. The additions are a 55c. value in blue and red, and an 80c. stamp in red and brown. The 35c. denomination is now printed in dark and light green.

Dahomey has also changed its 35c. stamp to light and dark green and added to its roster a 55c. in green and brown and an 80c. in rust and blue. The basic design used was A5 of the current series, picturing a native climbing an oil palm.

Similar changes come from the French Soudan, where type A5, showing the gateway to an African city, has been increased by three values, 35., light and dark green; 55c., blue and crimson; 80c., magenta and brown.

Reunion adds the same three new values in the A23 design, which pictures Waterfowl Lake and Anchain Peak. The colors are: 35c., green; 55c., orange brown and 80c., black. The 1 Fr. of the same design has had a color change from green to red, and the 1.75 in A24 type is now a dark blue. The latter type shows Leon Dierx Museum.

The only colony producing a new design to accompany these changes is Senegal. Here the new stamps show a native woman carrying a large bowl on her head. The new values and colors are 35c., green; 55c., brown, and 80c., purple. Changes in color have also been made on old denominations in the new design. These are: 1 Fr., red-brown and 1 Fr. 75, powder blue.

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LARRY STEELE

PRIVATE DETECTIVE

by Will Ely

LARRY AND DELORES ARE IN THE BOSS' HUT PLANNING THEIR ESCAPE WHEN SUDDENLY WITHOUT WARNING THE BOSS APPEARS AT THE DOOR AND FINDS THE TWO TOGETHER — BLIND WITH RAGE HE SPRINGS AT LARRY'S THROAT

TRY TO STEAL MY DELORES !!
SON OF A PIG !! I'LL KILL YOU !!!

OH, LARRY !!
LOOK OUT !

LARRY GOES DOWN UNDER THE TERRIFIC
WEIGHT OF THE BOSS — —

AS THEY STRUGGLE ACROSS THE FLOOR,
DELORES PICKS UP A CLUB FROM NEAR-
BY AND WATCHES FOR AN OPENING —

LARRY'S HEAD HITS A TABLE LEG, AND
HE IS TEMPORARILY STUNNED — — —

SEEING HIS CHANCE, THE BOSS STARTS
A DEATH DEALING BLOW TO LARRY'S
HEAD — —

NO YOU DON'T !!



LET THAT BE
YOUR PUNISHMENT
FOR KILLING MY
FATHER AND FRIENDS !!



HE'S DEAD—
YOU SAVED
MY LIFE—
YOU'RE A
GAME GIRL—

COME, HURRY; THE
OTHERS MAY HAVE
HEARD THE NOISE!



THIS WAY !
WE MUST
MAKE FOR
THE PLANE !

QUIET ! HERE
COMES SOMEONE

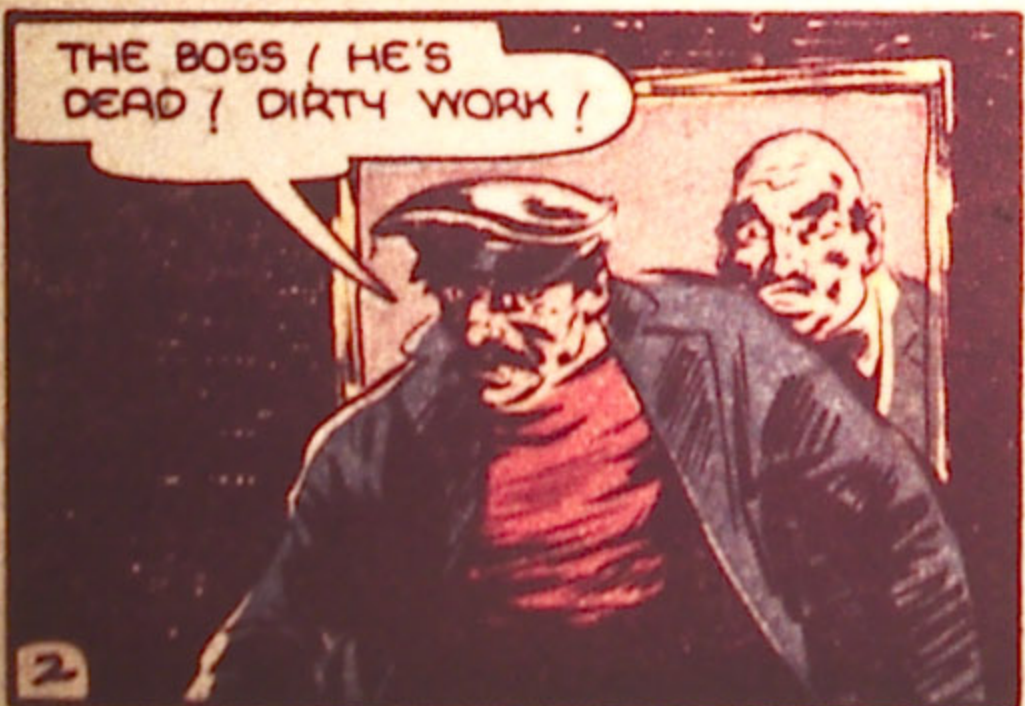


THEY'RE GOING
INTO THE BOSS-
E'S HUT !

HURRY ! WE MUST
GET AWAY FROM
HERE !



THE BOSS / HE'S
DEAD ! DIRTY WORK !



SCOUR THE ISLAND
FOR THE STRANGER
AND THE GIRL !
THEY'VE KILLED
THE BOSS !



THEY'LL MAKE FOR
THE PLANE !

WELL HURRY - WE MUST
CUT THEM OFF !

IF HE GETS AWAY
WE'RE DOOMED HERE
FOR LIFE !

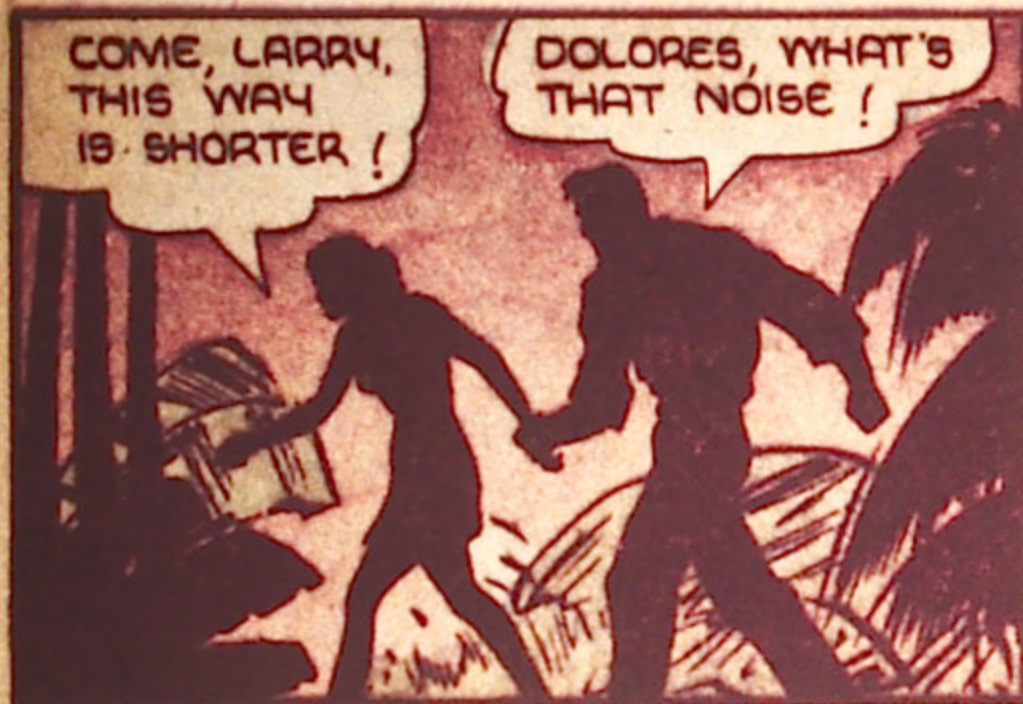


THE ISLAND OF
WANATOBA IS A
VOLCANIC ONE -
AT THAT MO-
MENT A DISTANT
RUMBLING IS
HEARD FROM
THE HILLS



COME, LARRY,
THIS WAY
IS SHORTER !

DOLORES, WHAT'S
THAT NOISE !



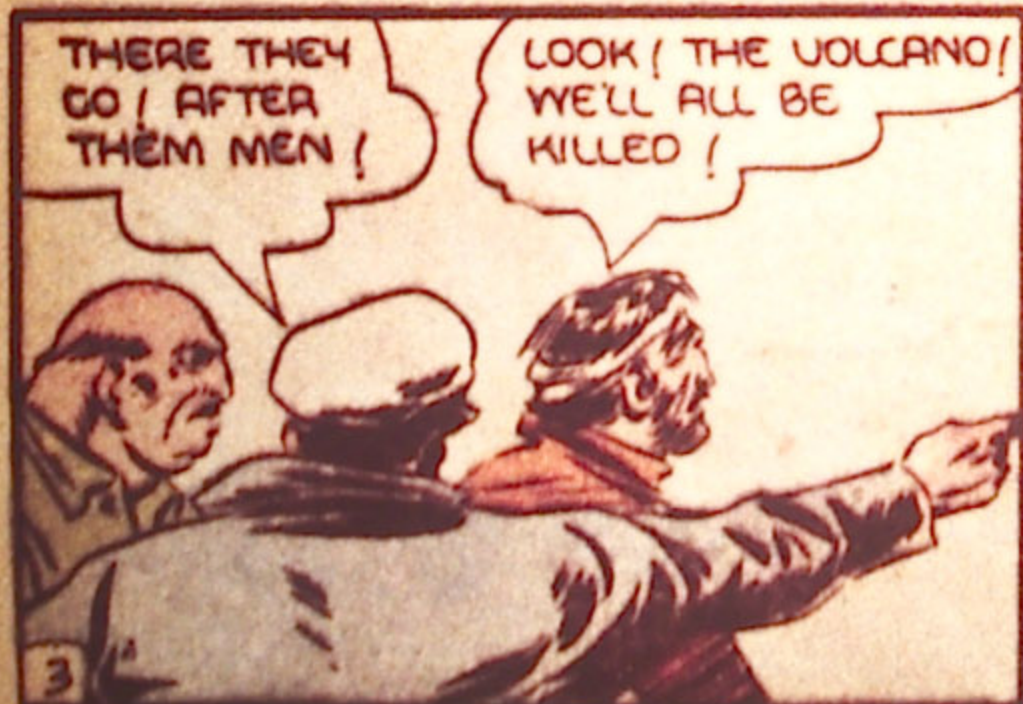
IT'S THE VOLCANO !
IT'S BEGINNING TO
ACT UP !

YOU'RE
RIGHT !



THERE THEY
GO ! AFTER
THEM MEN !

LOOK ! THE VOLCANO !
WE'LL ALL BE
KILLED !



CAREFUL ! THIS IS
TREACHEROUS !



MADE IT ! NOW
DOWN TO THE
BEACH !

THE EARTH IS BEGIN-
NING TO TREMBLE !
THIS IS BAD !!



LOOK, DOLORES !

OH, LARRY !



AS SOME OF THE
RENEGADES TRY TO
CROSS THE PRECIPICE
WHERE DOLORES AND
LARRY HAVE JUST
CROSSED, SUDDENLY
THERE IS A CRASH
AND THE EARTH
SEEMS TO OPEN AND
SWALLOW THEM UP—



LAVA BEGINS TO POUR DOWN THE
MOUNTAIN SIDE AND IT'S A RACE
AGAINST TIME FOR EVERYONE — —



RUN, DOLORES, ONLY
A DASH ACROSS
THE BEACH !

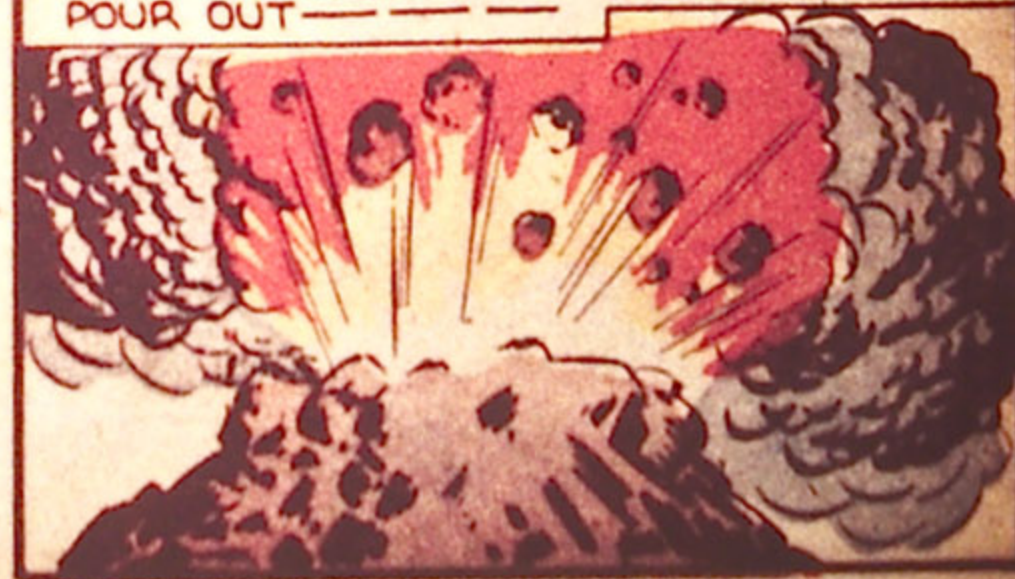
I'M COMING !



AS THEY RUN, THE VOLCANO'S ACTION
BEGINS WITH NEW FURY —

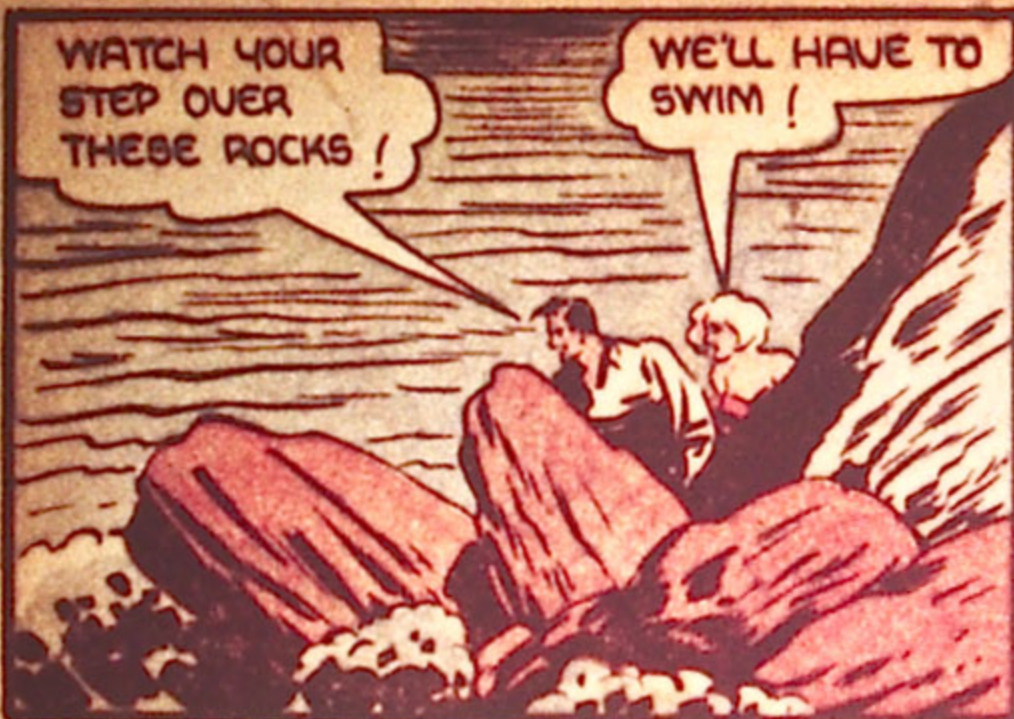


THE VERY TOP SEEMS TO BLOW OFF
THE MOUNTAIN — FIRE AND SMOKE
POUR OUT — — —



WATCH YOUR
STEP OVER
THESE ROCKS !

WE'LL HAVE TO
SWIM !



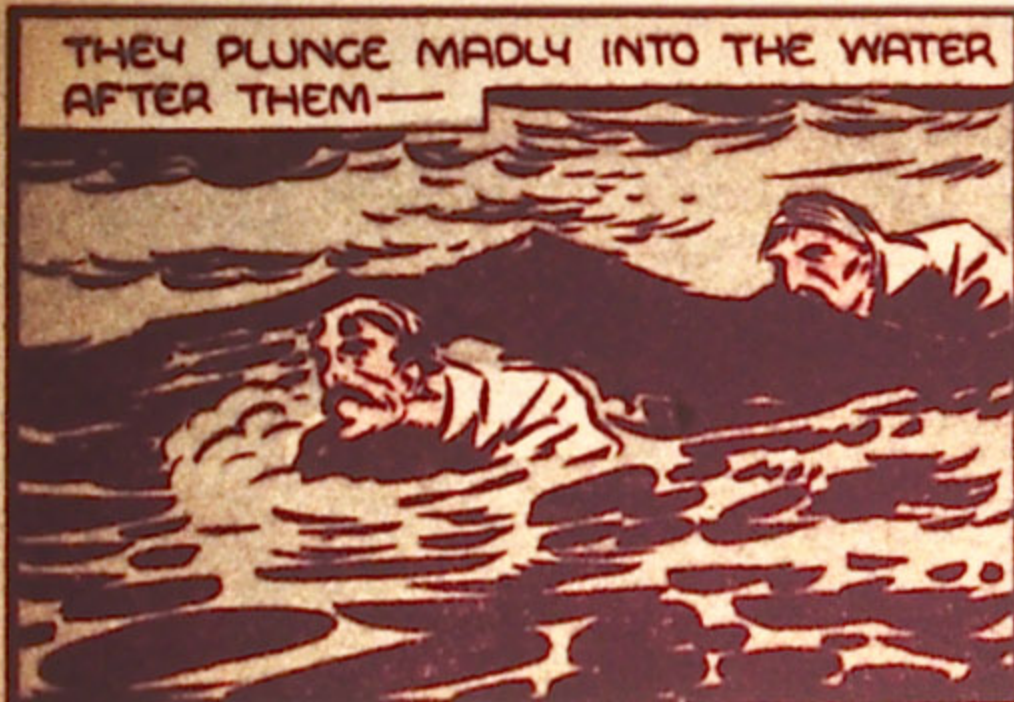
HERE WE GO !



THE RENEGADES
REACH THE
BEACH AS
DOLORES AND
LARRY ARE
SPLASHING THRU
THE BREAKERS TO
THE SEAPLANE—



THEY PLUNGE MADLY INTO THE WATER
AFTER THEM—



HERE WE ARE—
UP YOU COME !



OH HURRY, LARRY !
THEY'RE ALMOST
HERE !!

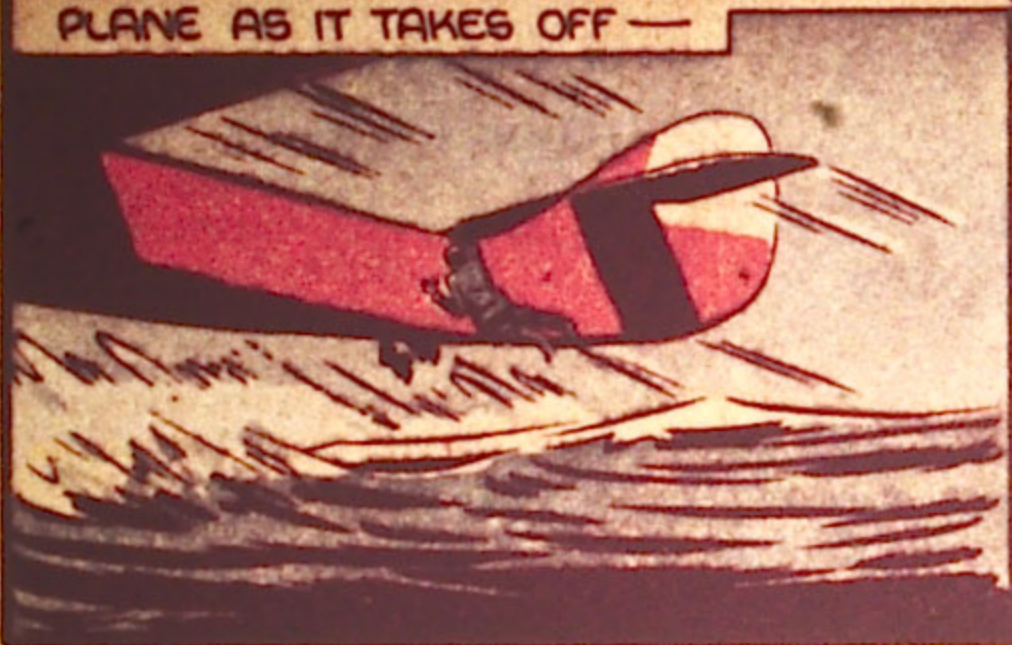
SHE'S O.K.
THANK GOOD-
NESS !



HERE WE GO !



TWO OF THE EXCONVICTS GRASP THE PLANE AS IT TAKES OFF —



BUT ARE SHAKEN OFF AS IT GAINS ALTITUDE — — —



OH, LARRY, WE'RE SAFE!

NOT YET-LOOK-BACK THERE —



OH !! I CAN'T BEAR TO LOOK!



AT THE MOMENT THE ENTIRE ISLAND SEEMS TO EXPLODE AS THE VOLCANO BURSTS FORTH IN ALL ITS PENT UP FURY!



ALL THAT IS LEFT ARE THE PIECES FLOATING ON THE TROUBLED, MUDDY WATERS — — —



THEY'VE PAID FOR THEIR SINS, LARRY — —

YES, DOLORES, AND NOW-YOU'RE GOING BACK WHERE YOU BELONG — — —



THE END.

Buck Marshall

RANGE DETECTIVE

BY
H. FLEMING



THE DOOR OF DEATH

HOT DAWN IS GILDING THE SKY AS BUCK MARSHALL LOPEs DOWN THE NARROW TRAIL, LEADING THROUGH THE HEAVILY TIMBERED FOOT-HILLS TO THE SOUTH OF SAGE CITY.

IN ANOTHER HOUR HE WILL BE RIDING UP THE DUSTY MAIN STREET OF THE LITTLE COW-TOWN AFTER AN ABSENCE OF SEVERAL WEEKS ...

BUCK, FINALLY STOPS IN A CLOUD OF DUST OUTSIDE THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE AND SLIDES TO THE GROUND. SUDDENLY, HIS ATTENTION IS DIRECTED TO TWO MEN SOME DISTANCE UP THE SIDEWALK

THAT BIG HONORE IS SAW-TOOTH JACKSON - WONDER WHAT HE'S UP TO.



GIT OUTA THE WAY DANG YA

YOU OVERSIZE HUNK O'BUZZARD BAIT! - IF I HAD MY CUTTER HERE, I'D



WHILE BUCK WATCHES, THE BIG GUNMAN COLLIDES WITH THE OLDER MAN, SENDING HIM STAGGERING FROM THE SIDEWALK --



BUTTON YORE LIP, DANG YA, OR I'LL KNOCK THE HIDE OFFA YER DERNED CARCASS!



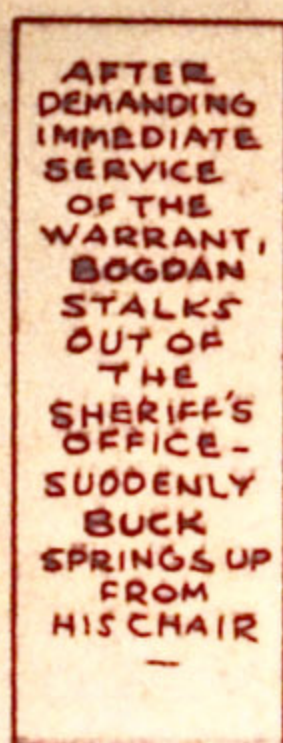
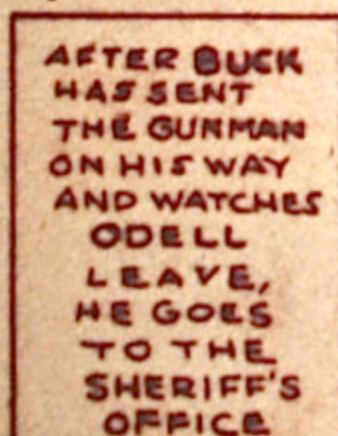
LOOKS KIND OF UNEVEN - I THINK I'LL TAKE A HAND HERE!

AS THE BULLY STANDS OVER THE OLD MAN, READY TO SMASH HIM AGAIN AS HE RISES ON ONE KNEE, BUCK VAULTS OVER THE HITCH-RAIL.

JUST AS THE BULLY IS ABOUT TO GIVE HIS VICTIM A VICIOUS KICK, BUCK RUSHES IN, LANDING A SMASHING RIGHT TO THE BULLY'S JAW -



CRACK

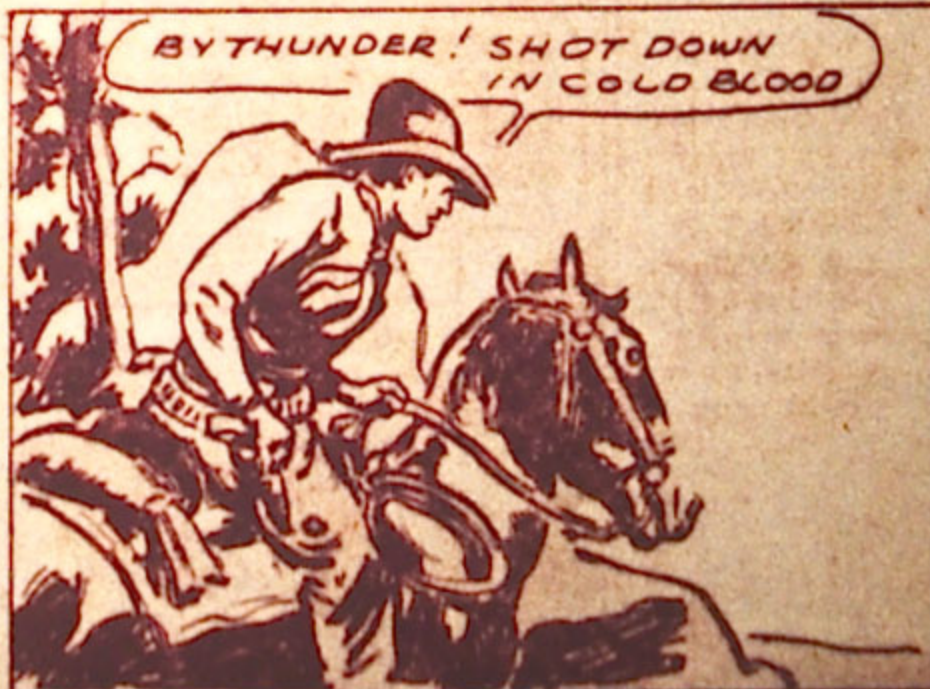


A GREAT PART OF THE WAY IS OVER A ROUGH MOUNTAIN TRAIL - FINALLY, FROM THE TOP OF A CLIFF, BUCK SIGHTS THE RANCH CABIN -



BUCK SEES ODELL DISMOUNT AND WALK TO THE CABIN DOOR, CARRYING BUNDLES -

AS ODELL OPENS THE DOOR, SUDDENLY THERE IS A GUN-BLAST FROM WITHIN. ODELL STAGGERS BACK AND LANDS IN A CRUMPLED HEAP -



LEAPING FROM THE SADDLE, BUCK CRAWLS AS NEAR AS POSSIBLE TO THE CLIFF'S EDGE TO WATCH FOR THE KILLER TO COME OUT.

BUCK WAITS A FEW MINUTES PUZZLED BECAUSE THE KILLER DOES NOT COME OUT - FINALLY HE STARTS TO MAKE HIS WAY DOWN THE TRAIL TO THE REAR OF THE CABIN





GRIPPING AN OVER HANGING BOUGH, BUCK SWINGS DOWN TO THE DOOR.

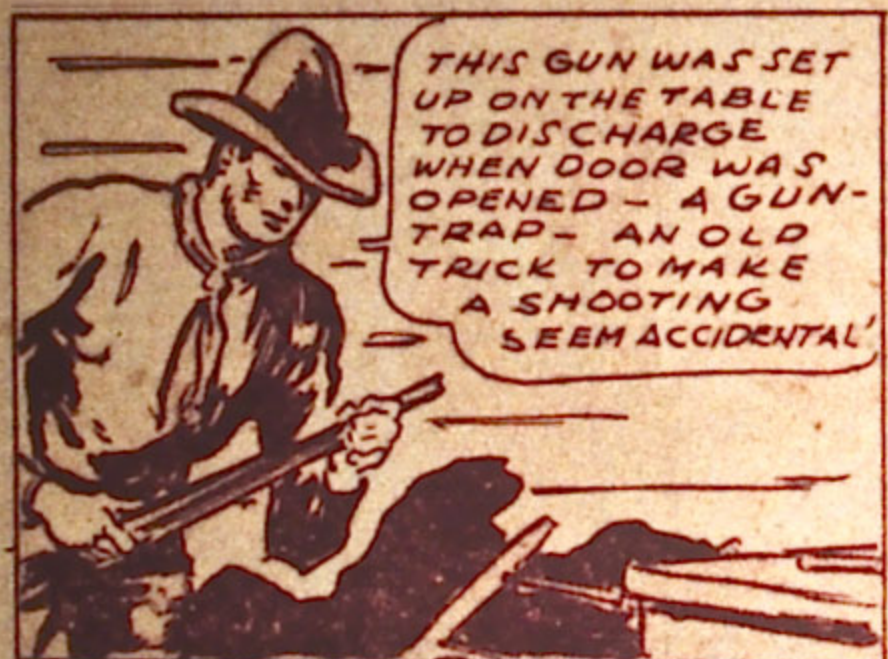
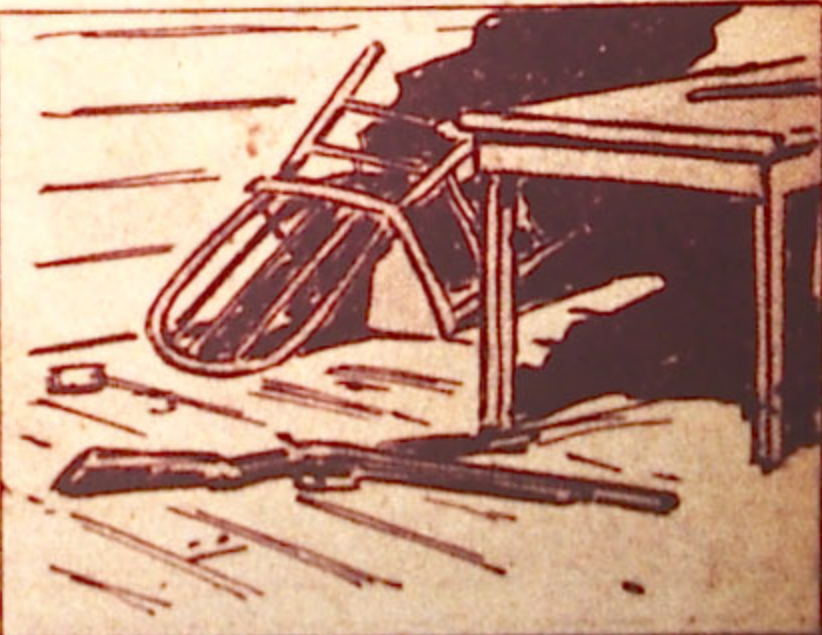


LIFT 'EM HIGH, IN THERE - WE'VE GOT YOU COVERED! -



WELL I'LL BE DOGGONED - EMPTY!

DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF THE DOOR IS A TABLE ON WHICH IS LYING A RUNNING IRON - NEAR AN OVERTURNED CHAIR, LIES A SAWED-OFF SHOT GUN - OTHERWISE, THE ROOM IS NOT IN DISORDER -



THIS GUN WAS SET UP ON THE TABLE TO DISCHARGE WHEN DOOR WAS OPENED - A GUN-TRAP - AN OLD TRICK TO MAKE A SHOOTING SEEM ACCIDENTAL



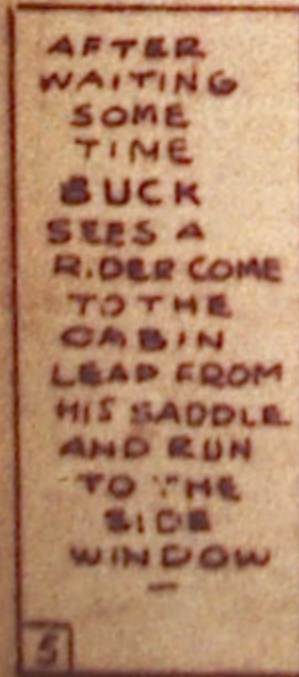
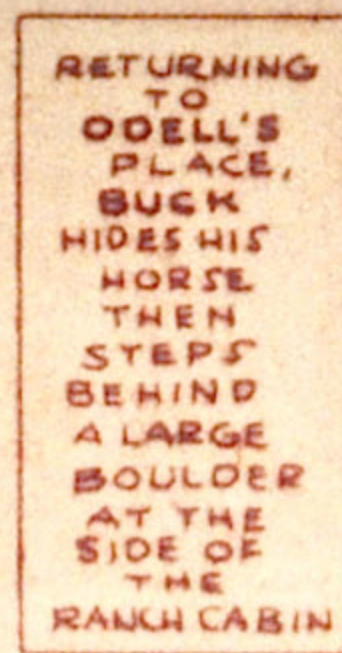
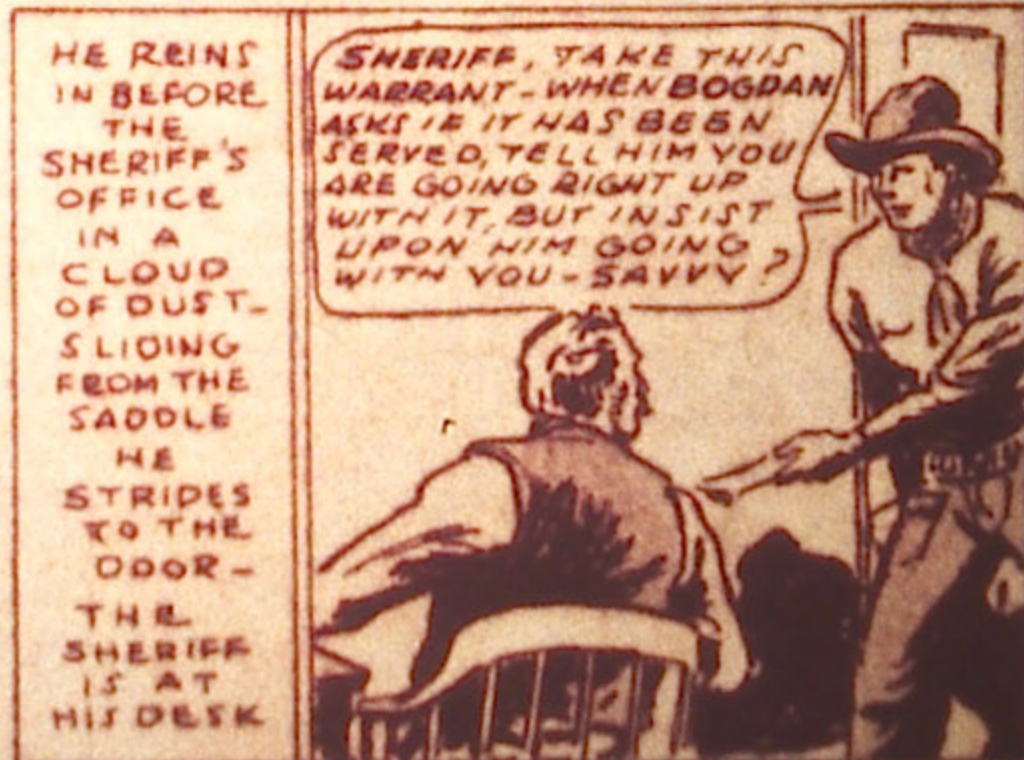
THIS RUNNING IRON HIT THE TRIGGER WHEN THE DOOR WAS SHOVED OPEN - NO MARKS ON IT TO SHOW, WHETHER OR NOT, IT BELONGS TO ODELL



I'VE GOT A HUNCH WHO SET THAT TRAP BUT I'VE GOT TO HUSTLE IF I WANT TO PROVE IT!

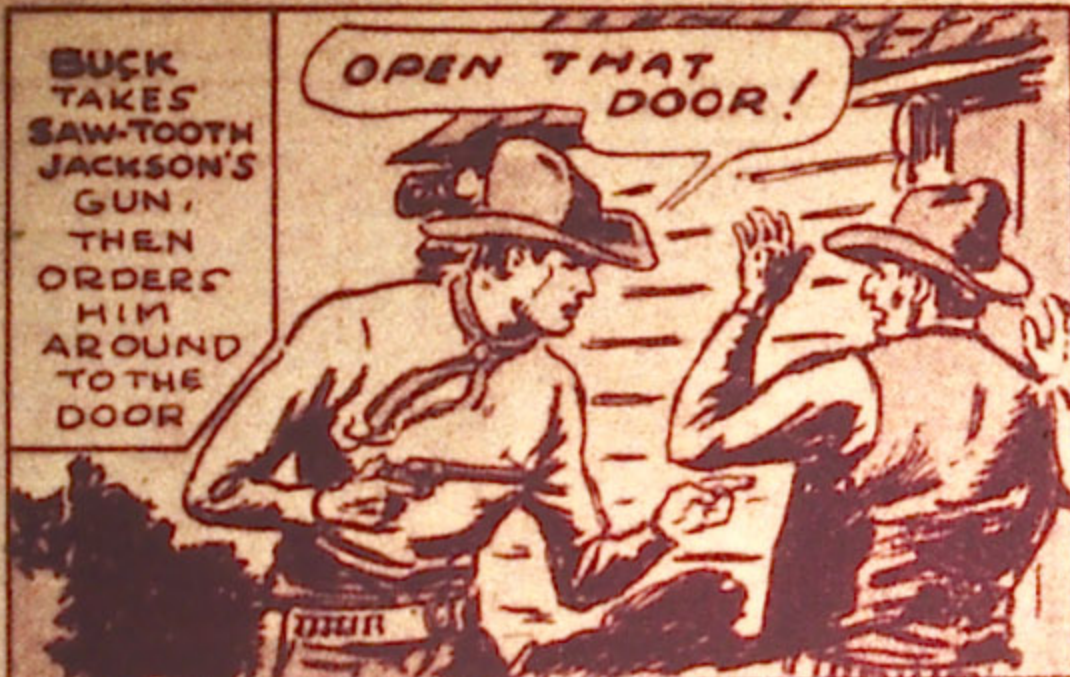


FIRST, I'LL BRING ODELL'S BODY INSIDE AND CLEAN UP AROUND THE DOOR



BUCK
TAKES
SAW-TOOTH
JACKSON'S
GUN,
THEN
ORDERS
HIM
AROUND
TO THE
DOOR

OPEN THAT
DOOR!



NO - NO - DONT MAKE
ME DO THAT! I'LL
TELL EVERYTHING!



AFRAID OF THE
GUN-TRAP
YOU SET
FOR
ODELL
EH!

BOGDAN
MADE ME
DO IT!
HE WANTS
ODELL'S
LAND -



SUDDENLY
BUCK
GETS A
GLIMPSE
OF THE
SHERIFF
AND BOGDAN
COMING -
BINDING
SAW-TOOTH'S
WRISTS,
HE SHOVES
HIM
BEHIND
A
BUSH -

GET YOUR CARCASS BEHIND
THAT BUSH AND DONT OPEN
YOUR MOUTH IF
YOU WANT
TO STAY
HEALTHY!



QUICKLY
SNAPPING
THE
PADLOCK
ON THE
DOOR
BUCK
STEPS
BEHIND
THE
BUSH
AND WAITS
FOR
THE SHERIFF
AND
BOGDAN
TO COME

GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO
COME AGAIN, SHERIFF
HE HASN'T GOT BACK
YET!

YES THE
DOOR IS
PADLOCKED



YOU'RE WRONG
BOGDAN - HE CAME
BACK AND WAS
MURDERED BY
YOUR GUN-TRAP

YOU'RE PLUMB
LOCO!
I HAVEN'T
BEEN NEAR
THIS CABIN -
WHERE'S YOUR
PROOF?

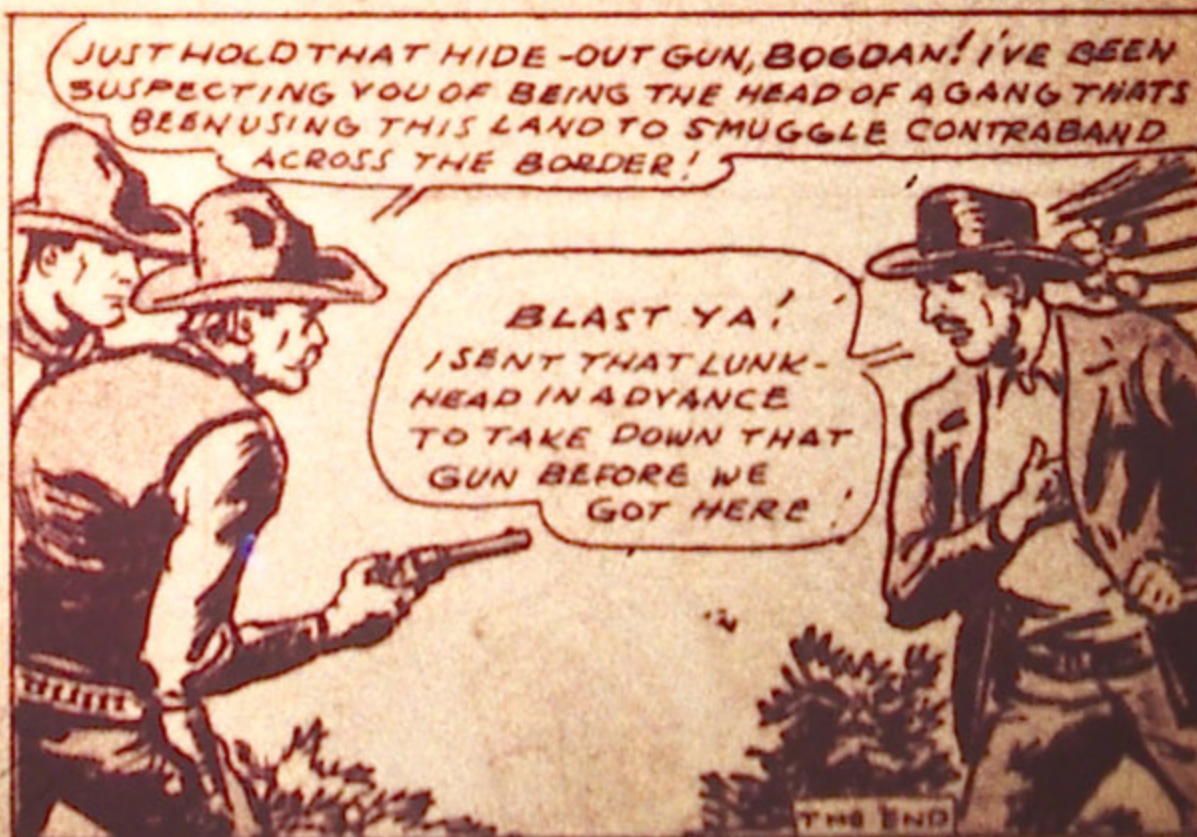


RIGHT HERE! YOUR HIRED
GUN SLINGER - SAW-TOOTH JACKSON -
WANTED IN ARIZONA FOR EVERY
THING ON THE COURT CALENDAR!
SHERIFF, PUT THE CUFFS ON BOGDAN
AND YOU'LL SEE ODELL'S BODY
IF YOU'LL OPEN
THAT DOOR -



JUST HOLD THAT HIDE-OUT GUN, BOGDAN! I'VE BEEN
SUSPECTING YOU OF BEING THE HEAD OF A GANG THAT'S
BEEN USING THIS LAND TO SMUGGLE CONTRABAND
ACROSS THE BORDER!

BLAST YA!
I SENT THAT LUNK-
HEAD IN ADVANCE
TO TAKE DOWN THAT
GUN BEFORE WE
GOT HERE!



THE END

SPY

SIEGEL and SHUSTER

HEADQUARTERS OF THE U.S. SPY SERVICE ----

SENATOR BARKLY HAS COME TO WASHINGTON WITH VALUABLE PAPERS. THERE ARE SINISTER FORCES FROM WHICH HE MUST BE GUARDED!

AND WE'RE TO WATCH OVER THE OLD BOY, EH?

SOUNDS LIKE A SIMPLE ASSIGNMENT TO ME!



BUT IT'S NOT AS SIMPLE AS IT APPEARS--THE SENATOR BULL-HEADEDLY INSISTS HE WANTS NO BODYGUARD--SO YOU'LL HAVE TO GUARD HIM WITHOUT HIS KNOWLEDGE



AS THEY ENTER THE SENATOR'S HOTEL---

PAGING SENATOR BARKLY!

KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED, SALLY! HERE'S WHERE WE CATCH OUR FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE SENATOR



I'M SENATOR BARKLY.

HERE'S A MESSAGE FOR YOU, SIR



AS THE SENATOR READS, HIS BROW FURROWS--IN A FROWN



SOMETHING'S UP!

I'VE A HUNCH YOU AND I ARE SOON GOING INTO ACTION!



WHEN HE CONCLUDES READING THE MESSAGE, BARKLY TOSSES IT INTO A WASTE RECEPTACLE, AND HURRIES FROM THE HOTEL LOBBY

NOW?

NO, WAIT 'TILL HE'S OUT OF THE ROOM!



THE MOMENT SENATOR BARKLY IS OUT OF VIEW, BART APPROPRIATES THE NOTE FROM THE WASTEBASKET



WHAT DOES IT SAY?

SEE FOR YOURSELF!



"DEAR SENATOR--
IMPORTANT INFORMATION WILL BE GIVEN
YOU IF YOU COME TO 349 GROGAN LANE--
A FRIEND"



IT'S A "COME-ON" NOTE,
MEANT TO LURE HIM
INTO A TRAP!

AND HE'LL
PROBABLY
FALL FOR IT!



COME ON! WE'VE GOT TO
BEAT HIM TO THAT
ADDRESS!

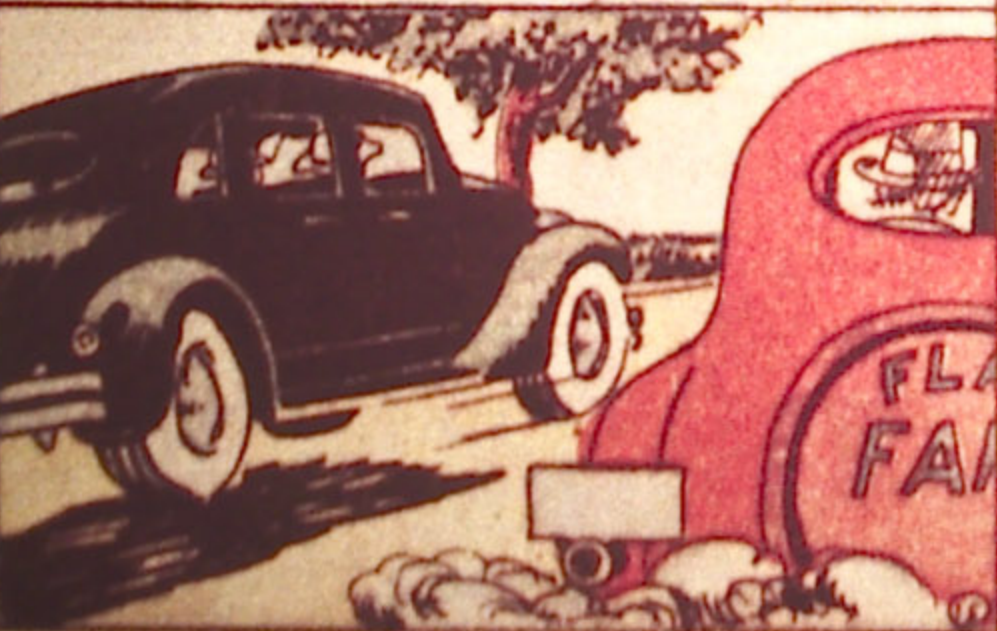


TO HECK WITH
TRAFFIC LIGHTS!-
MORE SPEED!

WE'RE DOING SIXTY!-
WHAT MORE DO
YOU WANT?



BART'S HURLING CAR EASILY PASSES A TAXI---



DO YOU KNOW WHO
I GLIMPSED IN THAT
TAXI?

YEAH!-THE SENATOR!-
LOOKS LIKE WE'LL REACH
THERE A FULL FIVE
MINUTES BEFORE HIM!



WHEN GROGAN LANE IS REACHED...

WELL, WHAT DO WE
DO NOW? ENTER?

NO, I'VE A
BETTER PLAN!



17

WE WILL ENTER THE DESERTED LANE THRU
ITS OTHER ENTRANCE. IN THIS WAY WE'LL
SNEAK UP ON THE ENEMY FROM BEHIND!



18

SHORTLY LATER...

LOOK! OUR
GUESS WAS
RIGHT!

THEY'RE LYING
IN WAIT FOR
THE SENATOR!



19

FROM THE CROUCHED ATTITUDE OF THE MEN, AND
THE PRESENCE OF THEIR WEAPONS, IT'S OBVIOUS
THEY PLAN A COWARDLY MURDER.

DON'T GIVE HIM A
CHANCE TO SHOUT
FOR HELP!

ONE WELL PLACED SHOT
WILL DO THE TRICK!



20

WAIT HERE, SALLY,
WHILE I ATTEND
TO THEM.

OH, NO! - I'M NOT
GOING TO MISS
THE FUN!



SALLY AND BART LEAP SIMULTANEOUSLY...

WHAT
TH--!

USE YOUR
GUN!



21

THANKS FOR
RESISTING!



YOU'RE JUST
A GIRL!

YEAH - BUT
WOTTA GIRL!



THE COWARDLY WOULD-BE ASSASSINS DASH AWAY...



LOOK AT THEM RUN!

THEY DON'T LOOK VERY MENACING NOW!



DOWN! - HERE COMES THE SENATOR'S TAXI!



THAT'S STRANGE! - THERE'S NO ONE HERE!



THAT NOTE MUST HAVE BEEN A HOAX! DRIVER, RETURN ME TO MY HOTEL!

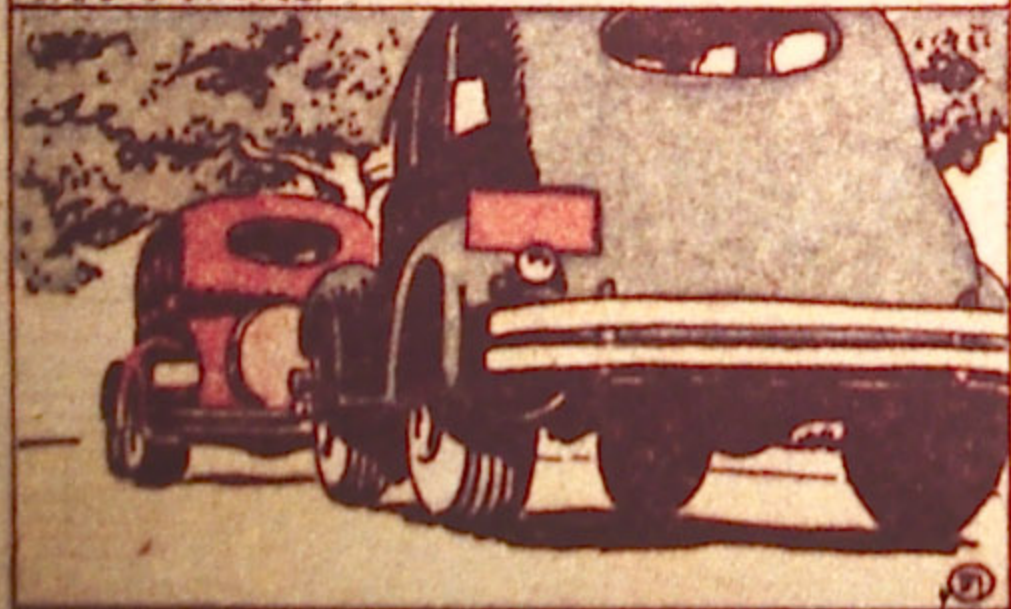


WELL, THAT FINISHES THAT!

OH, NO IT DOESN'T! WE'VE GOT TO SEE THAT OUR PAL REACHES HOME SAFELY!



BART'S CAR TRAILS THE SENATOR'S TAXI AT A SAFE DISTANCE.



HAVE YOU NOTICED! - THE TAXI'S DRIVING IN THE WRONG DIRECTION!

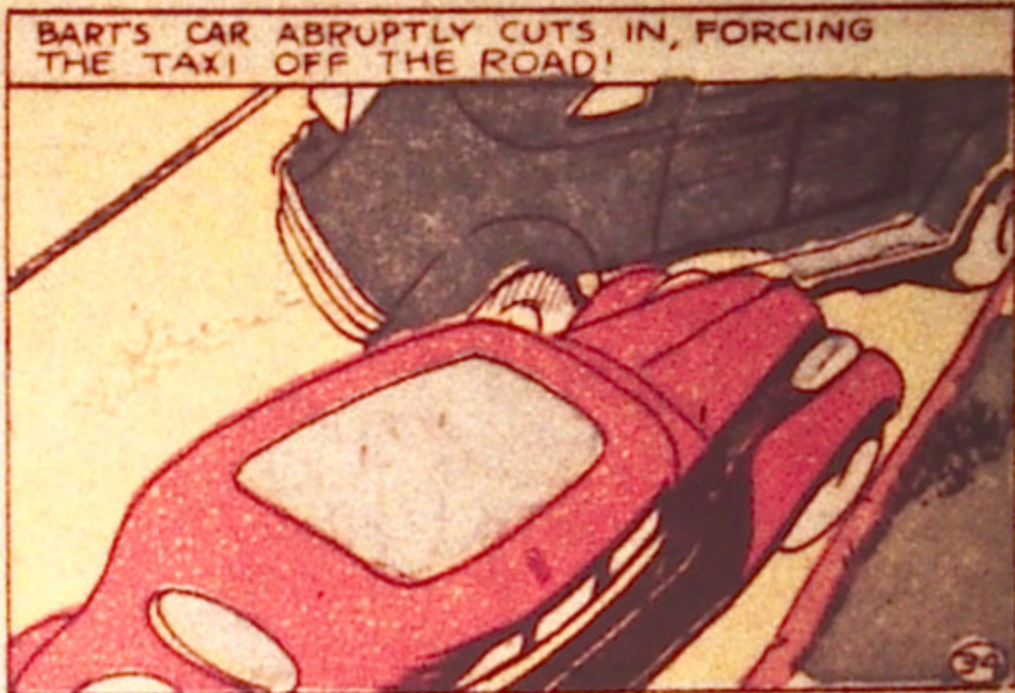
OH OH! MORE COMPLICATIONS!



WE'VE GOT TO STOP THEM
BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!



BART'S CAR ABRUPTLY CUTS IN, FORCING
THE TAXI OFF THE ROAD!



WHAT'S THE
BIG IDEA?

KEEP QUIET, YOU!—
WE KNOW WHAT
YOU'RE UP TO!



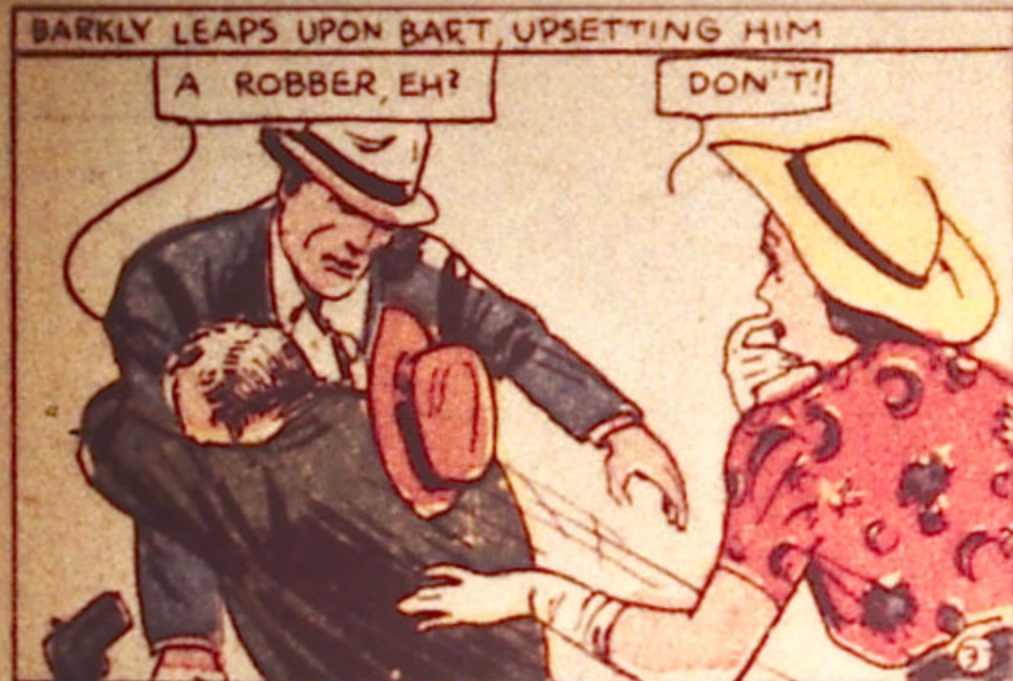
A HOLD-UP!



BARKLY LEAPS UPON BART, UPSETTING HIM

A ROBBER, EH?

DON'T!



DON'T ANY OF
YOU MOVE!



WH-WHY--
W-WHATE?

CAN'T YOU SEE? WE WERE
TRYING TO SAVE YOU!—
YOU WERE BEING KIDNAPPED!

GET IN
THAT CAR!



I'VE BEEN
A FOOL!

YOU SAID IT!—NOW, DON'T EITHER
OF YOU IN THE BACK SEAT TRY
ANYTHING, OR THE GIRL GETS IT!



THE DRIVER STEERS WITH ONE HAND; HIS OTHER HAND, PRESSING A GUN AGAINST SALLY'S SIDE, EFFECTIVELY PREVENTS OPPOSITION



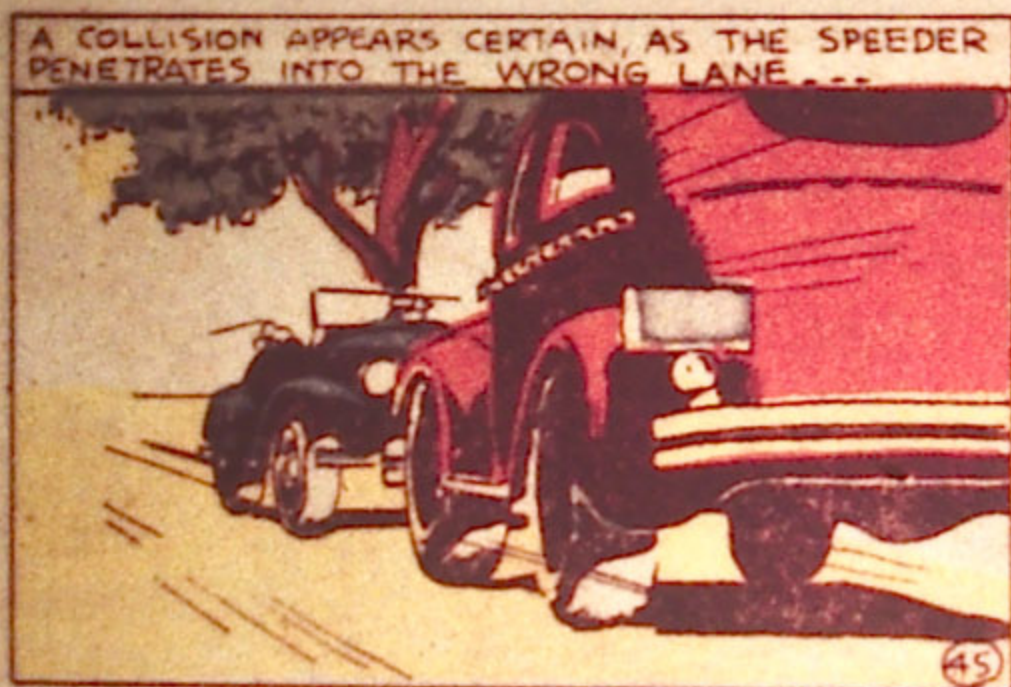
WITH EACH PASSING MOMENT THE TAXI IS BRING-
ING ITS PRISONERS CLOSER TO AN UNKNOWN FATE.
IF MY LIFE WERE THE ONLY ONE [WE'RE HOPELESS-
AT STAKE, I'D MAKE AN ATTEMPT LY TRAPPED!
AT RESISTANCE. BUT I CAN'T RISK
SALLY'S



IT WOULD BE PURE
SUICIDE FOR ME TO
TRY ANYTHING! IF
ONLY---



FATE TAKES A HAND!—AROUND A NEARBY
CORNER SWERVES A SPEEDER...



A COLLISION APPEARS CERTAIN, AS THE SPEEDER
PENETRATES INTO THE WRONG LANE...



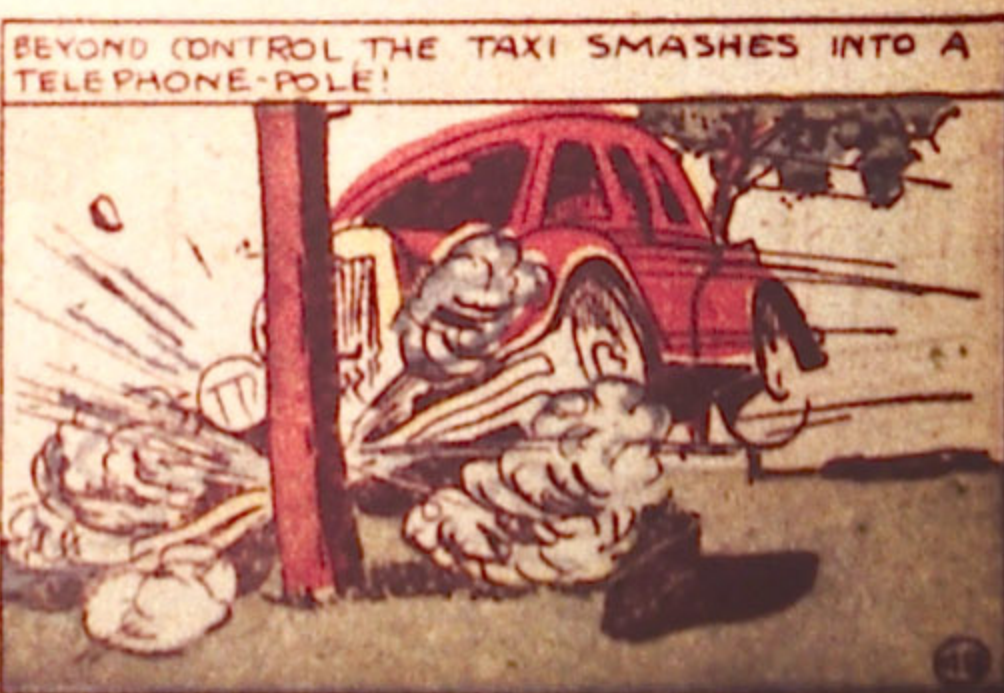
NOW'S MY
CHANCE!

HE'S DRUNK!

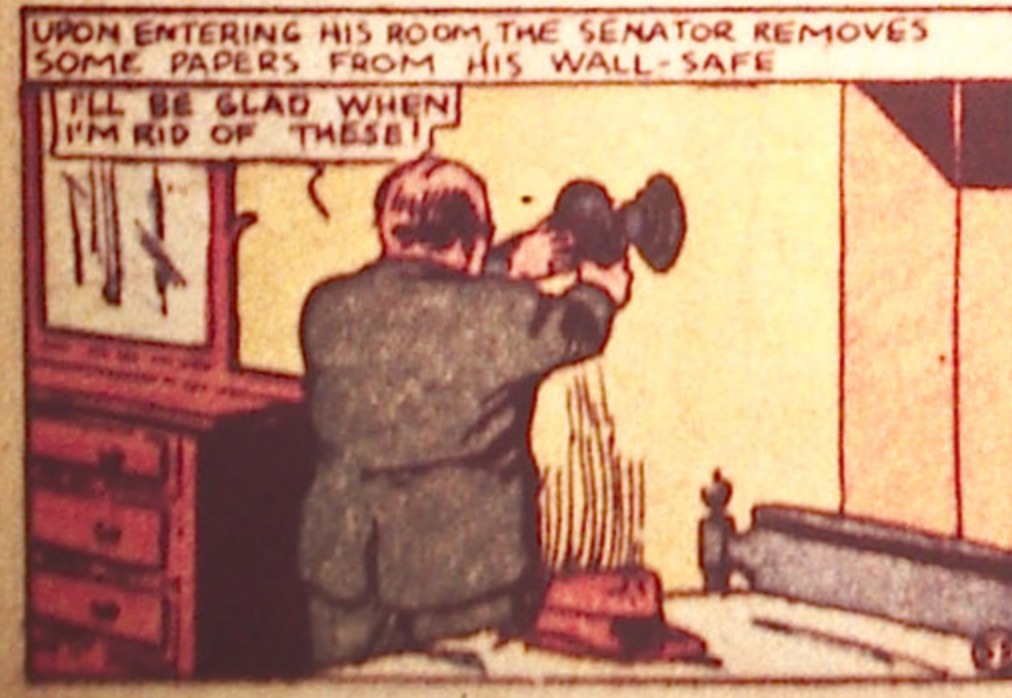
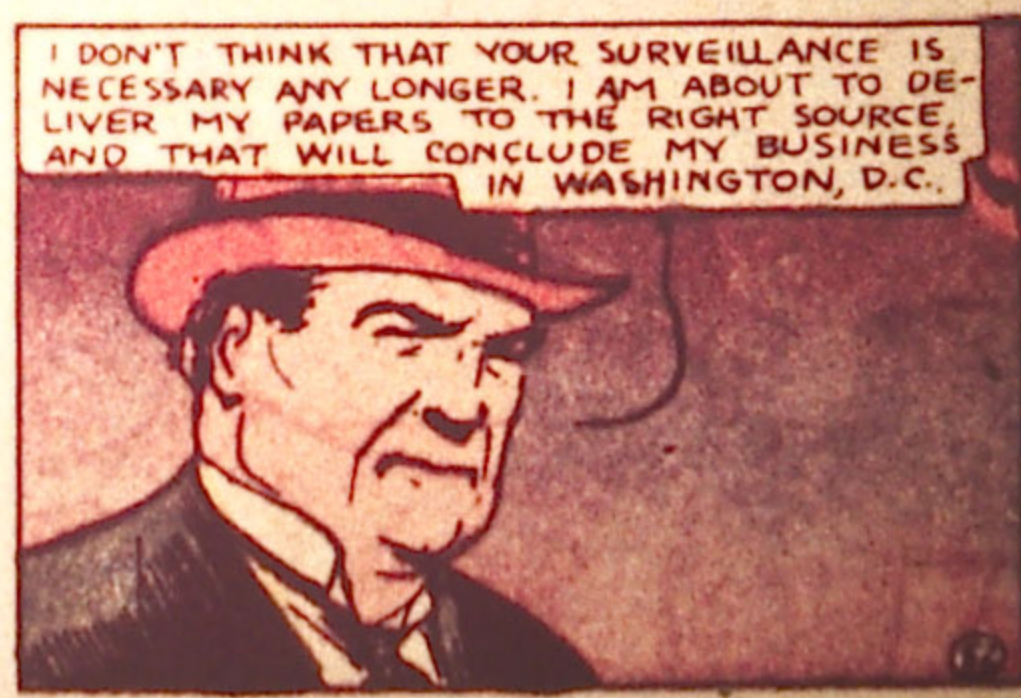
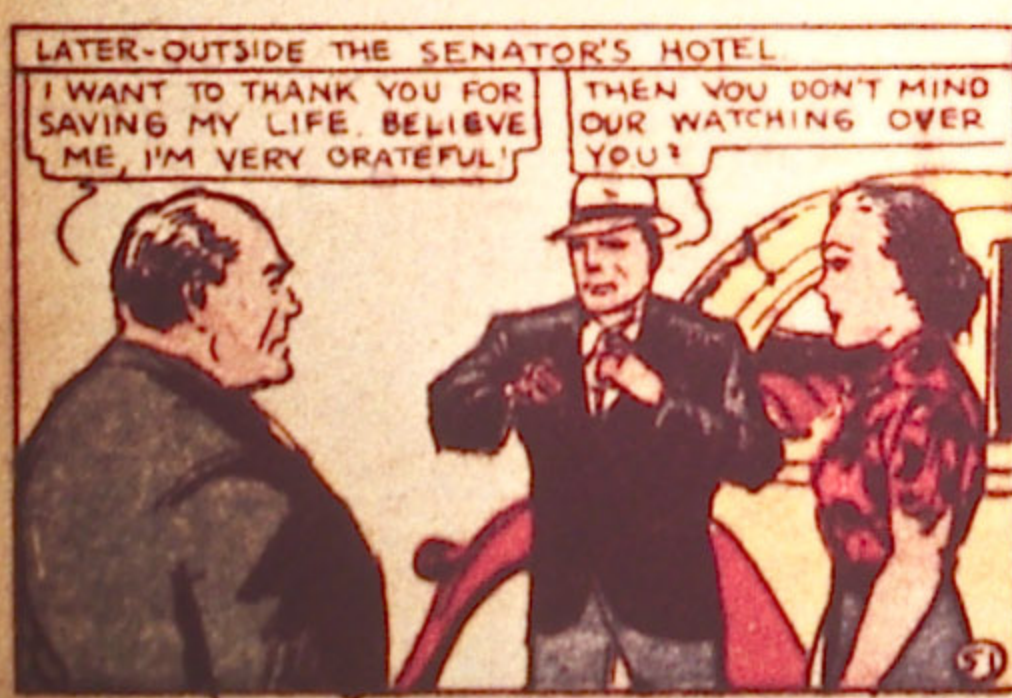
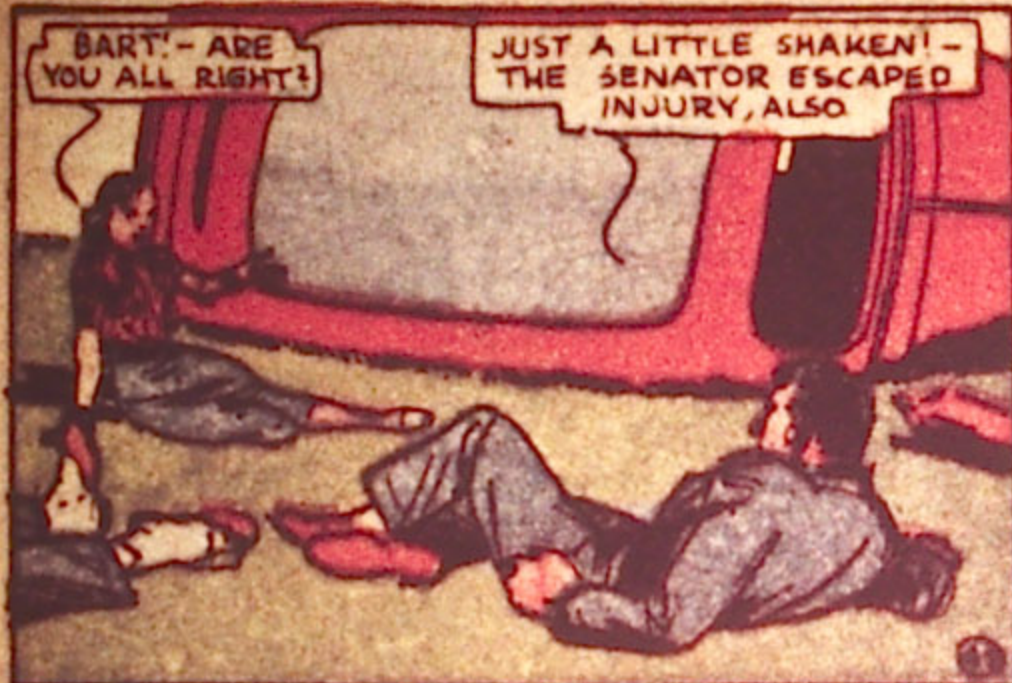


BART!—
HELP!

LET GO YOU
LITTLE FOOL!



BEYOND CONTROL THE TAXI SMASHES INTO A
TELEPHONE-POLE!





The adventurous story
of that sinister character
of the Orient . . .

DOCTOR FU MANCHU!

by
The Celebrated
English Author

SAX ROHMER



"You remember the call in the lane when Sir Crichton died," replied Smith, leading the way into the bedroom. "It is a dacoit—an East Indian murderer—who operates the Zayat Kiss. The ivy, you know, runs all the way up to the window. To a dacoit an ivy-covered wall is a grand staircase. . . ."

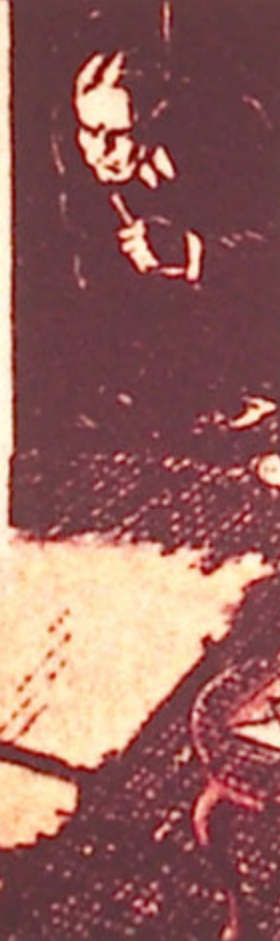


Smith put the perfumed envelope on a little table in the middle of the room. We stuffed coats and rugs under the covers of the bed to give the appearance of a sleeper . . .

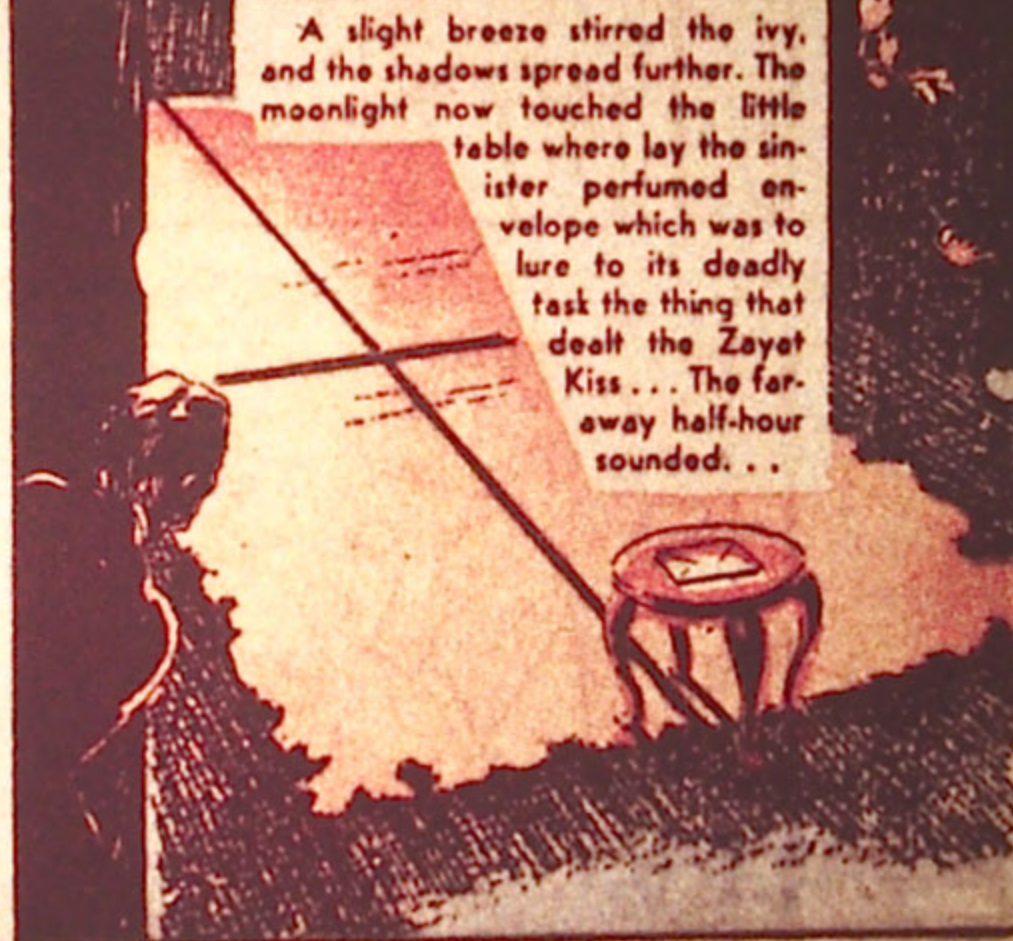


Smith squatted on cushions in a shadowy corner, with a revolver and an electric pocket-lamp. He also laid a golf club beside him. As I switched out the light, the utter silence was broken by a distant clock striking two . . .

Nayland Smith and I sat waiting tensely for the murderous hand of Fu Manchu to strike. No sound broke the stillness of the night . . . The full moon had painted about the floor weird shadows of the clustering ivy at the window, spreading the design gradually across the room . . . The distant clock struck quarter past two . . .

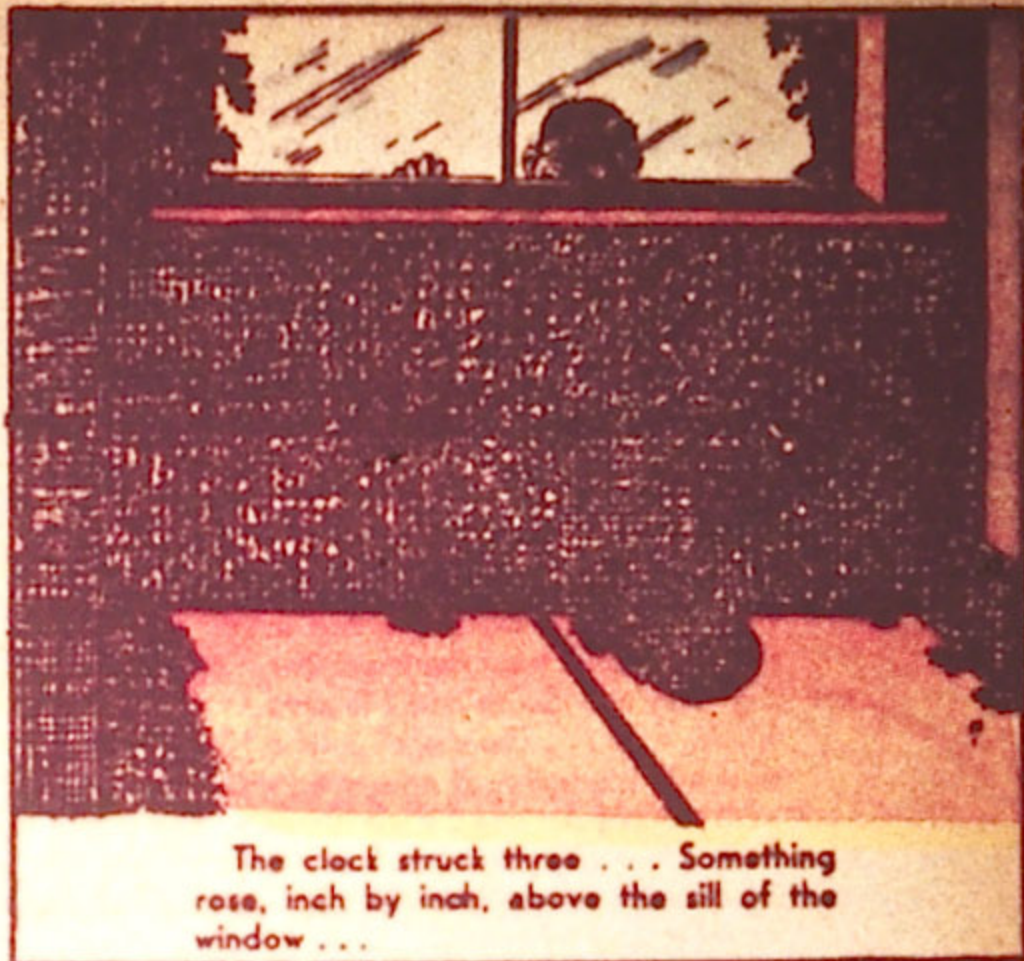


A slight breeze stirred the ivy, and the shadows spread further. The moonlight now touched the little table where lay the sinister perfumed envelope which was to lure to its deadly task the thing that dealt the Zayat Kiss . . . The far-away half-hour sounded. . .

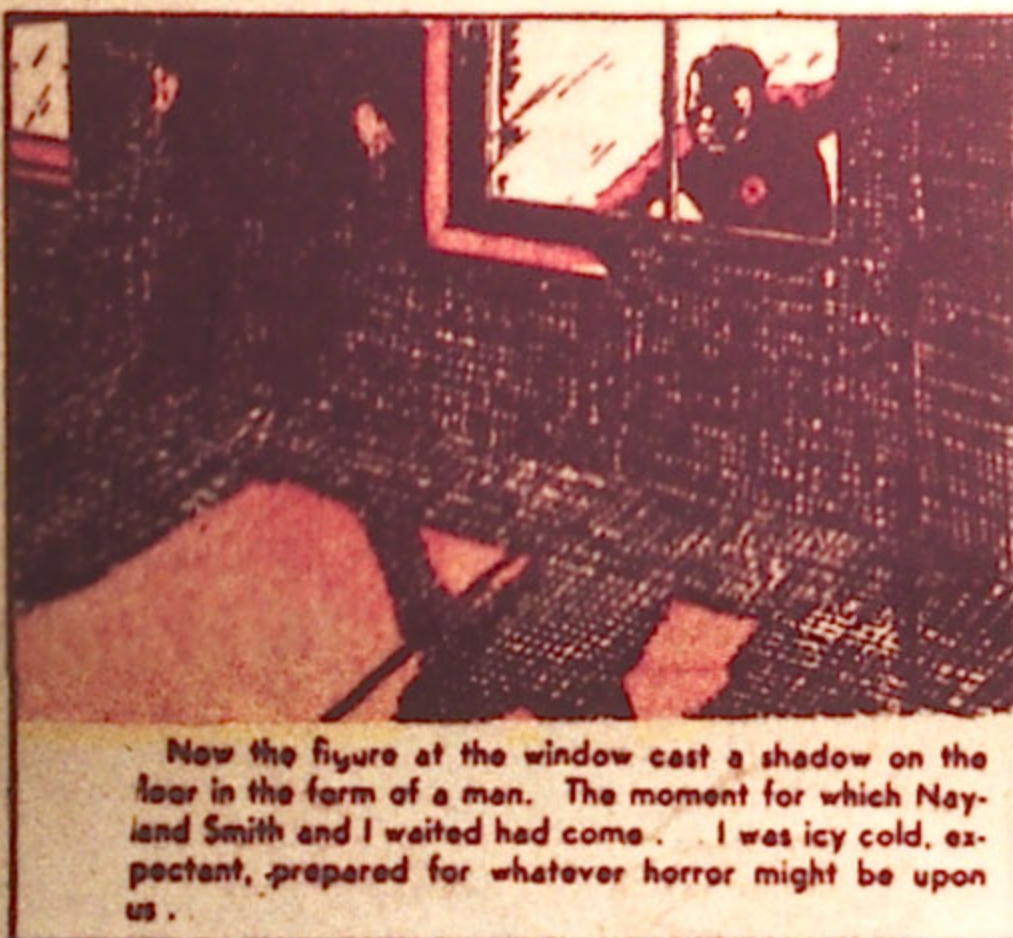




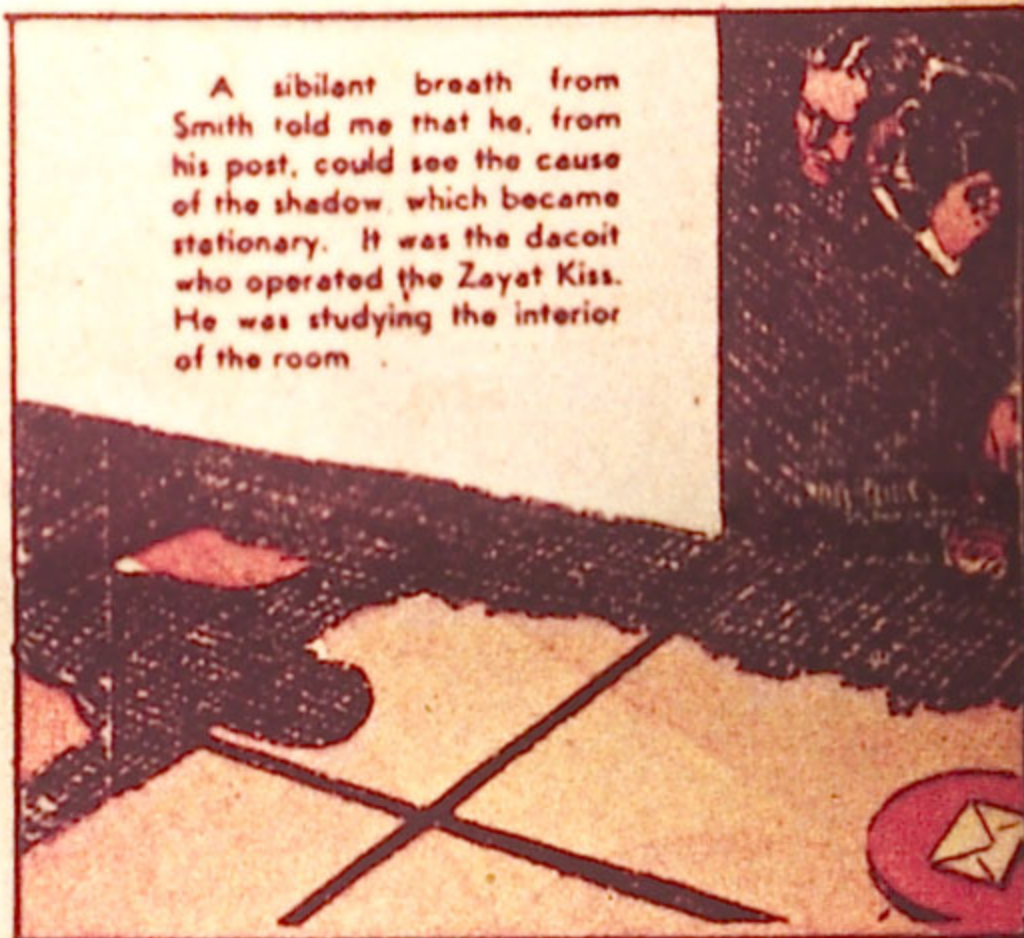
I pictured Fu Manchu, awaiting in some mysterious hiding place the outcome of this monstrous attempt to end Nayland Smith's war against his villainies . . . A shudder swept me at the thought of the Yellow genius of evil . . .



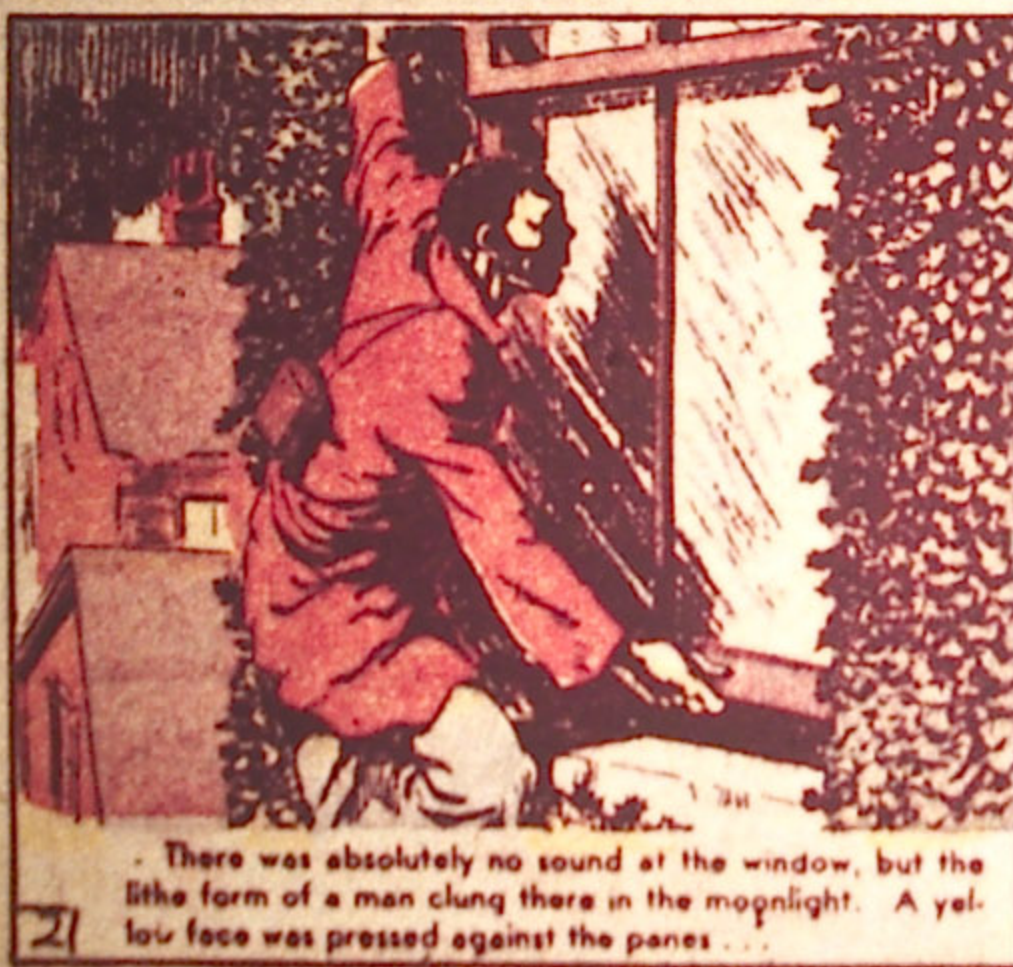
The clock struck three . . . Something rose, inch by inch, above the sill of the window . . .



Now the figure at the window cast a shadow on the floor in the form of a man. The moment for which Nayland Smith and I waited had come . . . I was icy cold, expectant, prepared for whatever horror might be upon us . . .



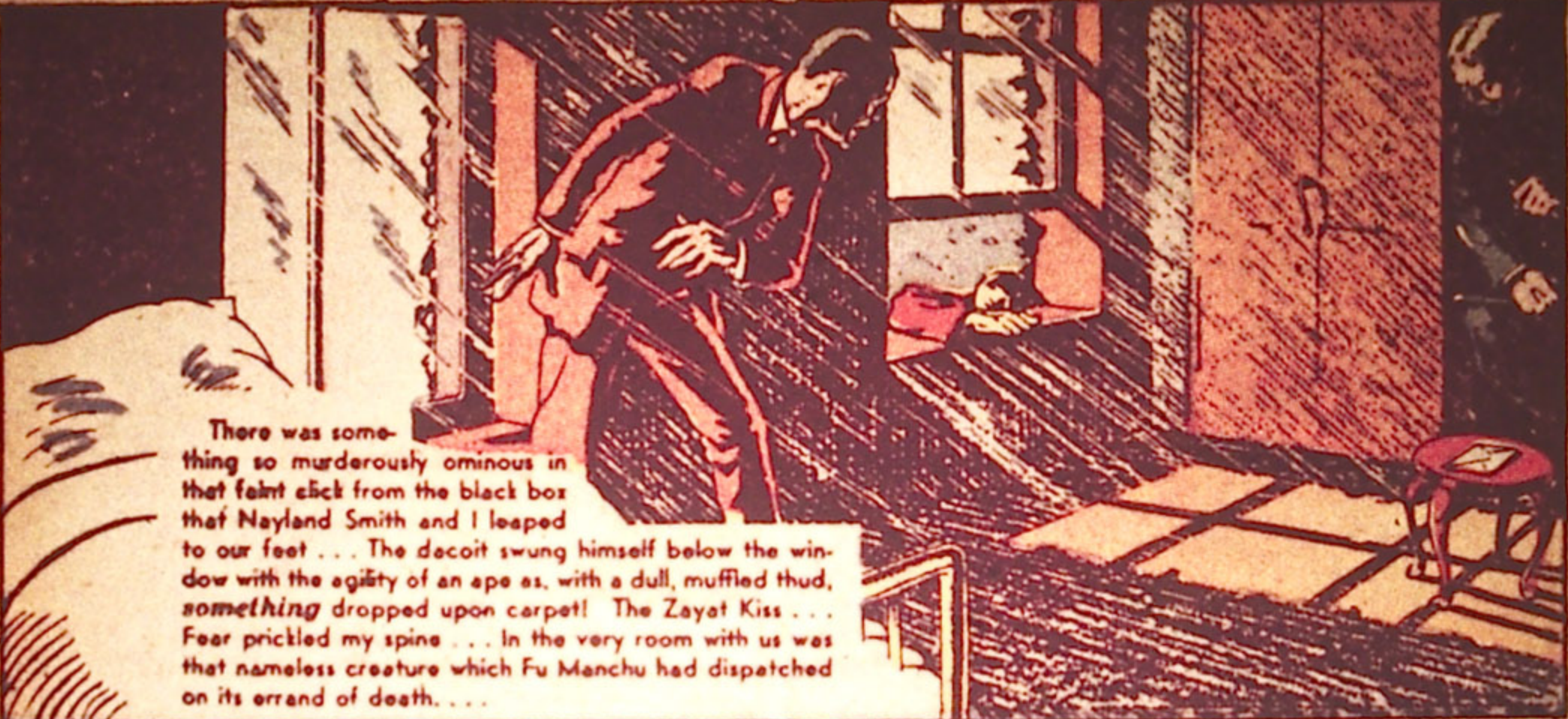
A sibilant breath from Smith told me that he, from his post, could see the cause of the shadow, which became stationary. It was the dacoit who operated the Zayat Kiss. He was studying the interior of the room . . .




There was absolutely no sound at the window, but the lithe form of a man clung there in the moonlight. A yellow face was pressed against the panes . . .



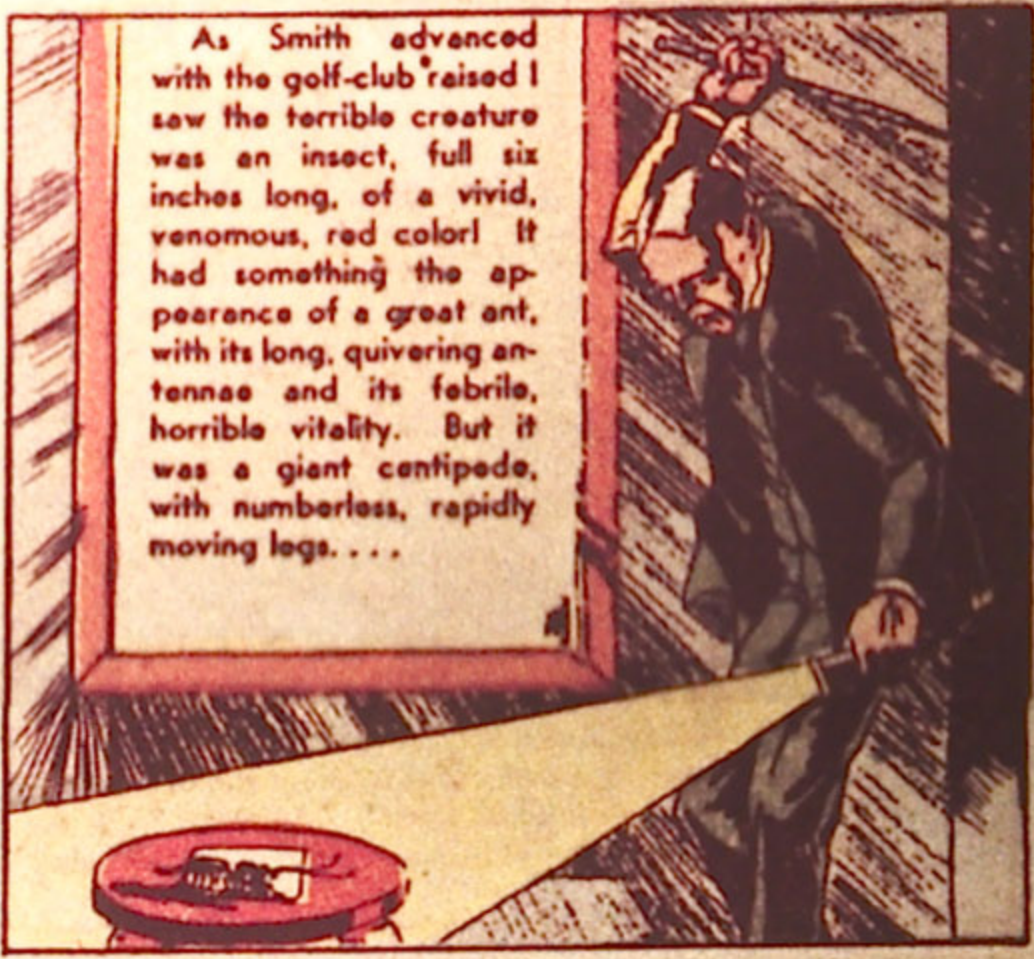
Thin hands raised the sash. One hand disappeared, and reappeared in a moment grasping a small, square box . . . There was a very faint click . . .



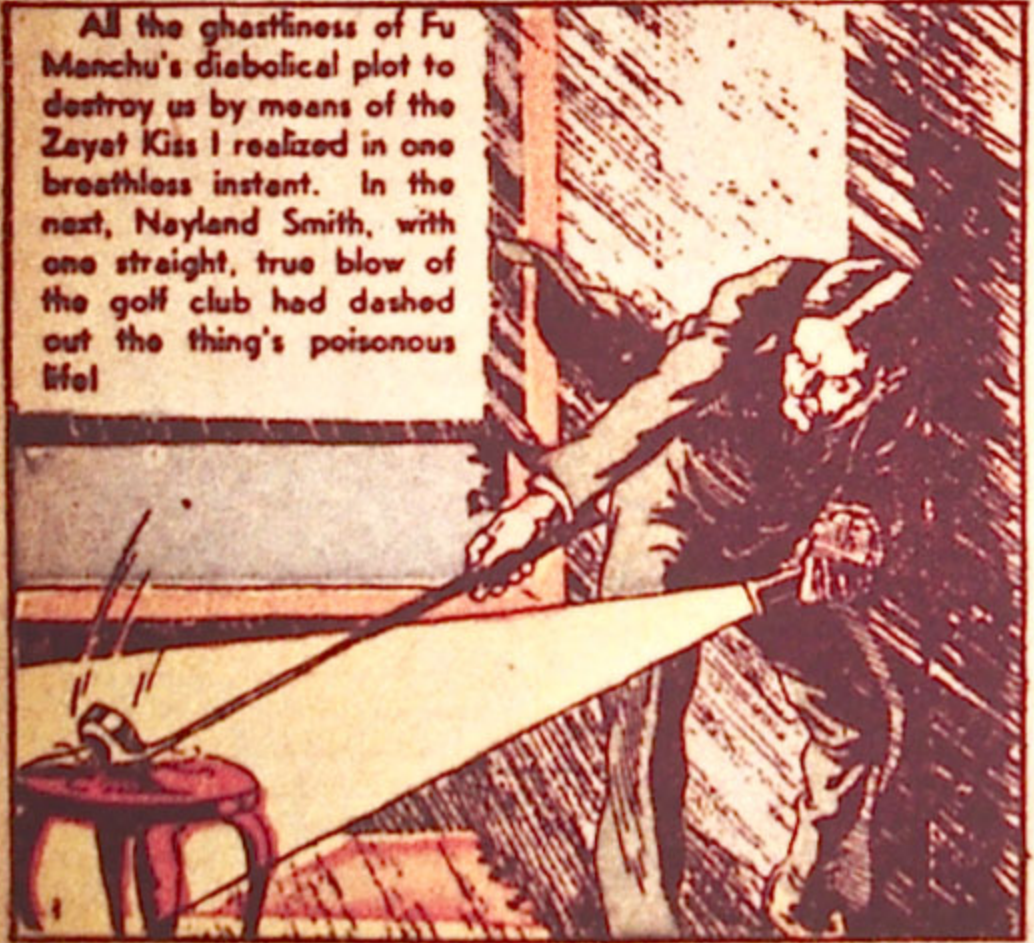
There was something so murderously ominous in that faint click from the black box that Nayland Smith and I leaped to our feet . . . The decoit swung himself below the window with the agility of an ape as, with a dull, muffled thud, *something* dropped upon carpet! The Zayat Kiss . . . Fear prickled my spine . . . In the very room with us was that nameless creature which Fu Manchu had dispatched on its errand of death. . . .




"Stand still for your life!" came Smith's voice, high-pitched. A beam of white light leaped out and I stifled a scream when it revealed the thing that was running around the perfumed envelope. . . .



As Smith advanced with the golf-club raised I saw the terrible creature was an insect, full six inches long, of a vivid, venomous, red color! It had something the appearance of a great ant, with its long, quivering antennae and its febrile, horrible vitality. But it was a giant centipede, with numberless, rapidly moving legs. . . .



All the ghastliness of Fu Manchu's diabolical plot to destroy us by means of the Zayat Kiss I realized in one breathless instant. In the next, Nayland Smith, with one straight, true blow of the golf club had dashed out the thing's poisonous life!



"The window, Pet-riel!" cried Smith, and I ran to it . . . As I did so I felt brushing my hand the silken thread which had been the giant centipede's tether. . . .



Drawing my pistol, I leaned far out over the window ledge. Smith at my elbow. . . . But we were too late. . . .



Looking down the wall we could see the decoit dropping with incredible agility from branch to branch of the ivy. Without offering a mark for a shot, Fu Manchu's servant of death melted into the shadows beneath the garden's trees. . . .



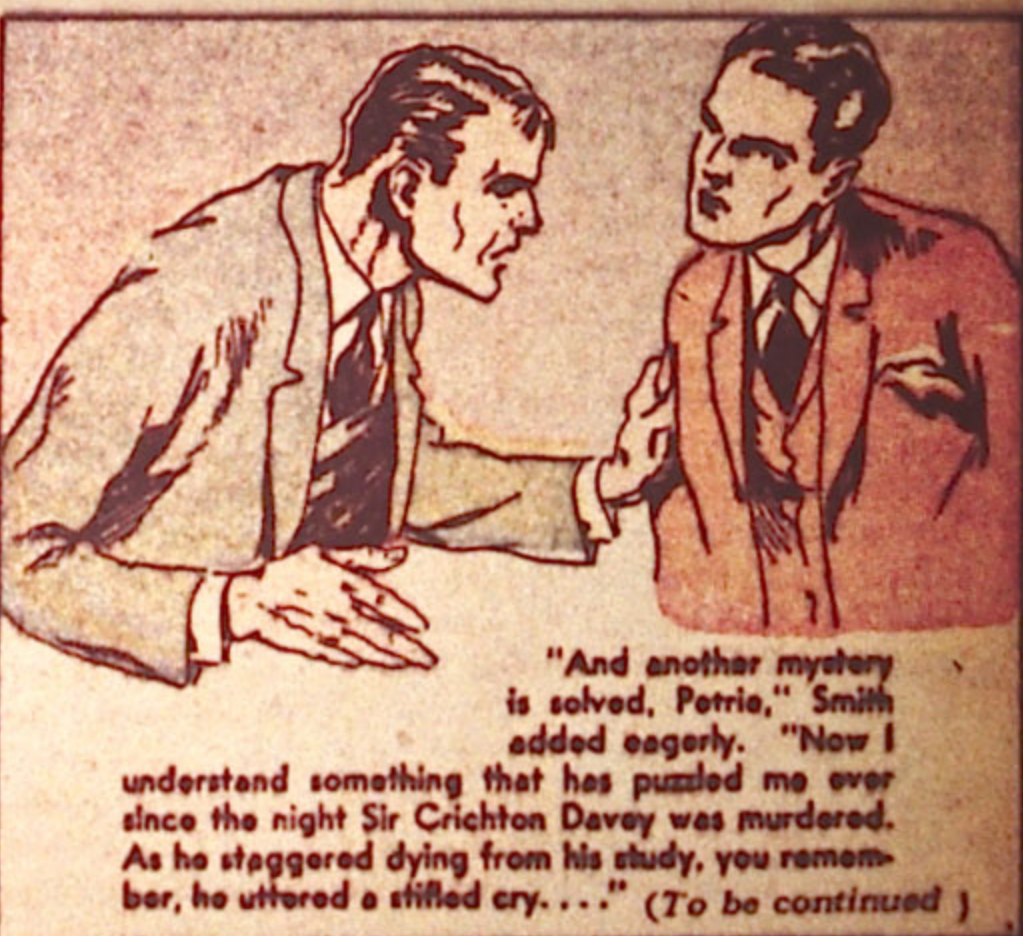
Neyland Smith dropped limply into a chair as I turned on the light. Even his grim courage had been sorely tried in thwarting Fu Manchu's hideous plot against our lives.



I had gone back to the window and was gazing out again, hoping for a glimpse of our late visitor. Smith joined me there. "Never mind the decoit, Petrie," he said. "Names will know where to find him."



We stood looking aghast at what was left of the deadly insect from which Smith's golf club had saved us. "We know now what causes the mark of the Zayat Kiss," he said. "Therefore science is richer for our first brush with the enemy, and the enemy is poorer—unless Fu Manchu has more centipedes. . . ."



"And another mystery is solved, Petrie," Smith added eagerly. "Now I understand something that has puzzled me ever since the night Sir Crichton Davey was murdered. As he staggered dying from his study, you remember, he uttered a stifled cry. . . ." (To be continued)

GIVE AND TAKE

By
Paul Dean

THE still night air was suddenly shattered by a piercing scream, fearful and blood-chilling.

Detective Bedford, awakened from a sound sleep, leaped from his bed and dashed to the door. He flung it open and raced swiftly down the hotel corridor to Room 16. Others in the building must have heard the cry for several doors were cautiously pulled back and Bedford could hear the puzzled murmurings of the aroused guests.

He reached Room 16 and tried the door. It was locked from the inside. "I thought as much!" he said fiercely, and without hesitation he stood back and rammed his shoulders against the heavy panels. Three times, four times and finally the lock snapped and the door swung inward.

Bedford bounded into the room and halted. Kneeling by the foot of the bed was Sir Charles Knight, his wrists securely fastened by a silken cord to one of the bed-posts. The detective was at his side and quickly untied the elderly man's bonds.

"What is it, Sir Charles?" he asked him. "What happened?"

The man turned his head slowly and merely looked at the detective.

He opened his mouth to speak but the sounds he produced were nothing more than incoherent babblings. His eyes seemed to be coated with some sort of film and were vacant and staring.

The manager of the hotel, having heard the commotion, raced into the room. Bedford motioned to him and together they carried Sir Charles to an easy chair.

"What's the trouble?" asked the anxious manager. "Is Sir Charles ill?"

"Yes, he is quite sick!" the detective replied, pouring a glass of whiskey from a decanter. "But his illness is of the mind . . . Sir Charles has been hypnotized!"

The manager closed the door to the prying eyes of curious guests. "Hypnotized! That seems incredible! Who would want to hypnotize him . . . and why?"

"Many people would be only too glad to approach Sir Charles in a hypnotic coma," Bedford said, offering the glass to the elderly man. "You see, he happens to be one of England's wealthiest gem collectors and time and again he has outbid other collectors for pieces of jewelry . . . jewelry that these same men would rob, plunder and murder for without the slightest qualms!"

"You believe, then, that one of his competitors is responsible for

his condition?" the manager asked, wiping his brow.

"Not only do I believe this but I am certain that I know who he is!" the detective answered. "Sir Charles came here to New York for the sole purpose of buying the famous Burma Ruby. He accomplished his mission but by the same token, acquired several enemies who also had their hearts set on purchasing this well-known gem. Needless to say, each and everyone of these gentlemen—I say 'gentlemen', because in every day society, these men hold high and esteemed positions—would not hesitate to employ unlawful methods to acquire the stone."

"You say you actually know who attacked Sir Charles?" the manager asked. "Who is it, then?"

Bedford held the silken cord in his hand that had bound Sir Charles. "Of all the gentlemen anxious to get their hands on the Burma Ruby, only one would use a cord made of silk fiber for that purpose. And his name is Wen Tung?"

"An Oriental?"

"Exactly. And a clever one at that!" the detective answered. "Down at police headquarters we had received word of Sir Charles' advent and we anticipated something of this nature. That's the reason why I was assigned to follow Sir Charles, to prevent just this thing. But it seems as if I'm too late . . . or perhaps I'm *not* too late at that!"

• • • • •

A DISTANT church tower chimed the hour of 2 A. M. Detective Bedford hurried along the dark side streets of the lower East Side. An hour ago he had left Sir Charles in the capable hands of a noted specialist and the hotel manager. It was now his task to regain the Burma Ruby that Wen Tung had taken from the English collector.

He turned into a narrow, alley-like street that ended abruptly at the river's edge. The house he sought was half-way down the block, a bleak and dismal looking building with drawn blinds and a forbidding iron-grille door.

"Well, Mr. Wen Tung, I've come to pay you a visit," Bedford said

to himself. "Whether or not its a social call depends on you!"

Bedford did not approach the front door but slipped through a walk running between the buildings, to the rear of the house. Quietly he climbed to the roof of a shed set close to the side of the building and tried one of the windows. It was locked, as he had expected. From his pocket he took a slim file and working patiently for a minute or more, succeeded in unloosening the bolt. He lifted the window softly and stepped into a black room.

The place was absolutely quiet and Bedford remained motionless, wondering whether he had been heard. His eyes became accustomed to the gloom and from the numerous rows and shelves of books, he guessed that he must be in Wen Tung's library.

Then he heard a voice and a lamp in the next room was snapped on, for he could see a sliver of light beneath the door leading to it. Noiselessly he tip-toed across the floor and placed his ear against the door. The high, cackling monotone drifted to him and he knew he was listening to Wen Tung.

"... one of the greatest and perhaps the finest example of its kind in the world today. This stone, Sin Lao, is a veritable gift of the gods and I will confess that I would not hesitate at murder to possess it and to keep it in my possession!"

"He's got the stone, all right, and he's determined to keep it, too!" Bedford muttered grimly. He must act quickly and strike hard. He placed his hand on the knob and was relieved when it turned. Ever so slowly he opened the door and through the crack he saw that the backs of both the men in the room were facing him. Resting on a piece of black velvet on the table before them was the Burma Ruby, a huge and sparkling gem glowing warm and red.

So engrossed were the two orientals that neither heard Bedford step into the room. "Raise your hands to the ceiling, both of you!" he ordered, pointing his automatic at them. "And remain turned as you are!"

Wen Tung and his companion did as they were commanded, though the former cursed the de-



TECTIVE freely in his native tongue. Bedford slipped to the side and advancing to the center of the room, scooped the ruby from the table. He deposited the gem in his pocket and retreated toward the library, with the intention of leaving as he came. And at that instant the lights went out!

Instinctively Bedford ducked... and fortunately so! Something whizzed over his head and ripped into the wall back of him. Whatever it was came from immediately in front of him and he fired in that direction. One of the two orientals screamed in pain and fell to the floor. A door slammed and then everything was quiet. Bedford waited for another attack but none was forthcoming. He turned and went back through the doorway, across the library floor and out the window onto the shed. He raced to the street and hailed a cab. The church clock chimed 2:30 A. M. as he slammed the taxi door shut.

• • • • •

Sir Charles, pale and visibly shaken by his recent ordeal, was propped up in bed in his hotel room. In his hand he clutched the

Burma Ruby.

"How can I ever thank you, Mr. Bedford?"

"There's no need to, Sir Charles," said the detective. "As a matter of fact I feel rather guilty for letting the ruby slip out of your grasp in the first place."

At that moment the bell rang and a messenger entered with a note. Sir Charles took it, tore it open and read:

Congratulations upon your acquisition of the Burma Ruby, a supreme achievement.

Signed,

Wen Tung.

THE END

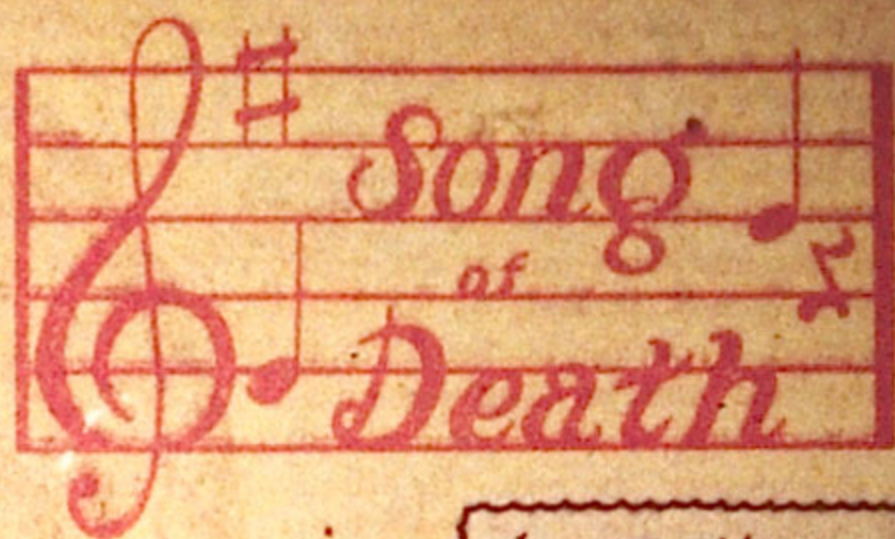
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Bruce Nelson

and the



by Tom Hickey

ON THE EIGHTEENTH GREEN OF THE BIRCH SPRINGS GOLF CLUB



NICE PUTT BRUCE.
I COULDN'T TAKE YOU
EVEN WITH MY TEN
STROKE HANDI-
CAP.

AS THEY LEFT THE GREEN A FAT, WORRIED LOOKING MAN, WHO HAD BEEN WAITING FOR THEM, CAME UP.



NED PENICK!
I HAVEN'T SEEN
YOU IN AGES.

HELLO NELSON!
HOW'S IT GOING?

NELSON, IF MISS LIVINGSTON
WILL EXCUSE US I'D LIKE TO
TALK TO YOU ALONE FOR A FEW MINUTES.

O.K. NED. RIGHT AFTER
I SHOWER. I'LL MEET
YOU IN THE MEN'S BAR
IN TWENTY MINUTES.

KAY, I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET
NED PENICK, THE FAMOUS
BROADWAY PRODUCER.
THIS IS KAY LIVINGSTON.

HOW DO YOU DO,
MR. PENICK.

PLEASE TO
MEET CHA.
MISS LIVINGSTON.



TWENTY MINUTES LATER IN THE
MEN'S BAR OF THE CLUB HOUSE.

IF YOU'RE AFTER ME
TO STAR IN YOUR SHOW
NED, MY PRICE IS FIVE
THOUSAND A WEEK.



I WISH IT WAS AS SIMPLE AS THAT. AS A MATTER OF FACT
IF YOU CLEAN UP THIS MESS BEFORE IT BANKRUPTS MY
SHOW I'LL GIVE YOU FIVE THOUS-
AND. NELSON, TWO MURDERS
HAVE BEEN COMMITTED IN THE
"FROLICS", AND THERE PROBAB-
LY WILL BE ANOTHER UNLESS
WE CAN STOP IT.



YOU MEAN THAT "SONG OF DEATH" STUNT OF YOURS IN THE "FROLICS". I SAW SOMETHING ABOUT IT IN THE PAPERS BUT I DIDN'T PAY MUCH ATTENTION TO IT. ANOTHER ONE OF YOUR HOT PUBLICITY STUNTS, ISN'T IT?



PUBLICITY STUNT NOTHING! BOTH OF THOSE GIRLS ARE REALLY DEAD!

START FROM THE BEGINNING, AND LET'S HAVE THE WHOLE THING.



WELL, THE OPENING NIGHT OF THE "FROLICS" MY LEAD SINGER, LOLA MAINE, KEELED OVER WHILE SHE WAS SINGING "THE NIGHT IS BLUE". SHE WAS PRONOUNCED DEAD.



YES, GO ON!

TWO NIGHTS LATER HER UNDERSTUDY, HOLLY LAWSON, WAS SINGING THE SAME SONG. AS SHE REACHED THE IDENTICAL SPOT IN THE SONG WHERE LOLA DROPPED DEAD SHE PITCHED OVER, DEAD TOO. THE NEWSPAPERS DUBBED THE TUNE, "SONG OF DEATH".



GOOD PUBLICITY FOR YOUR SHOW. I'LL BET YOU'VE HAD THE S.T.O. SIGN OUT EVER SINCE.

ON THE CONTRARY, I'VE HAD TO CLOSE THE SHOW. I CAN'T GET A SINGER TO TAKE OVER THAT PART, AND THE SONG IS A VITAL PART OF THE SHOW.



I SUPPOSE EVERYONE IS TAKING THAT "SONG OF DEATH" GAG SERIOUSLY AND THINK THAT THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THE SONG THAT CAUSES THEIR DEATH.



EXACTLY! NELSON, THAT SHOW MUST REOPEN. I'VE SUNK EVERY PENNY I'VE GOT INTO IT. BUT IT WON'T REOPEN UNTIL THE MYSTERIOUS DEATHS ARE CLEARED UP. WILL YOU SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO. THE POLICE ARE TOO SLOW, AND I CAN'T LOSE TOO MUCH TIME.



IT SOUNDS LIKE AN INTERESTING CASE RENICK. I'LL TAKE IT.

GOOD BOY! CLEAR UP THIS MESS AND I'LL MAKE IT WORTH YOUR WHILE.



O.K. RENICK. YOU'LL HEAR FROM ME TOMORROW. I WANT TO SLEEP ON IT TONIGHT.

NEXT MORNING IN NELSON'S APARTMENT. HE IS TALKING TO MEDICAL EXAMINER MONROE ON THE PHONE.



SO THE AUTOPSY SHOWS THAT BOTH LOLA MAINE AND HOLLY LAWSON WERE POISONED, EH MONROE? ALL RIGHT, THANK YOU.

KAYE, I'M GOING DOWN TO THE LINCOLN THEATRE. CALL BILLIE BRYSON AND ASK HER TO COME UP HERE ABOUT FOUR P.M. IT'S IMPORTANT.



YES SIR, MR. BLUCE.

THIRTY MINUTES LATER NELSON STRODE INTO RENICK'S OFFICE.

RENICK, I'VE GOT A SINGER FOR YOU. LET'S SEE. THIS IS THURSDAY. YOUR SHOW REOPENS SATURDAY.

WHAT! WHO'S CRAZY ENOUGH TO WANT THAT SPOT?



SHE'S WANTED TO HELP ME ON SOME OF MY CASES BEFORE. SHE'S A DARE DEVIL RENICK, THE USUAL STORY, FED UP ON THE SOCIAL WHIRL, FLYS HER OWN PLANE, DRIVES SPEEDBOATS, ETC, ALWAYS RISKING HER NECK, ANYTHING FOR A THRILL. THIS TIME SHE'LL GET A REAL ONE. HIRE HER RENICK AND LEAVE THE REST TO ME.



I'M PRETTY SURE BILLIE BRYSON IS.



NOT BILLIE BRYSON OF THE PARK AVENUE BRYSONS? WHY SHE WAS MILLIONS. WHY SHOULD SHE RISK HER NECK IN A SHOW LIKE THIS? BESIDES SHE'S TOO INEXPERIENCED.

A.P.M.



HELLO BILLIE! GLAD YOU COULD COME. BABY, HAVE I A NEW THRILL FOR YOU? A JOB IN NED RENICK'S FROLKS, AND AS THE STAR VOCALIST NO LESS.

BIG HEARTED BRUSIE. GETS ME A JOB AS THE STAR OF A SHOW THAT HAS ALL READY FOLDED. THAT TRIP TO AFRICA DIDN'T AFFECT YOUR MIND, DID IT BEAR?



HOLD YOUR HAT NOW. LISTEN! YOU'RE NOT ONLY GOING TO BE THE STAR, YOU'RE GOING TO BE THE TARGET FOR A MURDERER. HOW DOES THAT STRIKE YOU?



HA, HA, HA, WHY BRUCE! YOU OLD DEAR! YOU'RE SO GOOD TO ME.

I KNEW YOU WOULD LIKE IT.
NOW LISTEN CAREFULLY. HERE'S
MY PLAN

I'M ALL EARS.



NEXT MORNING AT A HURRIEDLY CALLED REHEARSAL
OF THE FROLICS.

NED, THIS IS BILLIE BRYSON,
YOUR NEW STAR.

HOW DO MISS BRYSON.
HERE'S YOUR MUSIC. I
DON'T KNOW WHETHER OR
NOT YOU CAN LEARN THIS PART
IN SUCH A SHORT
TIME. I'LL GIVE
YOU A HAND
IN A MINUTE.



WHILE DANCE DIRECTOR
HOWARD WAS PUTTING THE
CHORUS THROUGH ITS PACES
AND REMICK WAS GIVING
BILLIE SOME POINTERS,
NELSON STROLLED ABOUT
LOOKING OVER THE
VARIOUS MEMBERS OF
THE ENTOURAGE.



NELSON DECIDED TO QUESTION OLE CARLSEN, THE AGED
GUARDIAN OF THE STAGE DOOR.

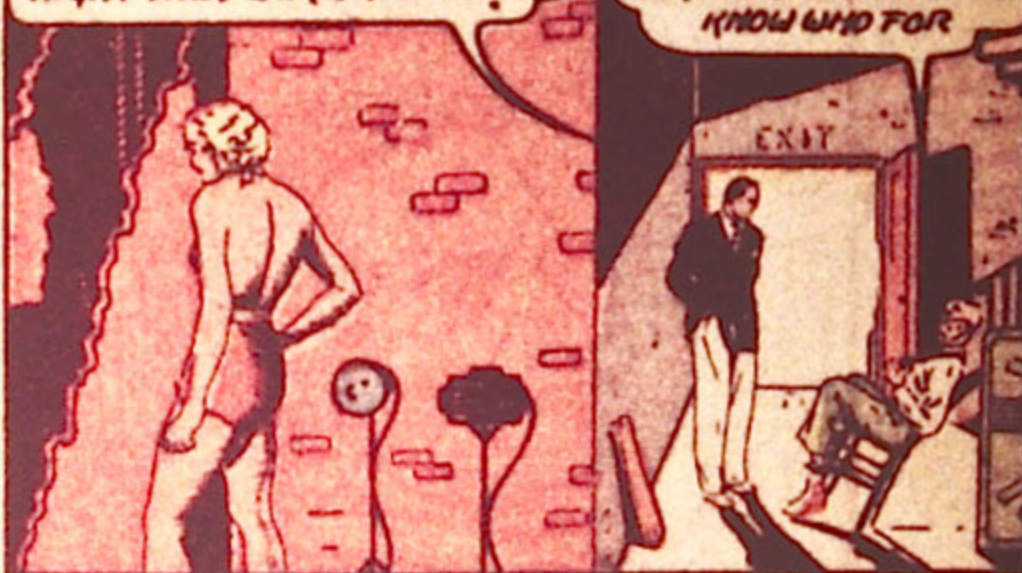
DO THE GIRLS SOMETIMES
HAVE A BITE TO EAT
IN THEIR DRESSING
ROOMS INSTEAD OF
GOING OUT TO DINNER
BEFORE THE EVENING
PERFORMANCE?

THE PRINCIPLES OFTEN
DO BUT THE CHORUS
GIRLS GENERALLY
GO OUT TO A DRUG
STORE OR SOMEPLACE.



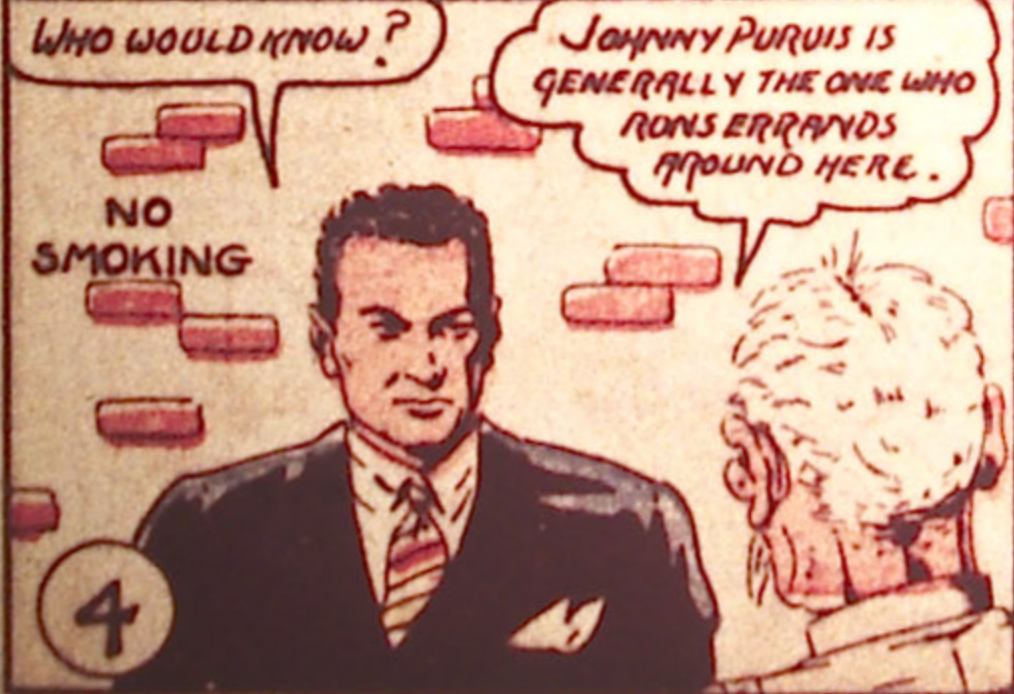
DID EITHER MISS MAINE OR MISS
LAWSON SEND OUT FOR FOOD THE
NIGHT THEY WERE KILLED?

I COULDN'T TELL. THERE
WAS FOOD BROUGHT IN
THAT NIGHT BUT I DON'T
KNOW WHO FOR



WHO WOULD KNOW?

JOHNNY PURVIS IS
GENERALLY THE ONE WHO
RONS ERRANDS
AROUND HERE.



YOU'RE JOHNNY PURVIS,
AREN'T YOU?

WHAT CHA' ASKIN' ME
FOR. YOU'RE TH' GREAT
NELSON. YOU'RE SUPPOSED
TA KNOW ALL TH' ANSWERS.



OH! A TOUGHY, EH? — JOHNNY, DID YOU BRING IN FOOD FOR EITHER MISS MAINE OR MISS LAWSON THE NIGHT THEY WERE KILLED?

I AIN'T SAYIN'. THE LESS A GUY TALKS TO A DICK THE BETTER OFF A GUY IS.



THAT'S WHAT I CALL THE PHILOSOPHY OF A MORON AND YOU HARDLY SEEM TO BE THAT. YOU'LL GET IN MORE

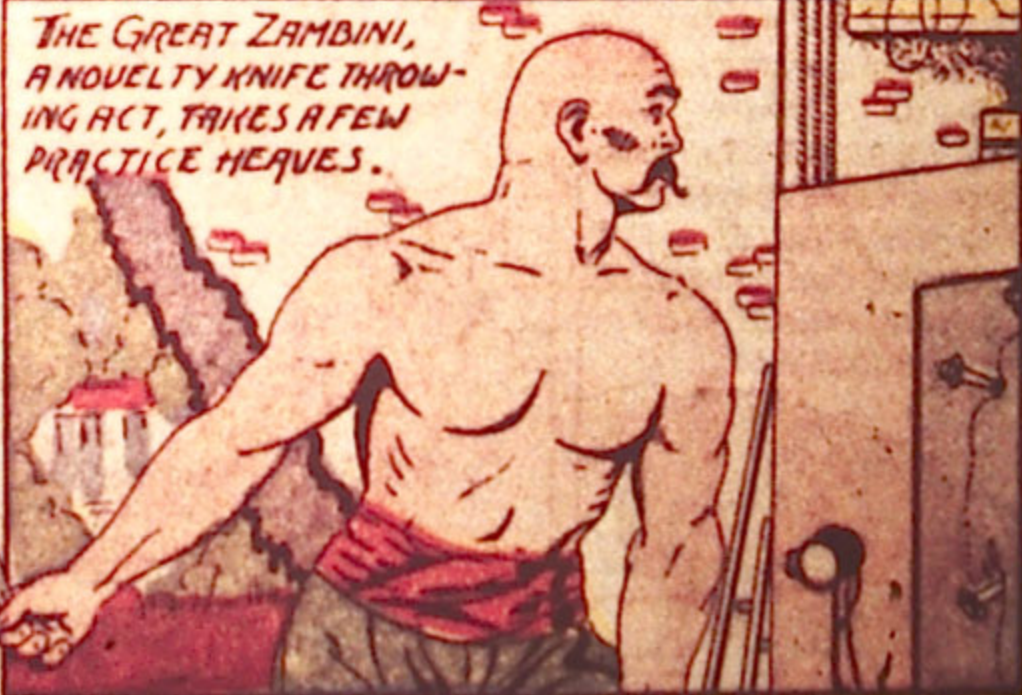
TROUBLE BY NOT TALKING TO A DICK THAN YOU WILL BY TALKING. THINK IT OVER JOHNNY. SEE YOU LATER.



YOU'RE DARN TOOTIN' YOU'LL SEE ME LATER!



THE GREAT ZAMBINI, A NOVELTY KNIFE THROWING ACT, TAKES A FEW PRACTICE HEAVES.



JUST AS NELSON ROUNDED THE CORNER FROM THE CORRIDOR TO THE STAGE.



IDIOT! IMBICILE! WHY YOU NO WATCH WHERE YOU GO? YOU ALL MOST MAKE A ME STICK A YOU!



HEY! I'M THE ONE THAT WAS ALL MOST STUCK, NOT YOU. I'M THE ONE WHO SHOULD BE GETTING SORE. WHAT'S A KNIFE THROWER DOING IN A MUSICAL COMEDY ANYWAY?



YOU INSINUATE MY KNIFE THROWING NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR DA MUSICAL COMEDY! IMBICILE! YOU APOLOGIZE TO

DA GREAT ZAMBINI! YOU APOLOGIZE, I SAY!

SAY! WHO DO YOU THINK YOU'RE PUSHING?



THIS HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH. ONE MORE PUSH AND I'LL
CURL THAT MUSTACHE AROUND BACK OF YOUR NECK.



AH HA! YOU INSULT DA GREAT ZAMBINI AGAIN!
DOG OF A DOG!

I WARNED
YOU.



I'VE GOT HALF A MIND TO JAM THE LID ON AND SHIP YOU
BACK TO WHERE YOU CAME FROM. YOU TWO BIT
VAUDEVILLE HAM.



BRUCE, I DON'T THINK THAT WAS
A VERY WISE THING TO DO. YOU
CAN'T AFFORD TO HAVE ANY
ENEMIES AROUND HERE.

YES, I GUESS IT WAS
RATHER DUMB.
I LOST MY
TEMPER.



I'LL GO A LONG WAYS ON THIS CASE AT THE RATE I'M
GOING. I'VE TALKED WITH THREE PEOPLE. CARLSEN,
PURVIS AND ZAMBINI AND HAVE ANTAGONIZED TWO OF
THEM, PURVIS AND ZAMBINI. SOME AVERAGE.



ZAMBINI NEVER FORGET
DA INSULT. HE WEEEL PAY
THRU DA NOSE!

CONCLUDED IN NEXT ISSUE. 7

THE CRIMSON AVENGER

FEARED BY THE UNDER-
WORLD AND HUNTED BY THE
POLICE, THE CRIMSON CARRIES
ON THE WORK OF BEFRIENDING
THE HELPLESS. KNOWN AS THE
CRIMSON TO ONLY HIS CHINESE
SERVANT, WING, LEE TRAVIS
IS THE WEALTHY YOUNG
LEADER OF THE GLOBE

By Jim Chambers

IN A BACK ROOM CARD GAME A MAN IS SHOT
BY AN EX-CON—

IS HE — ?

YUH CROAKED
HIM, JOE!

— AND SO, JOE MARKO,
AN EX-CONVICT BRUTALLY
MURDERED JACK STONE!
OUR WITNESSES HAVE
PROVED IT CONCLUSIVELY!

DEFENSE LAWYER, MYRON BLOCK SPEAKS—

YOUR HONOR I ASK FOR
ONE HOUR RECESS. I HAVE
FOUND WITNESSES TO PROVE
MY CLIENT'S INNOCENCE!

— BUT BOSS, THIS
GUY'S GUILTY! HE
CAN'T BEAT THE
CHAIR!

YOU AND I KNOW THAT
ED, BUT BLOCK IS
HANDLING HIS CASE
AND HE'S CROOKED!
HE'S NEVER FAILED
TO GET A MAN OFF.

IN THE
OFFICES OF
THE GLOBE LEADER

HEY, MR. TRAVIS—BLOCK
BROUGHT IN HIS WITNESSES
AND ON THEIR TESTIMONY
MARKO HAS BEEN ACQUITTED!

HM, SHOWED HIS HAND
PRETTY FAST THIS TIME.
BLOCK'S WORKING SOME
RACKET AND WE'VE GOT
TO BREAK IT UP!

BLOCK IS WORKING
A WITNESS RACKET—
I'M SURE OF IT!
LOOKS LIKE THE
'CRIMSON' WILL HAVE
TO STEP IN!



MEANWHILE AT MYRON BLOCK'S OFFICE —

I GOT YOU OUT OF A TOUGH
SPOT, MARKO. NOW YOU'RE
GOING WEST AND DO A FEW
LITTLE JOBS FOR ME!



I AIN'T GOT NO MONEY TO
PAY YOU, MR. BLOCK, BUT
I DON'T WANT TO LEAVE
TOWN!



YOU'LL DO AS I SAY!
YOU'RE TOO WELL
KNOWN HERE — I'M
GOING TO USE YOU
AS A WITNESS IN A
COUPLE OF CASES.



YOUR 'PHONE'S
RINGIN', MR. BLOCK.



ON THE OTHER END OF THE LINE —

THAT YOU, BLOCK?
NEVER MIND WHO
THIS IS BUT GET
THIS — I'M CALLING
ON YOU TONIGHT AT
YOUR APARTMENT!



I'M SORRY BUT I DON'T
DO BUSINESS AT HOME.
YOU'LL HAVE TO PHONE
FOR AN — HELLO — HELLO —
COMPOUND IT, HE HUNG
UP!



THAT NIGHT —

WAIT HERE, WING.
BE READY FOR A
QUICK GETAWAY!

YES, SIR!



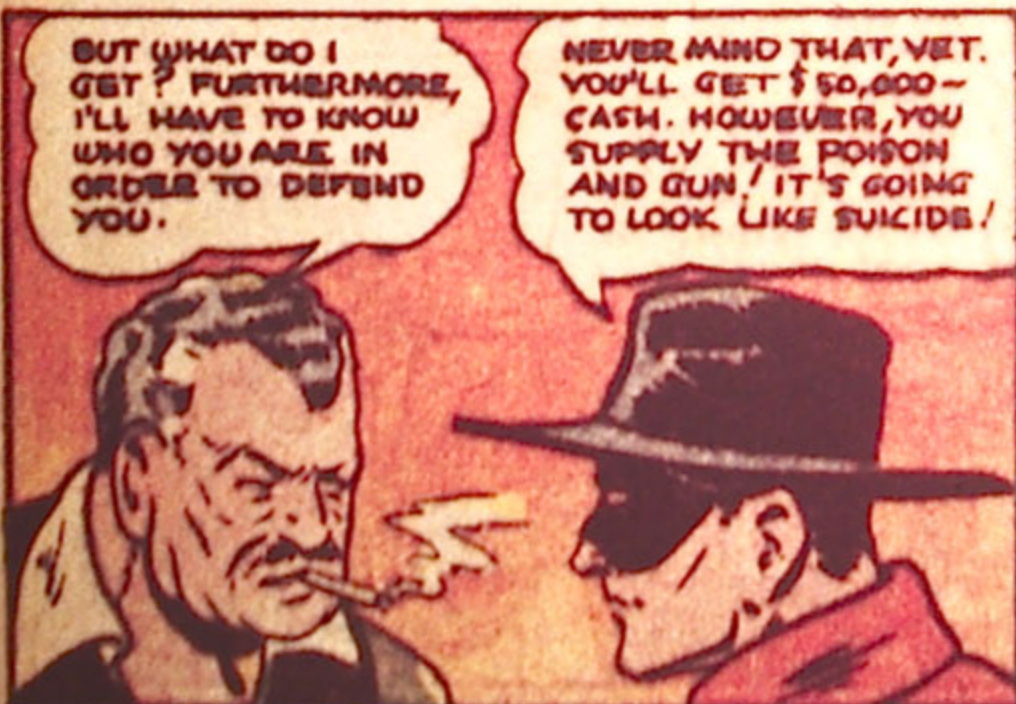
AT THE REAR OF THE APARTMENT, THE 'CRIMSON'
SCALES THE WALL TO BLOCK'S PENTHOUSE —



THE 'CRIMSON' SURPRISES THE BUTLER AND
USES HIS GAS GUN —

YOU! OH —





THE FOLLOWING NIGHT —

WELL HERE I AM, BLOCK!
EVERYTHING SET?

YES, EVERYTHING'S FINE.
I HAVE SIX WITNESSES
WHO WILL PHONE THE
POLICE EXACTLY AT
11:30! DID YOU BRING MY
MONEY?

BEFORE I GIVE YOU
THAT I WANT YOU
TO TYPE OUT A
SUICIDE NOTE!

ALL RIGHT, I'LL
DO IT BUT FOR
HEAVEN SAKES,
PUT AWAY THAT
GAS GUN!

I'M TAKING NO
CHANCES! NOW,
TYPE THAT NOTE.

I'LL SAY — I'M
TAKING THE
EASIEST WAY
OUT. I'VE FAILED
MY JOB AS D.A.

THE CRIMSON REACHES OUT A GLOVED HAND FOR
THE MURDER WEAPONS —

HERE'S THE GUN
AND POISON! NOW
WHAT ABOUT MY PAY?

THAT'S FINE!

HERE'S YOUR
PAY — YOU RAT!

OH — THE GAS!
I CAN'T BR —

THE CRIMSON AND WING PARK THE CAR NEAR THE D.A.'S SUBURBAN HOME —

YOU HAVE YOUR
INSTRUCTIONS, WING?
DON'T FAIL ME!

WING, UNDERSTAND
WILL DO EVERYTHING
AS ORDERED!

THE CRIMSON SURPRISES THE D.A. IN HIS STUDY —

THE CRIMSON! WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE?

DON'T MOVE OR I'LL SHOOT! I READ THE PAPERS TODAY — THOUGHT YOU'D CATCH! THE CRIMSON — EH!

WHY THAT ARTICLE WASN'T ABOUT YOU!

SHUT UP! WHO'S MORE HUNTED THAN I AM? HOWEVER, YOU MUST DIE!

SIT THERE! WHICH WILL YOU TAKE — THE EASY WAY, POISON? OR WILL I HAVE TO SHOOT YOU? I'LL GIVE YOU ONE MINUTE!

WHY! —

THEY BOTH HEAR FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING

SOMEONE'S COMING! I'LL LEAVE THE GUN AND POISON — TAKE YOUR CHOICE. I'LL BE BACK AND IF YOU'RE NOT DEAD — I'LL DO IT! THE HARD WAY!

MEANWHILE AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS —

THE CRIMSON, EH! THIS IS THE SECOND CALL — YOU SAY THE WAREHOUSE AT 12TH AND 8AND? O.K.

HEY, CHIEF! JUST GOT A RUSH CALL FROM THE D.A! SOMEONE TRIED TO MURDER HIM!

HOLY GOCKS — I'LL GO OUT MYSELF!

NEXT DAY AT THE GLOBE LEADER —

HM. ALL I CAN DO IS WAIT! HOPE MY SCHEME WORKS OUT!

BOSS! THE CRIMSON TRIED TO MURDER THE D.A. LAST NIGHT! WHATTA STORY!

WE'VE CHECKED THE FINGER PRINTS ON THE GUN AND BOTTLE. THEY'RE MYRON BLOCK'S! THE TYPEWRITER FOR THE NOTE TOO.

I SEE HE TRIED TO HAVE THE CRIMSON BLAMED.

IT CHECKS TOO. THAT ARTICLE IN YESTERDAY'S PAPER. THAT CLINCHES MY SUSPICIONS ABOUT BLOCK! HE'S YOUR MAN.

MAYBE HE'S THE CRIMSON TOO. BE NICE IF WE COULD CATCH BOTH AT ONCE.

HEY, BLOCK—YOU BETTER BLOW! THEY FIGURE YOU'RE THE CRIMSON AND YOU PULLED THAT JOB AT THE D.A.'S!

WHY THAT, DIRTY DOUBLE CROSSIN'—

THERE GOES BLOCK IN THAT CAB! STEP ON IT!

THOSE COPPERS AIN'T GONNA GET ME AGAIN. TAKE THAT YOU —!

A WELL DIRECTED SHOT SENDS THE FUGITIVE CAB INTO A POLE —

THE GAMES UP, BLOCK! THERE'S ENOUGH CHARGES AGAINST YOU TO FIX YOU FOR A LIFETIME IN THE PEN.

WHATTA STORY! SAY, BLOCK WHAT ABOUT THE CRIMSON ANGLE?

WHY THAT LOUVEY —!

SEE THE NEXT ISSUE FOR MORE OF THE CRIMSON'S SUPER HUMAN EFFORTS TO CHECK CRIME AND JAIL THE CRIMINAL! DON'T MISS TRAITOR'S FATE!



COSMO, THE PHANTOM OF DISGUISE

♦ ♦ ILLUSTRATED BY SVEN ELVEN ♦ ♦

THE BALLROOM OF THE ROYAL YACHT CLUB IS CROWDED WITH DANCERS



AT A SIDE TABLE COSMO SITS WITH SOME FRIENDS:

LOOK! THERE IS TERRY CROFT. I'M SURPRISED AT THE NERVE OF HIM SHOWING HIS FACE AROUND HERE AFTER THE SCANDAL LAST FALL WHEN HE LET THOSE PASSENGERS DROWN ON THAT YACHT PARTY OF HIS.

HE WAS SAID TO BE TOO DRUNK TO STAY AT THE WHEEL. SOBER HE IS THE BEST PILOT IN THE GAME.



TERRY ACCOSTS ONE OF THE GIRLS OF THE PARTY HE APPEARS TO HAVE DRUNK HEAVILY.

MISS HALLOCK, I WANT TO TALK WITH YOU AWHILE

WHY! WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY TO ME?



MISS HALLOCK ACQUIESCES, FEARING TERRY WILL MAKE A SCENE IF SHE SNUBS HIM.

YU' KNOW, I MUSHN'T GET TIPSY TONIGHT CAUSE TOMORROW I GOT TO PILOT THE FASTEST BOAT OUT OF THISH HARBOR.

WHAT BOAT IS THAT, TERRY, NED TRUMBLE'S FLYING FISH?



TERRY ACTS AS THOUGH HE REGRETS HAVING SAID WHAT HE HAS

WHAT YU' KNOW ABOUT NED'S BOAT?

ONLY WHAT HE SAID YESTERDAY AFTER HE TRIED HER OUT FOR THE FIRST TIME.



A TALL, FOXY LOOKING MAN TAPS TERRY ON THE SHOULDER.

HE INTENDS ENTERING IT IN THE BELDEN RACE NEXT WEEK, YOU KNOW

COME WITH ME, TERRY, BEFORE YOU SAY SOMETHING YOU'LL BE SORRY FOR



WHO IS THAT
TALL MAN THAT
JUST SPOKE TO
TERRY, WALT?

HIM? OH, THAT'S
LARRABEE, THE
CRIMINAL LAWYER
WHO KEEPS CROOKS
OUT OF JAIL



ASIDE, MISS HALLOCK SPEAKS TO COSMO.
LET US DANCE, COSMO,
THERE IS SOMETHING
I WANT TO SAY TO YOU
IN PRIVATE AND I
DON'T WANT TO MAKE
IT TOO NOTICEABLE

DELIGHTED,
JANE I LIKE
INTRIGUE



SHE TELLS COSMO WHAT SHE HAS
HEARD FROM TERRY.

--TERRY USED TO BE A NICE
BOY BUT SINCE HIS DISGRACE
HE ASSOCIATES WITH RACKET-
EERS AND I FEAR
HE'S MIXED UP IN
SOMETHING IN
CONNECTION
WITH NED
TRUMBLE'S
YACHT

YES, FROM
WHAT YOU
TELL ME
IT LOOKS
THAT WAY
LET'S SEE
WHAT IT
IS, JANE.



YOU GET YOUR
WRAP WHILE I
TELEPHONE NED

ALRIGHT, I'LL
MEET YOU OUT-
SIDE



COSMO RINGS NED TRUMBLE'S APARTMENT

WHAT'S THAT?
HIS PHONE OUT
OF ORDER?
OH! THANK
YOU



A MOMENT LATER COSMO AND THE GIRL
GET INTO A TAXI.

SHOOT OVER TO 87
BROOK DRIVE AND
STEP LIVELY!



WELL HE WASN'T
AT HOME DO YOU
KNOW WHERE HE
MIGHT BE AT THIS
HOUR OF THE NIGHT?

HE HAS BEEN DE-
VOTING ALL HIS
SPARE TIME LATELY
TO HIS BOAT, SO
PERHAPS HE IS
AT HIS WORKSHOP.



THE TAXI STOPS BEFORE A LOW SHED.

AH! THERE IS
A LIGHT IN HIS
WORK ROOM
HE MUST BE
THERE





HELLO, NED!

HELLO! WHY JANE HALLOCK! WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE AT SUCH AN HOUR? AND YOU TOO, COSMO?



NED, HAVE YOU GIVEN ANYONE PERMISSION TO PILOT YOUR BOAT IN THIS AFTER-NOON'S RACES WE'LL EXPLAIN THAT LATER

NO, WHY?



IS THERE ANY REASON WHY ANY ONE SHOULD BE INTERESTED IN STEALING YOUR BOAT?

ONLY THAT SHE'S THE FASTEST THING IN THE WATER AND I WAS ONLY NOW MAKING ADJUSTMENTS ON THIS MODEL OF HER---

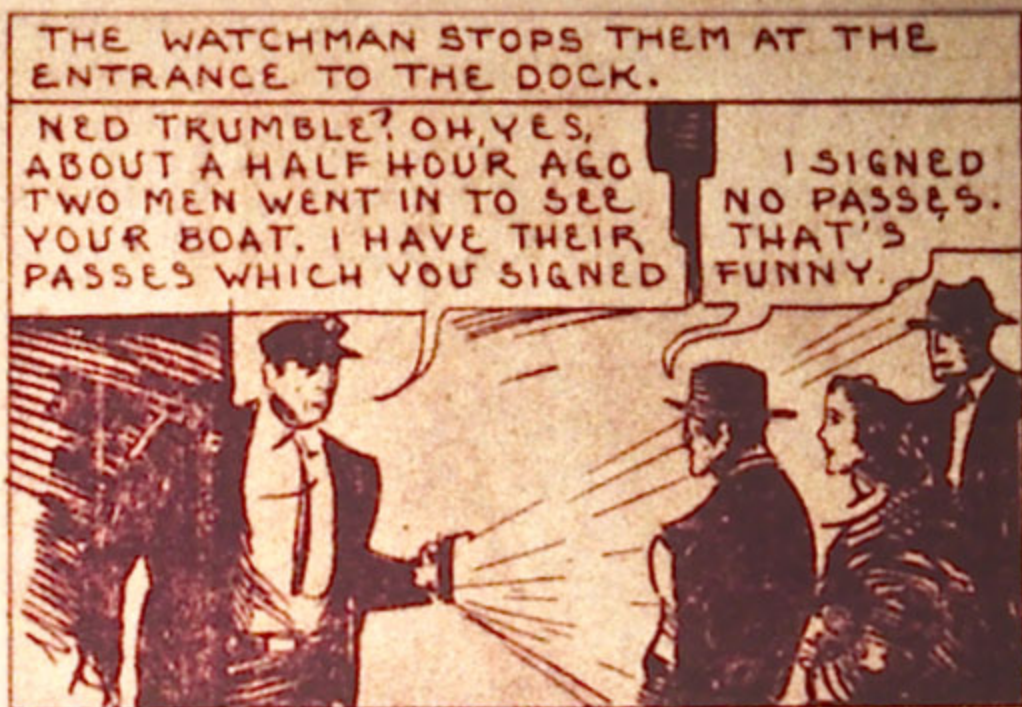


-BUT DO YOU THINK SHE IS IN DANGER?

I DO LET'S GO AND SEE THIS MOMENT. WHERE DO YOU KEEP HER?



AT THE NECK OF THE BAY, THREE MILES DOWN. MY CAR IS OUTSIDE, COME ON



THE WATCHMAN STOPS THEM AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE DOCK.

NED TRUMBLE? OH, YES, ABOUT A HALF HOUR AGO TWO MEN WENT IN TO SEE YOUR BOAT. I HAVE THEIR PASSES WHICH YOU SIGNED

I SIGNED NO PASSES. THAT'S FUNNY.



HEY! LOOK, SOMEBODY IS MAKING OFF WITH MY BOAT



COSMO AND NED LEAP OUT AND DASH FOR THE BOAT.

COSMO'S FINGERS GRIP THE RAIL JUST AS THE BOAT GAINS SPEED.



AS HE DRAWS HIMSELF UPWARD A SAVAGE FIST CLIPS HIM ON THE HEAD

ALRIGHT, MISTER NOSEY GUY, HERE'S SOMETHING FOR YOU TO BUTT INTO!



HIS SENSES REELING HE DROPS BACK INTO THE COLD WATER BUT THE DUCKING QUICKLY REVIVES HIM.



HE SWIMS BACK TO THE DOCK WHERE NED SITS STARING AT HIS SWIFTLY DISAPPEARING BOAT.



NED IS IN DISMAY AT THIS NEW TURN OF AFFAIRS. HE HAD STAKED HIS ALL ON THIS BOAT OF HIS OWN DESIGN AND MAKE, HOPING THEREBY TO WIN THE RACE AND THEN SELL THE BOAT AND GO INTO BUILDING MORE FINE SPEED BOATS.



WHAT WAS THAT JANE HALLOCK SAID IN THE CAR? - OH, YES, TERRY IS IN CAHOOTS WITH THAT TRICK LAWYER, 'LARRABEE. WELL, BY--- I'LL GO SEE HIM. I MAY FIND OUT SOMETHING.



HE ENTERS THE LAWYER'S SPACIOUS WAITING ROOM.

OH, YES, MR. TRUMBLE. I'LL TEL' MISTER LARRABEE THAT YOU ARE HERE.



NED IS USHERED INTO THE LAWYER'S PRESENCE

AH! MISTER TRUMBLE. I'M GLAD YOU CAME, FOR IF YOU HADN'T I SHOULD HAVE BEEN OBLIGED TO SEND FOR YOU

WHAT MADE YOU SUPPOSE I MIGHT COME, LARRABEE?



THIS BILL OF SALE OF COURSE MY CLIENTS ASSUMED THE FLYING FISH TO BE IN PERFECT CONDITION WHEN THEY BOUGHT IT. HOWEVER, THEY WILL PAY EXTRA IF YOU COMPLY WITH THEIR WISHES

I NEVER SIGNED ANY BILL OF SALE. THIS IS FORGERY WHERE IS MY BOAT



THAT I CAN'T TELL YOU, BUT HERE IS THE FIVE THOUSAND MY CLIENTS LEFT WITH ME IN ESCROW FOR THE COMPLETION OF THE DEAL

OH, SO I'VE ALREADY SOLD MY BOAT, EH? KEEP THE FILTHY MONEY! I WANT MY BOAT BACK



IF YOU ARE WISE, YOUNG MAN, YOU'LL ACCEPT THIS PROPOSITION MY CLIENTS ARE GENEROUS BUT IF CROSSED THEY WILL MAKE IT DIFFICULT FOR YOU

YOU AND YOUR CLIENTS CAN GO TO -



NED TRUMBLE ANGRILY LEAVES THE LAWYER'S OFFICE. ON THE STREET HE HAILS A PASSING CAB

HEY! TAXI!

YES, SIR. RIGHT HERE, SIR



HE RIDES ABOUT A BLOCK, THEN TWO MEN JUMP INTO THE CAB AND SHOVE THEIR GUNS INTO HIS RIBS

NOW, JUST KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT IF YOU WANT TO STAY HEALTHY



THE TAXI STOPS FOR A TRAFFIC LIGHT. THE DRIVER, IN LEAGUE WITH THE GUNMEN, RACES HIS MOTOR.

RACE THE MOTOR, BILL, AND TURN ON THE RADIO, - AND YOU'RE STILL KEEPING SHUT, MISTER, SEE?



ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN NED IS TAKEN TO AN ISOLATED HOUSE AND LOCKED IN A PITCHDARK CELLAR.



ALRIGHT YOU CAN SQUAWK ALL YU WANT TO NOW, THEY AINT NOBODY CONNA HEAR YUH DOWN HERE

MEANWHILE-- THE FLYING FISH RACES OUT TO SEA. PAST THE THREE MILE LIMIT OF SHIPS SHE STOPS ALONG-SIDE AN UNPRETENTIOUS LOOKING SAILING VESSEL.



SOMETHING IS QUICKLY TRANSFERRED AND THE SPEED BOAT MAKES BACK FOR A SECLUDED PART OF THE SHORE



SEVERAL MEN LEAP ASHORE, CARRYING BOXES AND HURRY TOWARD A NEARBY CAVE



AS THEY ENTER, EACH ONE IS SLUGGED AND HAULED INSIDE.



THE PILOT OF THE FLYING FISH SUSPECTS SOMETHING WRONG.. HURRIEDLY HE BACKS AWAY.

SAY! THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY GOING ON IN THERE NONE OF THE FELLOWS COME BACK OUT. I'M CLEARING OUT OF HERE.



FROM AROUND THE LIP OF THE LAND A FLEET OF COAST GUARD CUTTERS HEAD HIM OFF, FIRING AS THEY GO.



AT LAST THEY FORCE THE BOAT TO SHORE. COSMO AND THE COAST GUARDS MEN LOAD THE DOPE SMUGGLERS INTO ONE OF THE CUTTERS AND TOGETHER WITH THE FLYING FISH PROCEED TO HEAD-QUARTERS

WELL, TERRY, YOU WEREN'T SO SMART WHEN YOU DROPPED ME IN THE WATER BEFORE AS YOU THOUGHT, WERE YOU?



AT HEADQUARTERS THE PRISONERS ARE GRILLED AND THE WHEREABOUTS OF NED TRUMBLE IS DISCLOSED.

SURE, JIM LARRABEL MADE TERRY CROFT DRUNK AND GAVE HIM FIVE HUNDRED TO RUN THE BOAT. IT WAS LARRABEL'S ORDERS TO TAKE THIS TRUMBLE GUY TO OUR HIDEOUT ON GROVE STREET--



COSMO RELEASES THE YOUNG MAN.

NED, YOUR FLYING FISH IS SAFE! SHE WAS BEING USED TO SMUGGLE IN DOPE FROM OUT AT SEA. MY ONLY CLUE WAS LARRABEL. I SHADOWED HIM TO THE CAVE ON THE SOUND. IF ANYTHING WENT AMISS THEY WERE TO ABANDON THE BOAT AND THE EVIDENCE WOULD POINT TO YOU. YOU BEING HELD PRISONER IN A CELLAR WOULD NOT BE BELIEVED BY ANY COURT IN THAT CASE-- BUT YOU HAVE STILL AN HOUR TO MAKE THE RACE-- COME ON! LET'S GO!



SLAM BRADLEY

61
JEROME
SIEGEL
and JOE
SHUSTER

SINCE SLAM BRADLEY HAS TAKEN AN INTEREST IN STUDYING MAGIC, SHORTY HAS BEEN THE MISERABLE VICTIM OF MANY EXPERIMENTS! — BUT WHEN SLAM PULLS HIM OUT OF A HAT, THAT, TO SHORTY, IS THE SUPREME INSULT!

HEY! CUT IT OUT! — WHY DON'T YOU BUY A RABBIT AND GIVE ME SOME PEACE?



I WON'T STAND FOR IT! — I'M GOING TO TAKE A VACATION UNTIL YOU GIVE UP THIS NONSENSE!

GOOD IDEA!



I'LL PACK MY TRUNK IMMEDIATELY!

DON'T BOTHER!



AT A GESTURE OF SLAM'S HAND, DRAWERS DOD OPEN AND SHORTY'S CLOTHES FLY INTO HIS TRUNK!

WHAT TH?



GOODBYE! — WHEN I RETURN, I HOPE YOU'LL HAVE FORGOTTEN THIS NONSENSE!

WHO KNOWS?



FROM EVERY CORNER OF THE WORLD, MAGICIANS HAVE HASTENED TO ATTEND THE ANNUAL MAGICIANS' SOCIETY CONVENTION. OCCUPYING THE CENTER OF ATTENTION IS PROFESSOR MYSTO, CHAIRMAN OF THE MEETING, BUSILY ENGAGED IN ILLUSTRATING VARIOUS ILLUSIONS.

UNMOVED BY THE "OHS-AND-AHS" ABOUT HIM, SLAM BRADLEY RISES AND DECLARES:

MERE CHILDSPLAY! PROFESSOR MYSTO, YOU'RE NOT ONLY A RANK AMATEUR, BUT WORSE, YOU'RE A FOOL!

I WON'T STAND FOR THIS INTERRUPTION! WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO? -- MAKE A MONKEY OUT OF ME?

GOOD LORD! -- WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO ME?

WHILE YOU PUZZLE THAT OUT, I'VE A FEW WORDS TO SAY TO THE AUDIENCE.

FRIENDS, I'M SLAM BRADLEY, A MAGICIAN LIKE YOURSELVES BUT I'VE RESOLVED TO TURN MY TALENTS TO ASSISTING THOSE IN NEED OF HELP. HOW MANY OF YOU WILL JOIN WITH ME IN THIS ENDEAVOR?

AT A WAVE OF SLAM'S HAND, THE HALL'S CEILING COMMENCES TO BUCKLE AND CRASH!

FIRST, GIVE US A DEMONSTRATION OF YOUR ABILITY!

RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!

HELP!

AN INSTANT LATER THE FLEEING, PANICKY MAGICIANS HALT, AND BLINK THEIR EYES IN DISBELIEF

IF YOU CAN PROVE THAT YOU CAN ASSIST HUMANITY THRU LEGERDEMAIN, WE WILL!

GENTLEMEN! -- I ACCEPT YOUR CHALLENGE!

YES, EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT. YOU WITNESS JUST A MANEUVERED ILLUSION -- WELL, WILL YOU SUPPORT ME?

EAGER NEWSPAPER REPORTERS PRESS BRADLEY FOR A STATEMENT.

WHOM ARE YOU GOING TO ASSIST FIRST?

THE TAX-PAYERS OF THIS CITY. THEIR TAXES ARE BEING ABSORBED BY RUTHLESS GRAFTERS. THIS MUST BE STOPPED!



PETE HANSON, THE CITY'S CROOKED POLITICAL BOSS, FINDS THE AFTERNOON NEWSPAPER NOT TO HIS LIKING.

IT SAYS HERE THIS MAGICIAN BRADLEY INTENDS TO CLEAN UP THE CITY'S GRAFT. "MUSCLES", DROP IN ON THIS GUY AND TELL HIM THAT IF HE DOESN'T KEEP HIS NOSE CLEAN, WE'LL CLEAN UP ON HIM.

LEAVE IT TO ME, BOSS!



AFTER SLAM'S RESIDENCE HAS BEEN REACHED.

THAT'S FUNNY! - I RING THE BELL, AN' THE DOOR OPENS BY ITSELF!



"MUSCLES" STEPS WITHIN AND THE DOOR AUTOMATICALLY CLOSES. NEXT INSTANT, HE HEARS A VOICE...

W-WHERE ARE YOU? I DON'T SEE ANYONE!

NEVER MIND FOLLOW THE SOUND OF MY VOICE, AND YOU'LL BE USHERED INTO BRADLEY'S PRESENCE.



AS "MUSCLES" FOLLOWS THE DISEMBODIED VOICE, HE GRINS TO HIMSELF.

THIS WAY, PLEASE.

I'M NOT FOOLED, HE'S GOT MIKE-ER-PHONES HID AROUND TH' JOINT.



AN ELEVATOR-LIFT BEARS "MUSCLES" UPWARD...

7-8-9-10

SO IT OPERATES ITSELF! WELL, WELL! NOW AIN'T THAT JUST TOO SPOOKY FER WORDS!



WHEN THE ELEVATOR STOPS, "MUSCLES" FINDS HIMSELF IN A WEIRD PENTHOUSE SUITE.

YOU MUST BE TH' FELLA BRADLEY THAT I READ ABOUT.

YES, -- AND YOU ARE "MUSCLES" -- SIT DOWN. I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU.



GAY! -- HOW DID YOU KNOW MY NAME? AND THAT I WAS COMING?

THE STARS, "MUSCLES"! I READ IT IN THE STARS!



BALONEY! - AND I SUPPOSE TH' STARS ALSO TOLD YA WHY I'VE COME HERE?

YOU WERE SENT BY HANSON TO WARN ME TO LAY-OFF! - CORRECT?



THAT'S RIGHT, MISTER! AND IF YOU DON'T WANT TO GET HURT, THAT'S JUST WHAT YOU'LL DO! -- WELL? WHAT'S YOUR ANSWER?

THIS!



AT A WHISPERED INCANTATION FROM SLAM, INVISIBLE HANDS SEIZE THE ASTONISHED "MUSCLES" AND FORCIBLY EJECT HIM!

THROW HIM OUT!

HEY!



WE'RE NOT FINISHED WITH YOU YET!



WHERE TO?

CITY HALL! -- AND DON'T MIND THE TRAFFIC LIGHTS!



BOY, WILL HANSON BURN! - I'D HATE TO BE IN BRADLEY'S SHOES WHEN THE BOSS TURNS ON THE HEAT!



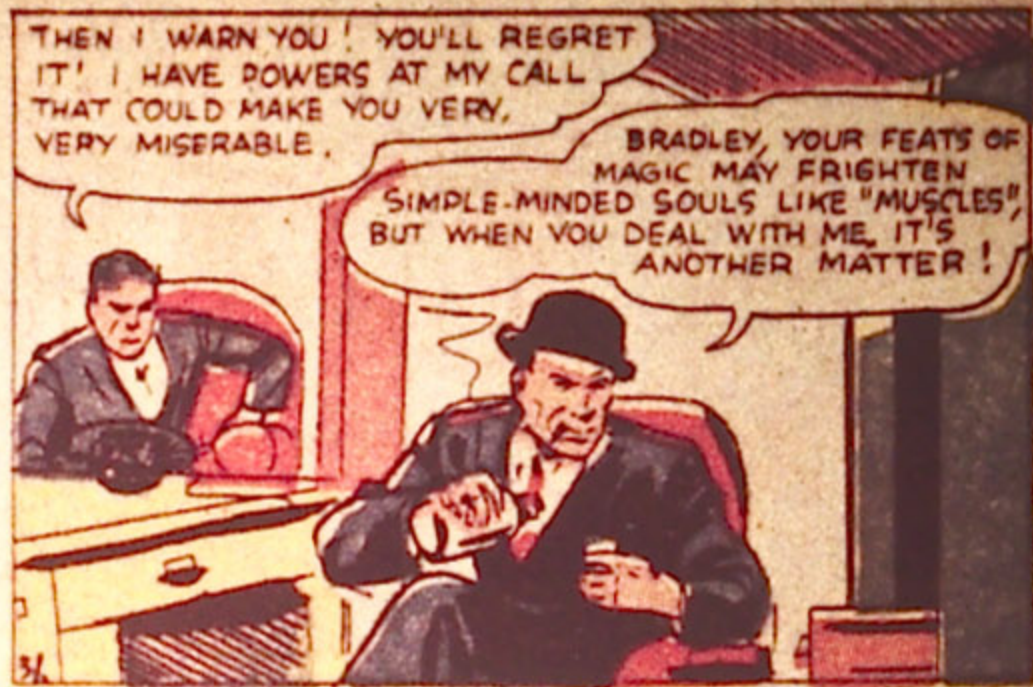
BUT WHEN "MUSCLES" DASHES INTO HANSON'S OFFICE, HE RECEIVES THE SURPRISE OF HIS LIFE!

BRADLEY! - BUT HOW DID YOU GET HERE? I BROKE ALL SPEED-LAWS GETTING HERE!

MY DEAR FELLOW, I'M SURE I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!

HE'S BEEN HERE FOR THE LAST FIFTEEN MINUTES - NOW CLEAR OUT! WE'RE IN A CONFERENCE!





MINUTES LATER, THE AUTO DRAWS UP BEFORE THE BUILDERS' BRICK SUPPLY COMPANY.



LANGLEY CONFRONTS MIKE O'BRIEN, HIS FOREMAN.

LISTEN, MIKE! SPEED UP THE MEN TO THE BREAKING POINT! WE'VE GOT TO FINISH THAT ORDER BY TONIGHT!

I GET YOU!



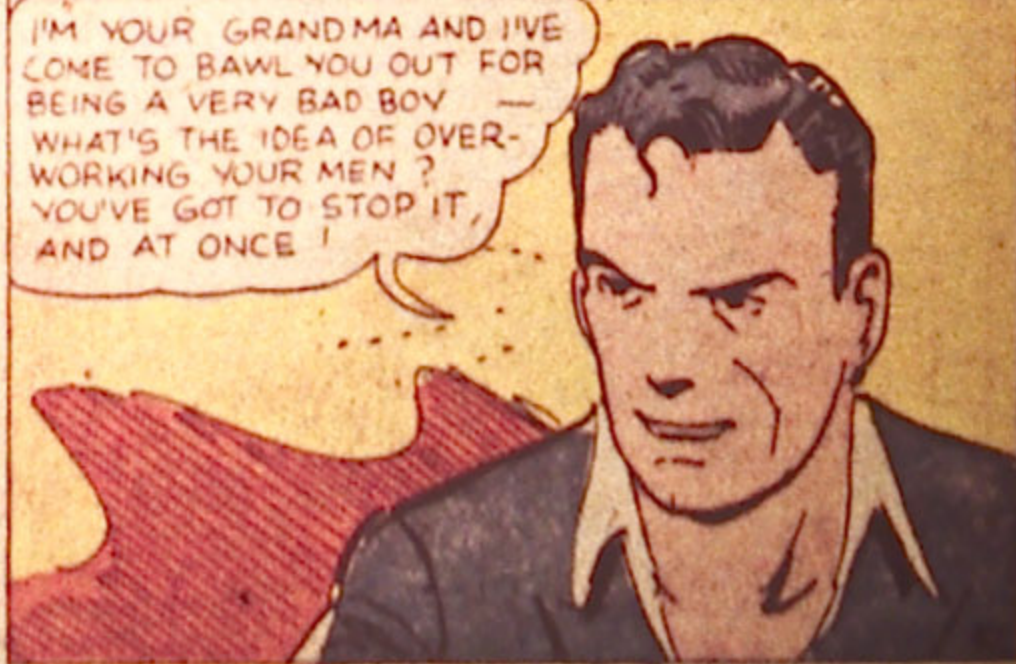
AS MIKE HURRIES TO CARRY OUT HIS ORDERS, HE ENCOUNTERS SLAM.

WHO ARE YOU, AND WHAT THE BLAZES ARE YOU DOING HERE IN THIS FACTORY?

QUITE EASILY EXPLAINED!



I'M YOUR GRANDMA AND I'VE COME TO BAWL YOU OUT FOR BEING A VERY BAD BOY — WHAT'S THE IDEA OF OVERWORKING YOUR MEN? YOU'VE GOT TO STOP IT, AND AT ONCE!



UNDER SLAM'S HYPNOTIC SUGGESTION, O'BRIEN IS FORCED TO BELIEVE ANY ABSURDITY.

I WON'T BE NAUGHTY ANY MORE. WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?

INFORM THE MEN THEY'VE BEEN WORKING TOO HARD! AND KNOCK THE LIVING DAY-LIGHTS OUT OF ANYONE WHO PUTS ANY EFFORT INTO HIS WORK!

SHIFF SHIFF!



STILL UNDER BRADLEY'S INFLUENCE, O'BRIEN CARRIES OUT HIS UNUSUAL ORDERS!

BUT --!

YOU HEARD ME! THE FIRST GUY WHAT DOES AN OUNCE OF WORK GETS THIS SHOVEL BOUNCED OFF HIS HEAD!



WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS? WHY AREN'T YOU MEN WORKING?

HE WON'T LET US!



SO YOU'VE SOLD OUT TO MY COMPETITORS, HAVE YOU, YOU DIRTY TRAITOR!



AGAIN SLAM TAKES A HAND IN THE SITUATION! HE CONCENTRATES MIGHTILY ---



--- AND SUCCEEDS IN CONVINCING THE WORKERS THAT O'BRIEN IS A WOMAN.



AN INSTANT LATER, LANGLEY DASHES FOR HIS PRIVATE OFFICE, WITH HIS ENTIRE STAFF OF WORKERS IN MAD PURSUIT!



LOCKING HIMSELF WITHIN HIS OFFICE, LANGLEY FRANTICALLY PHONES HANSON



DON'T LOSE YOUR NERVE! I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN!



"MUSCLES", THAT WAS LANGLEY CALLING! THE FACTORY IS DISRUPTED! THAT MEANS ONLY ONE THING!



RIGHT! -- COME ALONG WE'RE GOING TO THE FACTORY!



APPARENTLY NONE -- BUT FORTUNATELY, "MUSCLES" I'VE AN ACE UP MY SLEEVE -- AND JUST WHAT IT IS, BRADLEY WILL SOON LEARN, TO HIS GRIEF!





SWIFTLY, THE NEWCOMERS ENTER THE FACTORY

THIS MAN IS EVIDENTLY UNDER
SOMEONE'S HYPNOTIC
INFLUENCE!
SHALL I
FREE HIM?

OF COURSE!
WHAT DO YOU
THINK YOU'RE
HERE FOR?



AN INSTANT LATER - - -

W-WHERE AM I?

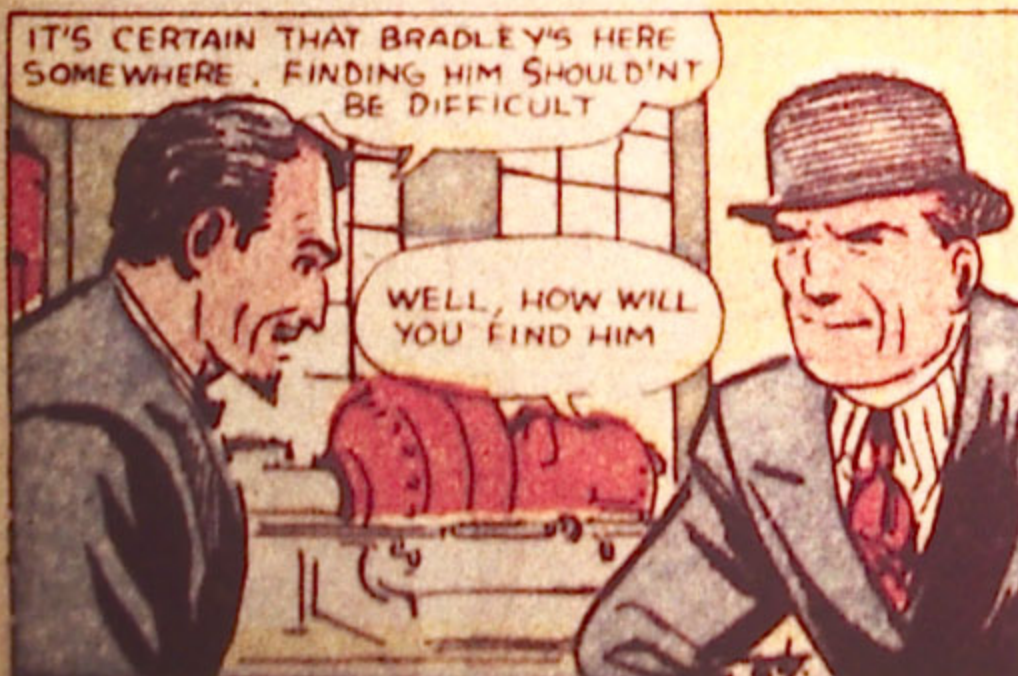
YOU SEE! HE DOESN'T
KNOW WHAT
HAPPENED TO
HIM

FORGET HIM!
- CAPTURE BRAD-
LEY OR SOME -
THING'LL HAPPEN TO
YOU! ONLY YOU WON'T
LIVE TO REMEMBER
THAT!



IT'S CERTAIN THAT BRADLEY'S HERE
SOMEWHERE. FINDING HIM SHOULDN'T
BE DIFFICULT

WELL, HOW WILL
YOU FIND HIM



SIMPLY BY SEARCHING EVERY
NOOK AND CRANNY IN THE
FACTORY

BY GEORGE! YOU'RE
RIGHT! -- LET THE
SEARCH BE-
GIN!



AT THAT INSTANT, SLAM MATERIALIZES.

MAY I SAVE YOU THE TROUBLE
OF SEARCHING FOR ME?

BRADLEY!

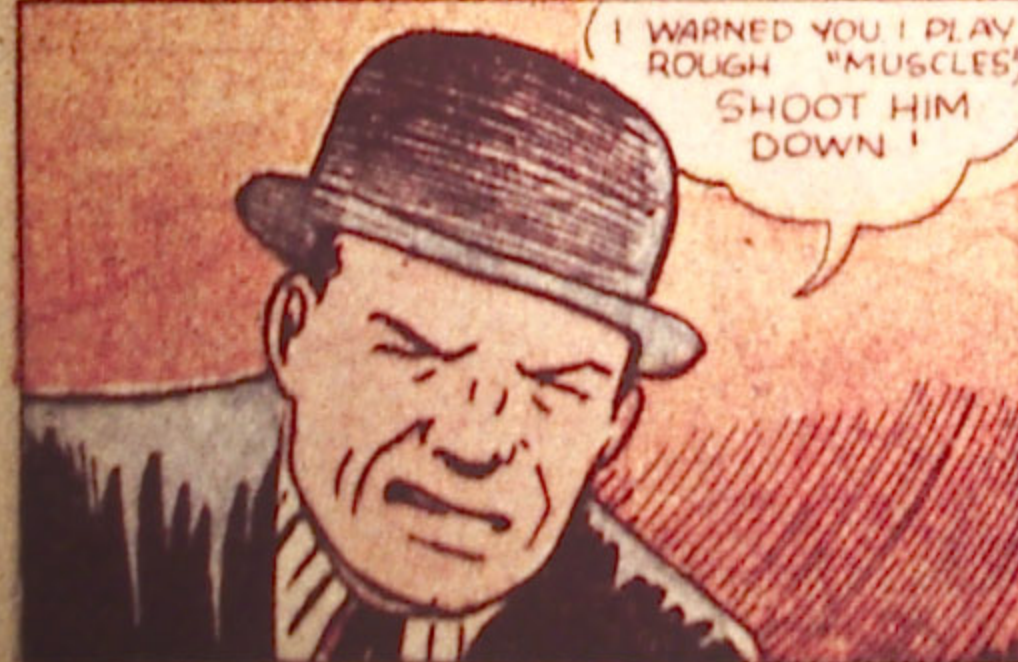


SO! YOU ARE THE CAUSE
OF THIS DELAY!

CERTAINLY! --
BUT YOU CAN
AVOID FURTHER
DIFFICULTY BY
SIMPLY AGREE-
ING TO THE CON-
DITIONS I MEN-
TIONED EARLIER
TO DAY



(I WARNED YOU I PLAY
ROUGH "MUSCLES"
SHOOT HIM
DOWN!



INSTANTLY OBEYING HIS EMPLOYER'S ORDERS,
"MUSCLES" SHOOTS SQUARELY AT SLAM!

AND THAT FINISHES BRADLEY,
THE GUY WHO THOUGHT HE WAS
TOO SMART FOR
PETE HANSON!

GOT
HIM!



"MUSCLES" KNEELS AT SLAM'S SIDE

HE'S DEAD, ALL RIGHT! HIS HEART'S STOPPED BEATING!

GOOD HEAVENS! THIS IS COLD-BLOODED MURDER!

YOU'RE LUCKY IT WASN'T YOU!

NEXT INSTANT, "MUSCLES" RECEIVES AN ADMONITION FROM THE REAR, AS SLAM MATERIALIZES BEHIND HIM.

THIS IS FOR NOT SAYING, "PARDON ME" WHEN YOU SHOOT A FELLOW DOWN!

SLAM'S FIGURE DISSOLVES BEFORE THE ASTOUNDED TRIGGER-MAN'S EYES!

W-WHAT TH'--!

AS HANSON LEAPS AT SLAM, HE CLUTCHES EMPTY AIR.

IF I COULD JUST LAY MY HANDS ON YOU --!

LISTEN, YOU! -- YOU'VE GOT TO STOP BRADLEY FROM PULLING THAT DISAPPEARING ACT AGAIN, OR YOU'LL DISAPPEAR TOO FROM THE LAND OF THE LIVING!

LET ME GO! -- I KNOW A METHOD WHEREBY HE'LL BE FORCED TO REMAIN VISIBLE PERMANENTLY!

GOOD! -- WHAT IS IT?

GET ME A LARGE TUB OF HOT WATER, RIGHT AWAY, AND I'LL SHOW YOU!

MYSTO'S ORDERS ARE SWIFTLY OBEYED

BEHOLD! IN MY HAND I HOLD A CONTAINER OF SPIRIT-POWDERS! SEE HOW I POUR ITS CONTENTS INTO THE TUB? IN AN INSTANT I SHALL SEE BRADLEY'S HIDING PLACE, AND THEN --

--- AND THEN GENTLEMEN, HE IS DOOMED!

BUBBLE, WATERS ! FROTH
AND BUBBLE ! AND BRING
TO ME FROM THE VERY
DEPTHS OF INFINITY, A
VISION OF BRADLEY'S
WHEREABOUTS -- A-AH
THE SURFACE IS A TRIFLE
CLOUDY ! BUT I BEND
FORWARD ! I BEGIN TO
SEE - TO SEE !



PERCHED HIGH OVER-
HEAD ON A RAFTER,
SLAM WAVES A HAND
IN PROFESSOR MYSTO'S
DIRECTION....



AND THE CHAIRMAN OF THE MAGICIANS' SOCIETY
GETS AN UNEXPECTED DUNKING !

HELP ! -- I'M
SLIPPING !



IT DIDN'T WORK



ENOUGH OF THIS NONSENSE !
BACK TO WORK, EVERY
ONE, AND GET THAT ORDER
FINISHED !



"MUSCLES", KEEP YOUR EYES
OPEN ! AND AT THE FIRST SIGN OF
BRADLEY...



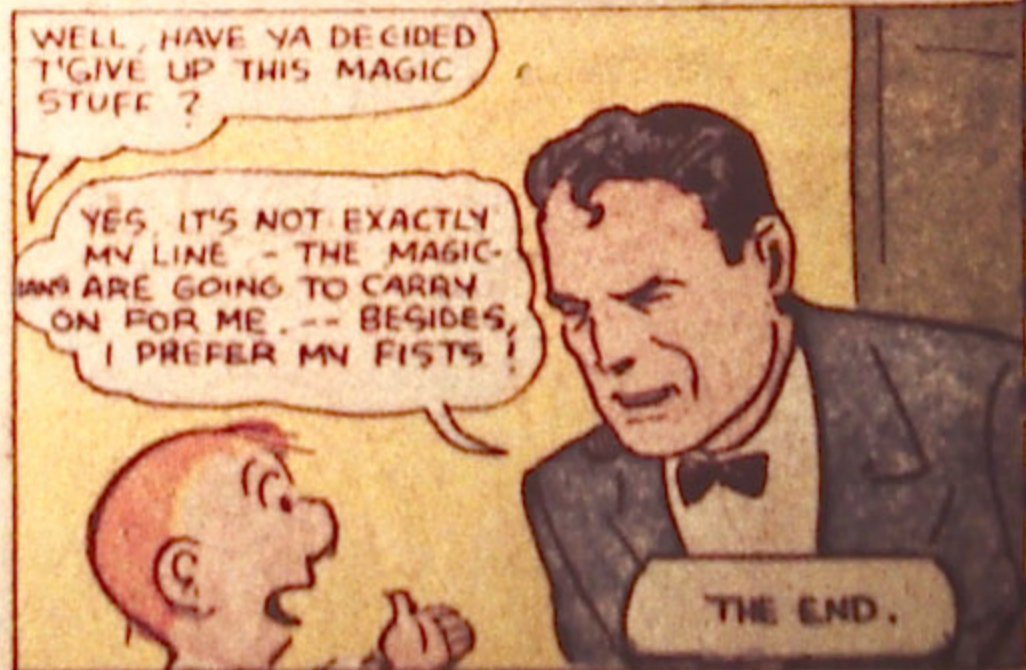
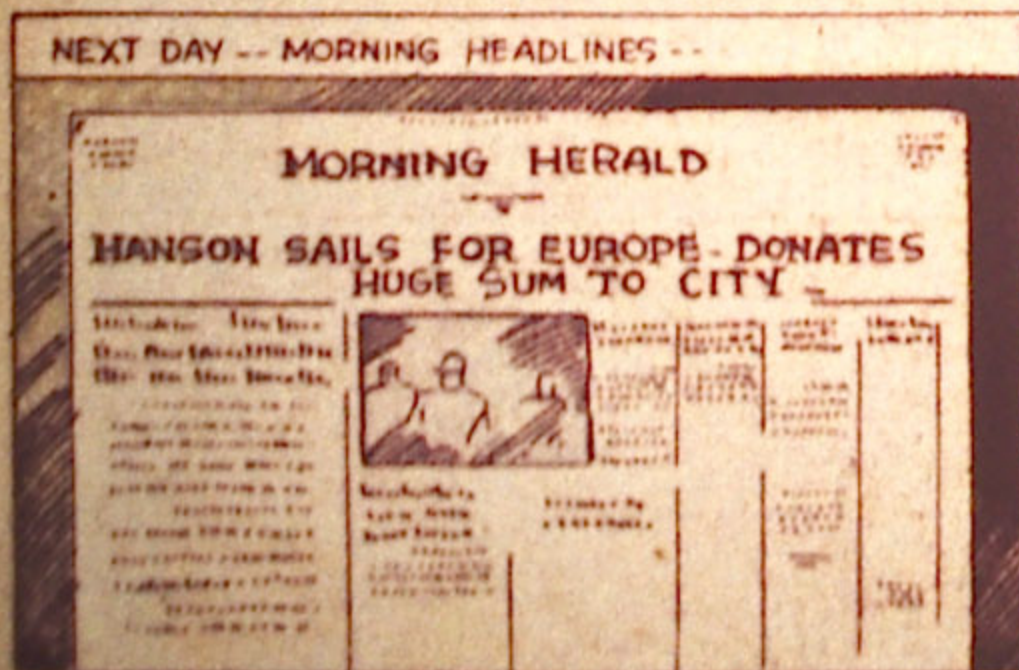
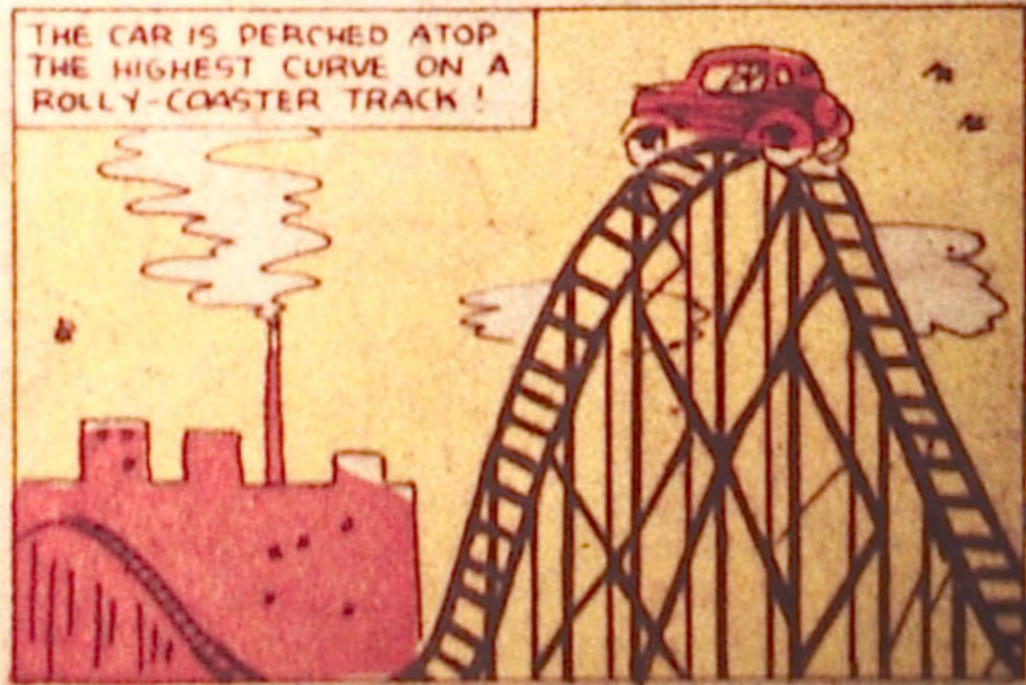
SHOOT TO
KILL !



THE WORKERS RETURN TO THEIR TASKS, UNAWARE
OF THE PANDEMONIUM SOON TO FACE THEM !







HERE'S GOOD NEWS!

Twenty-five \$1 prizes waiting to be won by YOU!



You're not required to solve a hard problem or a difficult puzzle . . . this contest is so simple that you'll actually enjoy entering it. The rules are really quite easy, so get out your pencil and let's go!"

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2. When you finish drawing the character, take out your water colors or crayons and color the picture.
3. Then print your name and address clearly in the coupon in the lower right hand corner and mail it in together with your drawing to this magazine.

Be sure to fill in the coupon and mail your envelope to:

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DETECTIVE COMICS
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